

March - 25 Cents

SMADT SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*

Her
Bachelor
Husband

page 46

CELLAR RESERVE
Only current vol. or yr. available.

HENRY
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M. L. 14/X/35

Beautify Your Complexion

IN 15 DAYS! ENJOY A ROSY, VELVETY, ATTRACTIVE SKIN

I Will Tell every reader of this paper how—FREE—and without asking for a single penny. Don't miss this first opportunity to have the complexion beauty you have always wanted. Find out this minute by sending me your name. Don't write for curiosity but for the great joy which will be yours when I prove all. Take advantage of this opportunity now.

A Beautiful Complexion Assures Your Success!

It makes or mars your appearance. My complexion method is what you have hoped and dreamed someone would discover. It has produced extreme satisfaction and is now being used by men and women in all parts of the world. Don't hesitate. Send for free booklet "The Complexion Beautiful," which completely explains everything.

GET MY FREE BOOK

DOROTHY RAY,
646 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 33,
Chicago, Illinois.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name
Street
City State

Mail the coupon today. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send no money, just your name and address. I will give you full details by return mail in a plain envelope. Do not let another day stand between you and a beautiful complexion. Read above, what others say. Send for the free booklet NOW! Today! At once!

DOROTHY RAY : 646 N. Michigan Avenue, Suite 33 : CHICAGO

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

"I can't express my gratitude for your wonderful method. Never before has my complexion looked as beautiful."
KATE E., BLACKSBURG, VA.
"My face is now very smooth and soft where at first it was scaly and pimply. I have had many nice compliments on my clear complexion. I owe it all to your method."
MISS BERTHA Q., HUNTER, KANS.
"Hats off to you. Your method is certainly wonderful." EDNA K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
"Your treatment is just simply wonderful. My mother and sister say my face looks the best that it ever has. My sister is going to try your method too."
ALMA B., DE BORGIA, MONT.
"I think your method absolutely wonderful."
MRS. L., OPELIKA, ALA.
"Your method has cleared my complexion as nothing else has ever done."
LILLIAN W., AUBURN, K. I.

Get Rid of Pimples, Blackheads, Oily Skin,

red spots, enlarged pores, muddiness, eruptions and other blemishes. Let my method clear them all away and give you a complexion which will bring you great happiness. Enjoy a complexion which has the bloom, tint and purity of a fresh-blown rose. Even your arms, hands and shoulders are beautified. It makes no difference what condition your skin is in. The most stubborn cases have been quickly corrected by this wonderful method. No change in your mode of living; no inconvenience; just a minute or two of time every day—for a short time. Don't hesitate—even if you have tried every-

thing else you ever heard of. Because no other method is like this and it has proved itself in thousands of cases. Absolutely harmless; easy and pleasant to use.

Nothing to Wear—Nothing to Take

Absolutely harmless and pleasant to use. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus. Nothing to swallow. Nobody will know you are taking my treatment, yet all will be pleased to notice immediate results. You take no risk. Start at once. Mail the coupon now!

If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister

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J.K. 16 Apr 41

Some of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss, and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is powerful and effective, but safe. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1
at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Co.



Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science has developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is more than forty times as effective germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practi-

cally every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (S-11)

Name
Address

Zonite



A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches. For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

M. L. 14/11/35

SMART SET

MARCH
1926*True Stories from Real Life*

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable

THE
PASSING BELL

THE slow, musical notes of the passing bell held all the sadness of the ages. It meant that another soul had crossed the borderline of time.

An old woman gathering dandelion greens on the hill beyond the village stopped for a moment. Tears welled to her eyes—and she smiled.

"A wonderful thing—the Passing Bell," she said, and smiled again. "It always reminds me of—"

Her voice trailed off in reverie, but after a moment she told a strange and beautiful story.

Read
"The Passing Bell"
in the
April SMART SET

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GRAND RAPIDS
(City Hall)



At the Left—Hotel Rowe,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Inset—Ernest W. Neir,
Manager.



Home-Study Business Training Pays!

"We have been interested in learning of the specialized business training taken with your institution," by Mr. Ernest W. Neir, whom we selected last year as Manager of the Hotel Rowe.

"Our experience with Mr. Neir confirms our experience with others—the man who adds specialized training to his personal abilities is the man who makes good in difficult business situations. It pays a business man to devote a part of his spare time to increasing his efficiency."

(Signed) FRED M. ROWE,
President, Holden Hotel Co.

"It Doubled My Income"

"I am often asked how I happened to take up accounting when my particular field was hotel work. Frankly that training added greatly to my hotel knowledge and it also gave me my first real insight into business. Again and again I have referred back to it for answer to business problems that came up. Of course I appreciate strongly the fact that my income has more than doubled. But I appreciate even more the fact that I have been enabled to make good in a difficult field. What measure of success I have attained I am very happy to credit to the training received from LaSalle. Sincerely yours,"

(Signed) ERNEST W. NEIR.

Hotel Manager Doubles Income... Thru Home-Study Business Training

It took years for Ernest W. Neir to come up thru the ranks in hotel work by the "experience route." Then he took up home-study training with LaSalle. At about this time he was made manager of the Hotel Rowe, Grand Rapids—one of the city's finest hotels.

His task was to put this hotel on a paying basis. And it was at this point that LaSalle became of very practical assistance. The training Mr. Neir had chosen was Higher Accountancy. *With its aid he not only changed losses into profits but he also increased his salary more than 100 per cent.*

Commenting on Mr. Neir's successful administration, Fred M. Rowe, president of the controlling company, says: "He has given the hotel an individual atmosphere that pleases guests, and yet he maintains the highest efficiency."

Mr. Neir, in turn, is frank to give credit to LaSalle for this latter achievement. "... That training," he writes, "added greatly to my hotel knowledge, and it also gave me my first real insight into business."

His experience made him a good hotel man. LaSalle helped him to become a good business man.

Training That is Practical and Fascinating

In contemplating Mr. Neir's experience, one's first thought is to classify him as exceptional. But he is *not* exceptional—at least, in so far as the practical application of LaSalle training is concerned. On the contrary, thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men have doubled, tripled, quadrupled their earnings thru the self-same methods Mr. Neir pursued. And this is what they discovered:

(1) Working by themselves, under the coaching not of one instructor but of a group of recognized business experts, *they learned more thoroughly and got ahead much faster.*

(2) Under the LaSalle Problem Method they mastered principles which had been tried and proved by the most successful executives in America—then applied them to the solution of actual business problems lifted bodily from business life. *They learned by doing.*

(3) In the LaSalle Problem Method they entered upon the most fascinating sport they had ever tackled. Best of all, as they solved problem after problem, they were conscious day by day of progress—knew that they were *steadily preparing themselves to command more money.*

Understanding these facts about LaSalle training, they realized that they did not need to be "exceptional" in order to equal the gratifying records of LaSalle-trained men—and with this new point of view, they, too, began to double, triple and quadruple their earnings.

They made the start—they gained new understanding—and they won success.

Send for Free Outline of LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan

How much is it worth to you to gain, in a comparatively few months, substantial promotion—a new confidence and self-respect?

The way to all these things is outlined in a fascinating book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One,"—a book which has set thousands and thousands of men on the path to real achievement. The coupon will bring it to you **FREE**.

In addition we will send you a 64-page book describing the unusual opportunities in any of the business fields listed below. If you want to look back a year from today and see a record of real progress, then—**TODAY** is the day to start—and the moment **NOW!**

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LASALLE!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 350-R

CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **Traffic Management:** Foreign and Domestic—Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ **Banking and Finance.**

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for position in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ **Commercial Law.**

☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**

☐ **Business English.**

☐ **Commercial Spanish.**

☐ **Effective Speaking.**

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



free!
mail
coupon
now

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

84

pieces-all for \$1.00 Down



7

Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass

FREE Extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77 piece combination outfit shown here:—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 3-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is clear, thin and dainty; hand cut decorations consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Only a limited number—so act quick.

On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only \$1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

\$2.00 a Month

FREE. 84 pieces in all—only \$19.90—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Outfit Consists of:

77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is free besides—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set

Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10 1/2 in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 pt.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26-Piece Silver Set A silver service of Sheffield Al Plate made in U.S.A., that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each heavily silver plated. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar bowl, 1 butter knife. Packed in handy flannel roll.

7-Piece Table Cloth and Napkins A large table cloth 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have hand painted designs of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember: The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs. Order by No. G8498A. \$1.00 with coupon; \$2.00 monthly; Total price \$19.90.

If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only \$2.00 a month until you've paid our rock bottom price—only \$19.90 for the entire 77 piece outfit with the 7 piece Cut Glass Set

and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only \$1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1913 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you \$2.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ 77 piece Combination Outfit, No. G8498A, \$19.90. 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE.

Name _____
Street, R. F. D. _____
or Box No. _____
Shipping Point _____
Post Office _____ State _____

Straus & Schram,
Dept. 1913 Chicago, Ill.

B. W. COOKE
Directing Engineer



Clip
Coupon
for Auto
Free Book

**BE AN
AUTO
EXPERT**

**EARN UP
TO
\$10,000.
a Year**

**Auto Book
FREE**

Learn
AT HOME
the
Cooke
**"JOB-
WAY"**

The World's Biggest Business Needs You!

Get in the business where results come QUICK! This Auto Business is the one Business for the red-blooded, he-man, the man who wants to make *Big Money* and make it *QUICK!* Before you do another thing, you ought to find out about this stupendous business, its amazing opportunities and what I can do for you. FIVE THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS are spent every year for Auto Upkeep alone! That's why big money can be made *so quick!* Thousands of B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" trained men badly needed right now. Find out about the countless opportunities to go into business and make up to \$10,000 a year and more.

Learn Right AT HOME

With B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" Auto Training you can start out for Big Pay and QUICK RAISES Right in Your Own Home. Loan me a half hour of your spare time a few evenings a week, and I'll give you the training you need to become a Big Pay Man—and show you the way to make money *QUICK!* B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" Training includes all Electrical Work—All Mechanical End—Welding, Brazing, Vulcanizing—also Business Course, Salesmanship, Advertising, How to Keep Simple Books—also Automotive Magazine, also 4 Wonderful Outfits. Send Coupon Now for Particulars.

GET THE PROOF!

Don't guess about the most important thing in your life—your success. Get the facts about this amazing training method. I'll send you smashing PROOF of the wonderful QUICK RESULTS it is bringing! I'll give you proof of what it can do for you. Send Coupon Now.

**MAIL "JOB-WAY" COUPON
THIS**

B. W. COOKE, Directing Engineer,
Chicago Motor Training Corporation,
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 337, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your Free Book "AUTO FACTS" and PROOF
that you'll show me the way toward a QUICK RAISE and
BIG PAY as an AUTO EXPERT. Also send your new 4
Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no
way, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name.....
Address.....



I
Give
You

**4 BIG
OUTFITS
INCLUDED
Free!**

OF EXTRA COST

There is not enough room on this page to properly show you the 4 wonderful Big Outfits I am including absolutely free of Extra charge. Includes fine set of Master Mechanics' Tools—Self-opening Tool bag—Portable Electrical Test Bench and Radio Receiving Set, all equipment—also 303 Wiring Diagram Charts. Mail Coupon at once and I'll send you full particulars!

I Help You Get JOBS! the Good

I back you up with the entire resources of this Big Institution—help you get good Jobs through my Lifetime Employment Department—give you Lifetime Consultation Service as long as you live, absolutely Free of a penny's extra charge. See what my students write of this wonderful department. Get the full details. Send Coupon Now.

Dillard Had 14 Years' Auto Experience—Aleoras Had None. "Job-way" Boosted Both Their Incomes QUICK!

Men with years of Experience—men without a day's Auto Experience—educated men—and men with only common schooling master my training quickly and easily—and boost their incomes QUICK! Take Student Dillard, who spent 14 years in the Auto Business for instance. He made only \$2 to \$3 a day until he enrolled for "JOB-WAY" training. Just 5 months later he writes that it is \$10 to \$30 a day and he says my training brought him this big money.

Gust Aleoras, Box 142, Parkerton, Wyo., a foreigner with little education, was an ordinary railroad laborer when he enrolled with me—with no Auto Experience at all. Just 7 months later his salary was boosted to \$50 a week—"more" he says, "than he ever expected to earn in his life!" These men are only a few out of hundreds of living proof that age, education or experience make little difference with "JOB-WAY" behind you.

A Little of YOUR Spare Time Is All I Need

As Directing Engineer, Owner and Head of this Big Institution, I know what training you need. That training I give you. I am absolutely confident that I have trained more men at home for quick success in the Auto Business than any other man or Institution in the world. I am America's first Instructor to hit so straight and hard at QUICK RESULTS for you! No other training I know of justifies it. I want you to remember that B. W. Cooke is in no way connected with any other person or Institution of similar name. Nowhere else can you get the original, genuine, copyrighted "JOB-WAY" Training. Get all the details of this QUICK RESULTS TRAINING today! Send for my Free Book.

Address me **B. W. COOKE** DIRECTING
Personally **ENGINEER**
CHICAGO MOTOR TRAINING CORPORATION
1916 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 337 Chicago, Ill.

Chief
Engineer
Dunlap



I will make this contract with you -

Your name here Wm. C. Campbell
When you enroll for my home-training in ELECTRICITY I agree to give you:

1. Complete training, including Electrical Engineering, Ignition, Radio, etc.
2. Four outfits of standard tools and materials, including a \$10 motor.

3. **I WILL HELP YOU GET A GOOD JOB AND A RAISE IN PAY,**
4. **-or I will refund every cent of your money.**

By Chief Engineer Dunlap

AMERICAN SCHOOL
—the Million Dollar
Educational Institution



I send you
4 Costly
Electrical
Outfits!

The third outfit is a \$10 Motor—the same type as the big fellows in a power plant

The first two outfits prepare you to do House-wiring jobs like these

The fourth Outfit is a Standard you must assemble from repair wiring diagrams

Electrical Home Training

Now Backed with **FREE JOB SERVICE**

I am pushing thousands of men ahead to success in Electricity by a wonderful new method of home-training. Now we announce a new feature for students and graduates of the American School—a nation-wide Employment Service under the direction of Mr. A. H. Burgkart, Job Expert. Burgkart is placing men in fine Electrical positions as fast as they qualify. The Electrical business needs more Experts. Go into Electricity and you're sure to find a good job when you're ready for it. You can get ready with Dunlap Job-Method training:

- 1.—because it's complete
We guarantee this training up-to-date and complete. Without extra charge I give you Electrical Engineering subjects, Electrical Drafting, Ignition, Radio, and many business subjects.
- 2.—because prepared by 23 noted Engineers

This is no one-man, one-idea school. America's greatest Electrical Engineers helped me prepare this training, and their work vouches for its high standard and thoroughness.

Instruction prepared by men from:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. General Electric Co. | 7. Western Electric Co. |
| 2. Commonwealth Edison | 8. Underwriters Lab. |
| 3. Crocker-Wheeler Co. | 9. Columbia University |
| 4. Cutler-Hammer Mfg. | 10. Dartmouth College |
| 5. American Telephone & Telegraph Co. | 11. Massachusetts Inst. |
| 6. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. | 12. Lehigh University |
| | 13. University of Vermont |
| | 14. Armour Institute |
| | 15. University of Kansas |

Small Monthly Payments

Our educational standards are high, tuition is within reach of the untrained man who needs this training, and small monthly payments accepted. So you need not face the world without training—let me show you how to get this million dollar No-Profit institution back of you in your fight for success and independence.

Get My JOB AND RAISE Contract—Quick!

Now you can put your time and money into home-training with a positive agreement that it will lead to a better job and increased pay. Get the facts about my amazing offer. Find out about the opportunities and jobs waiting for you in Electricity. Act quickly and make the next few months the turning point in your life. Coupon brings complete information.

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP, Electrical Division
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dep't. E-3251
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

3. because I train you by the Job-Method

These pictures show how my students learn Electricity by doing actual Electrical jobs with standard materials and tools which I supply without extra cost. Four costly outfits given! Students make fast progress by this wonderful Job-Method. Many do similar jobs for pay in their spare time and earn more than enough to pay for this training.

Send JOB and RAISE Contract

To _____
St. No. _____ State _____
City _____

(Mail immediately to Chief Engineer Dunlap, American School
Dept. E-3251, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago)



ONE OF THE BEST
OFFERS WE HAVE
MADE IN
35 YEARS

SETTEE:— Height of back from cushion 25 in. Depth of seat 19 in. Width over all, 4 feet 8 inches. **Arm Rocker and Arm Chair:** Height of back from cushion 26 in. Depth of seat 18 in. Width over all, 29 inches.

If you do not believe that you save \$10 and more — you may return the 3 pieces at our expense.

ARTISTIC IN DESIGN, Sturdily built, Pleasingly finished and Harmoniously Decorated. This High Quality 3-Piece Fibre Reed Suite is ideal for Living Room, Solarium or Porch. It is a Quality Suite throughout; one that will satisfy you far beyond your expectations, no matter how discriminating or exacting a buyer you may be.

A Remarkably Low Price With Easy Monthly Payments

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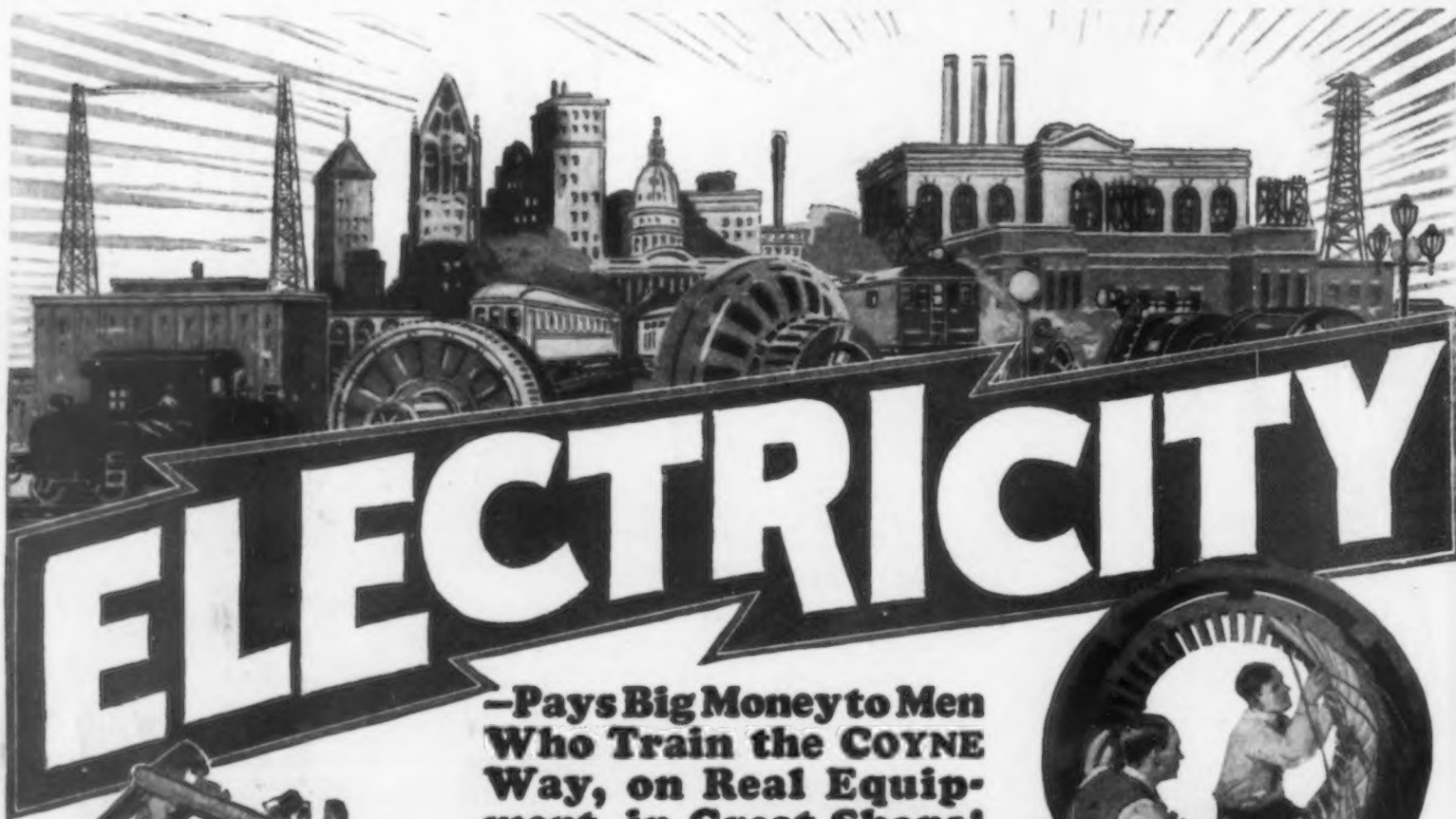
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They Called Me a "Human Clam"⁹⁹ But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

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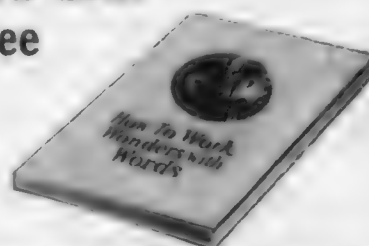
salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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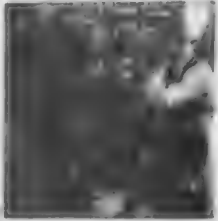
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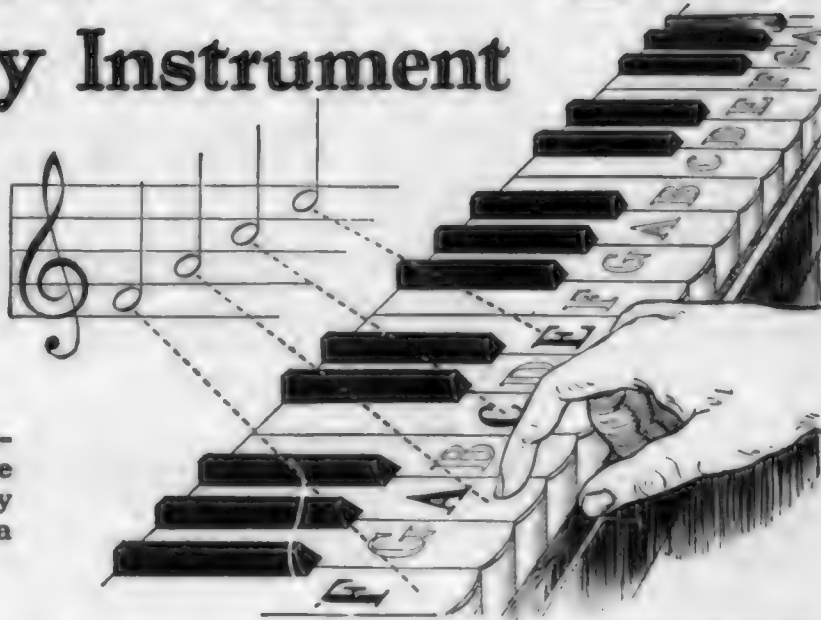
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LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! That's actually *true*. A delightful new method has made it positively *easy* to become a capable performer within just a few *months*. And the cost is only a *fraction* of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher, this new way. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. Practice a bit or a little, as you like—according to your desire to get ahead—and *enjoy every minute of it!* For, strange as it may seem, the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*.



You Needn't Know a Thing About Music To Take This Pleasant, Rapid Course

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. The things you must know are presented in such a concise, graphic way, that even a child can understand them—yet not a minute is lost on unnecessary details. You instantly "get" the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control and harmony.

The lessons are delightfully *human*. You *like* them. You get ahead fast because everything you have to do is so *reasonable* and so *pleasant*. Even scale practice, the old bugaboo, is reduced to a minimum and made interesting! And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. Thus the course *interests* you all the time—*inspires* you—*encourages* you.

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn from "Regular" Music

Yes, the new way teaches you to play from *notes*, just like the best musicians do. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of

Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and *understand* it! Think what that means. You'll be able to *read* music, popular and classic, and *play* it *from the notes*. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are *always* in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your chosen instrument—without the deadly drudging and expense that were such drawbacks before. At last, you can start right in and get *somewhere* quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *learn* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to your easy lessons." *George C. Lauer, Helms, Mo.*

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started." *Ethel Harnishleger, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School." *Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.*

"Your lessons are the easiest way I know of learning to play. I am delighted with them." *Mary P. Williams, Gert, Texas.*

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast*—as those who study old-time plodding methods! Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee that *every one* can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you *do* know something about music now, the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

Learn to Play by Note

Piano	'Cello
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Plectrum Banjo	Guitar
5 String Banjo	Hawaiian
Tenor Banjo	Steel Guitar
Mandolin	Harp
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Send Now for the Free Book that Makes You a Special Offer

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely *free*, for the trouble of filling out the coupon below—and in the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a *very low price—less than postage*. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. There is a good reason for this big reduction, as you will see on reading the booklet, but since the special offer reduces the lessons to a *few cents each*, we want only people who are seriously interested to take advantage of it! If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon *now—today*. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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WHAT WE ARE

LIFE is a strange mixture of love, and war, and chocolate drops and kings. Activity is unceasing. Love, hate, toil, rest, triumph, defeat, jealousy, rage, murder—all are about us. The very passing of time brings change and decay to everything in the universe. As we sleep the chemical qualities of the air are at work changing the very timbers of the houses in which we live; millions of tiny insects are eating away the strength of man's creations—working to bring the world back to its original state. Rust is corroding the ironwork of our great buildings and our bridges.

The fires of life are continuous—and the new SMART SET aims to catch the spirit of life and give it to you to enjoy in all its mysterious charm. We are going to recall to mind that the cables of Brooklyn Bridge, the wonder of an age, are slowly slipping and that even now it has been necessary to bar motor traffic from its span. What romance is hidden in the thought that only horse-drawn vehicles traverse its roadway!

It is hard to realize all that goes on about us. When the sun sets on the Pacific Coast the after-theater crowds are dining in New York. Chinamen are toiling at mid-day. Serbians are watching the sunrise. London is asleep.

In the mountain fastnesses of Alaska a prospector is frying bacon over a lonely fire. A tiny boat is being buffeted by the storm on the high seas. A new star is being studied from the observatories of a dozen universities.

And we bring this intimate view of life to you. You cannot be everywhere, but SMART SET can, and wherever a vital story of life is enacted we will catch it and bring it home for you to read.

Life, love, adventure, tragedy, success—we seek them all. We search everywhere until we have found what we need to make our magazine interesting.

We believe in the American people. We believe in Main Street. We believe in the farmer, the laborer, and the mechanic. To SMART SET we comprise one people, indivisible, with our eyes set on a goal.

We live energetic lives, individual lives. We have a sense of humor, all of us. And we want you, as individuals, to catch the spirit of SMART SET'S policy and help us make it the best magazine in America. Together we can do it.

Let's work together as partners and make our magazine a link between neighbors. Let's not limit our neighbors to the folks who live closeby. Through the pages of a real home magazine we can be the neighbors of all the adventurers in the world. We want your suggestions and your criticisms; but most of all we want your interest.

We are trying to get closer to the heart of America than any magazine has ever been.

And every story will be real in its vivid portrayal of life. Every description will be accurate. That is the living spirit of our idea. All the romance of the ages is ours if we are willing to be satisfied with realism; and we believe that the truth is far more fascinating than any fiction of the imagination could be. Together we may visit the land of the midnight sun, and tread the alleys of New York with the vision of O. Henry. Life, strange, alluring, holding us entranced even while we hate its revelations, drawing us on and on fascinated by its wonders—is a miracle, and SMART SET is going to bring the miracle to you.

THE EDITOR.



Only a Butterfly!

Only a butterfly, her wings broken! A *grisette* the talk of Paris, who knew the height of wealth and the abyss of poverty; on whom men had once showered gold and jewels; once a peacock-queen whose gowns displayed unheard of splendor reigning over lavish orgies, but now a Magdalene purified, uplifted, and regenerated by a pure and honest love; the life of the fast set scorned and luxury surrendered for joy of true happiness, then a misunderstanding, a heart broken by a single word, love without hope and then despair; months of hiding in a mean room up a slender staircase of an infamous old house in the somber haunts of the unlawful; a brazier of burning charcoal, and the girl recovering from an unsuccessful attempt at suicide lies on the floor in a stupor, dazed but smiling. Trompe-la-Mort, the master criminal twice escaped from the galleys and the terror of the Paris secret police, disguised as a priest, enters—and a story in these fascinating volumes begins. It is a strange story of one of the many mysterious undercurrents of life in Paris, but it is only one of over a score of infinite variety that are told in the famous

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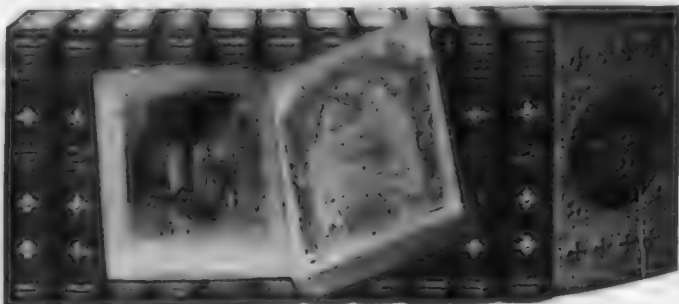
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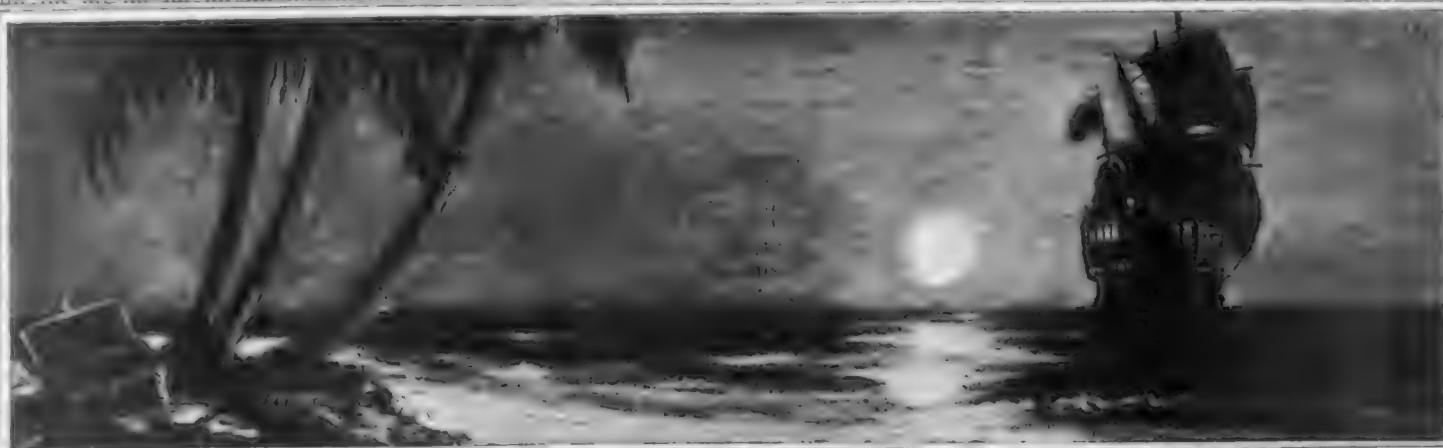
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DAYDREAMS

An Editorial

THE world today is living in the dream castles of yesterday. Tomorrow we shall experience the things we imagine today. Life is built of dreams. That is why SMART SET is a dream-world.

Most of us are hedged into tiny grooves. We work a bit, play a bit, rest a bit each day. Once or twice a year we run away from our routine lives on a vacation. But outside of that we must depend on what we read to make our lives colorful.

Of course there are movies, and the drama, and our church life, but after all, reading is the mainstay which does not fail even on rainy days!

We cannot all be prospectors, or soldiers of fortune. It is not written in the stars for us all to travel about the earth and see its mysteries, but we can read about them if someone will gather them together for us. And we can enjoy them if we know that what we read is faithful in its pictures of life in faraway lands and places; that it is not someone's fancy.

Each of us has a mission in life. Yours may be raising grain or selling silk—it does not matter; each is equally important in its way. Mine is to seek new visions of this great dream-world of ours and bring them to you just as they really are: a bit of the desert; a colorful caravan; an Arab tribe; a moonlight night at Wakiki; a masquerade ball at the Biltmore in New

York; a romance on a college campus; a lone prospector beside a tiny fire in Alaska.

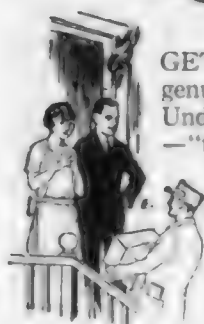
And when a magazine seeks the world over for the dramas of life, wherever they may be, and brings them to you in their real, true settings with no fantastic trimmings of fine writing and imagination, that magazine becomes your dream-world and mine because it helps our fancy, helps us to dream of romance and adventure that we can never know first hand.

These and a thousand other pictures make up the world. We are watching and searching for fascinating bits of romance and adventure. YOU may have a drama hidden away in your life that we can pass along. The man next door may be a soldier of fortune whose life would thrill us through and through. But wherever the stories may be, we are searching, seeking constantly, and every month we are bringing you as our offerings the best we are able to find.

AND because we have kept faith with you in this we are growing, month after month, month after month. In less than two years we have become a giant so big that we cannot fail to live up to the faith you have shown in us. And so we shall go on and on as partners in a gigantic enterprise. You are our readers and our writers—I am only the interpreter.

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Ask your wife, if you dare!

IT'S a fact: even your wife won't tell you about some things.

This was the distressing case of a young woman who had been married only a short time. For some reason her husband had become a little careless about certain things in which he had been *most* careful before marriage.

And it distressed her, caused her to worry and even wonder if his love might be lessening.

* * *

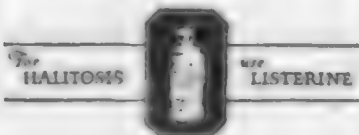
You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

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SMART SET

MARCH
1926

True Stories from Real Life



The PEDDLER of DREAMS

A Powerful Poem by HARRY LEE

*SHE'S a spunky little sparrow of a lady,
In a little slant-roof stall below the "L"—
A shabby, little, ruddy, wrinkled lady,
With her papers and her magazines to sell;
She wears a rusty, crusty coat of leather,
Now it's winter, and a shawl about her head—
And brave above the clamor she is crying
Her wares—the good old lady—for her bread!*

*Tales of high romance and war and love she peddles
To the crowds that ever come and never pass;
As she gathers in their pennies, does she see them?
Or do they seem like figures in a glass?
Is she selling dreams to buy a dream for someone,
A fairer dream than she herself has known?
Is she happy in the thought of someone waiting,
As she stands—by winds of winter—rudely blown?*

*Let us hope there is a Someone waiting for her
As she shuts her little shop and goes by night—
Let us hope she hears young laughter, even singing,
As she climbs her dusky stairway flight by flight;
Let us wish—but everyone that buys a paper
Does surely wish the little lady well—
The spunky little sparrow of a lady—
In the little—Shop of Dreams—below the "L."*

DR. FRANK CRANE

Woman's

A RELIGIOUS body of New York City recently passed a resolution calling for greater modesty in woman's dress.

It denounced the present mode of dress and approved the efforts now being made to reform feminine apparel.

They hold that the present clothes of women are inconsistent with modesty and propriety of conduct, and look with disfavor on the present customs.

This is another effort on the part of an organization or institution to condemn feminine clothing.

The women possibly will not care, but will go on doing as they please.

The fact of the matter, however, is that women's clothes today are more sensible than they ever were. Modesty and propriety are not a matter of clothing, but are adornments of the mind and spirit.

If we were all clean-minded enough we could go as naked as a dog.

The rule seems to be that the more clothes people put on the less modesty they have.

THE Turks are notorious for their voluminous garments, but their treatment of women is hardly to be imitated.

It is all a matter of getting used to it. When we see women nowadays with their high skirts and short sleeves exposed to the blasts of winter we think they should freeze. But they do not, and the feminine portion of the race is more healthy than the masculine.

Ann Harding as she appears in the dramatic success "Stolen Fruit" is a typical modern girl.

Talks About Dress

One has only to compare the clothing of women in 1925 with the kind of dress they wore in 1880 to realize what an improvement has been made. The modern dress is a modest slip-on, while the dress of former times had bustles, or tilters, or hoops, or furbelows and gewgaws by the barrel.

It was no easy matter for a woman to walk down the street, or sit comfortably in a carriage. Too, she needed lots of room on the dance floor.

More power to the modern flapper! She is teaching the world, although she is being roundly abused for it.

THE roots of modesty and decency are in the spirit and not in the customs.

It is all the way you look at it. If you were to put a pair of trousers on a canary bird it would probably ruin his morals. But there are some people who insist upon this, just as there are others who cannot endure the sight of a nude Venus.



Anna Gould Castellane, during the period of her reign as the foremost society queen, was a model of fashion.



Soul *of*

The Story of a Boy Suddenly Filled Then Clouded by

I WAS a mere strip of a boy when the New Bedford clipper, the *Shining Star*, came standing into Salt Island harbor from the sea, skimming up past the outward islands like a great white bird. She was just such a ship as I had heard my father tell about on winter nights when the wind howled down from the bleak Savannas. It was pleasant to lie curled on the floor with a book in front of me and, between reading and listening to my father, watch the dancing glow behind the rosy mica doors of our great square stove.

As I stood in the road in front of our house and gazed at the wonderful clipper-ship, I knew she was just such another as Bartholomew, my brother, had sailed away in to strange islands of silks and spices. Our own coast was so barren and cruel that I often dreamed of those far-away islands which had called to Bartholomew. He was a deep sea sailorman from the start, and the moment he was grown would have none of the trawls and fishing dories. There was never a better sailor went out of Salt Islands than my brother Bartholomew—no, not even my father. But the Gales were salt of the sea; the very soul of it was born into a Gale—always had been, and probably always would be. The sea was part of the Gale heritage, and so to my boyish eyes that morning, nothing more wonderful existed in the world than the proud ship which had come into our harbor.

Little did I know then of the joys her coming held in store for me in the years to come; nor of the bitter hours that were to make my days a living hell. Happily, for us, the curtain is drawn and we do not see through the veil. Tomorrow is always a new day. Its joys and sorrows, its smiles and tears, nights of content and nights of pain, all are hidden from us.

So, truly, I thought, the *Shining Star*—and I did not even know the name of her then—was the wonder ship of my dreams. It gave me a shivery thrill clear to my marrow as I stood there in the white shell road and gazed down with dilated eyes at her splendid masts soaring up and up into the brilliant blue sky, supporting a billowy mountain of snowy canvas.

I don't remember how long I stood there, too thrilled even to move. Suddenly the spell was gone. I could stand it no longer, but ran down headlong following the crescent-shaped road to Phillips' wharf so I could better view the great dream-ship which had come to me from the sea. That's the way I felt about it then. That's the way I still seem to feel about it. With the coming of the clipper a new note had crept into my life. The Gale blood was calling to me as it always called to a Gale. The *Shining Star* had come out of the sea to me and to me alone! I sensed it in every fibre of my being.

the Sea

Whose Life Was With Love, the Shadow of Death

When I reached the wharf I found quite a gathering of fishermen were there before me, and already the clipper was swinging at anchor in the tide. Her crew was swarming up her rigging now, and even the Salt Island men, who are mighty closed-mouthed on seamanship, commented in admiration as the great sails disappeared like magic. I heard them say that not for years had a clipper-ship come to our harbor.

"'Tis a sailor in command of that craft!" I heard old Matthew Prior say, rubbing his hands together in that peculiar way of his when anything pleased him. He sort of had a habit of shaking hands with himself. This morning in particular his face sparkled with elation.

"Aye, Matt, a sailor he is that!" McTavish, the boat-builder, answered. "And a crime it is," he went on, "that steam ever drove the likes of such ships from the Western Ocean." McTavish had an eye for beauty and he saw that the clipper had lines a-plenty.

All day long I had often sat in the boat-shed and watched old McTavish's draw-knife make the long, willowy shavings fly. But now, as I stood there with the others on Phillips' wharf, it was with awe that I looked up at a man who could point out so easily each distinguishing line of the clipper. I sidled closer to Matthew Prior.

These two old men were all eyes and admiration. They were comparing this ship with others they had seen in their time. I heard such names as *Thermopylae* and *Flying Cloud* ships I had heard my father tell about. And the *Eastern Queen* which had been my brother Bartholomew's ship in the India trade.

BUT there were no comparisons in my glowing brain as I drank in the beauty of my dream-ship. To me she stood before all others, and it was with a sudden clutch of terror at my heart that I marked out the course she would have to take when she swung her anchor at the turn of the tide. It was just at the flood. Another hour and it would come swirling back through the straits, making a thousand whirlpools as it went gurgling past the islands to the open sea. I tugged at Matthew Prior's sleeve.

"Uncle Matt," I began, and there was a tremor in my voice that shook my whole body. "W-w-won't she go aground on the Porpoise?"

As the old fisherman turned and looked down at me I knew he would see the hot flush of my cheeks; though I tried to check them, tears sprang to my eyes. Never had anything in all my sixteen years so gripped me as the clipper *Shining Star*.

"What's that you're saying, lad?" he said gruffly. "Ground



on the Porpoise? You'll be telling the skipper of such a craft that he's no sailor?"

The rebuke in his words brought a lump to my throat. Then he must have caught sight of the tears I was trying so hard to keep back.

"Oh! You're only afraid she might go aground. Aye, lad. I don't blame you for being afraid. Not in twenty years has such a vessel come to Salt Island. 'Tis the first clipper-ship your young eyes have looked upon. But there is not much to fear, so don't you be worrying your small head about it, Jethro, lad."

"B-b-but, Uncle Matt, when the t-t-tide—" I could get no further. McTavish was speaking again, and who was I to know better than my elders? Men who had been tried in the tearing gales of the Roaring Forties, flying before the wind with royals and stunsails set just to make a headland a few hours ahead of a rival! I moved a little to stand by myself and feast my eyes on the wonder ship.

Still, the doubt in my mind persisted. In less than an hour now the tide would be at the turn, the great white ship would swing with it, and as my eyes marked again the imaginary arc her course would take, I was certain she would be afoul the long hunchbacked rock they called the Porpoise. Not more than twice a year, at the lowest of neap tides, did the Porpoise show; but from the time I could handle a dory alone, I had fancied it as the back of a giant who would some day come up out of the harbor.

I THINK it was Bartholomew who first put the idea into my head. I wished Bartholomew were here now—Black Bart. Salt Island called him; Bartholomew who fed my boyish dreams and never cared what anyone said; Bartholomew with a mind of his own. No wonder he had been given command of a clipper. Bartholomew would have listened to me. I realized that to speak again to Uncle Matt about the clipper-ship's danger would only bring forth another rebuke.

Now the skipper out there on the clipper might listen to me. The boldness of the idea staggered me. But Bartholomew commanded a clipper-ship and I could tell the skipper I was Jethro Gale, Bartholomew's brother. I, too, would have a mind of my own. These old men, Matthew Prior and Allan McTavish, for all their knowledge, had never commanded a clipper. I was a Gale. It was in the Gale blood to command ships. Slowly I was aware that the nervous thrill seemed to have left me. I was all aglow, but with a new exultation. The others were wrong and I was right.

Suddenly there was a whoop that must have been both startling and disconcerting to the fishermen on Phillips' wharf. I had uttered it. Or rather it had burst forth whether I wanted it to or not. One minute I was standing there irresolute. The next, I had cried that challenging whoop and had turned and was dashing along the wharf for shore. Arrived there, I swung to the right and raced up the crescent road, past the Presbyterian kirk, down again to the place where my dory was pulled up clear of the slimy eel-grass. I pushed off and scrambled aboard, back-watered until I was free of the weeds, and then cut a course across the harbor straight for the clipper.

I had to pass close in under Phillips' wharf; I knew they were laughing at me, but I didn't care.

"Can you beat that young 'un!" old Matthew Prior chuckled. "Well, let Jethro bide; he'll be coming back faster than he is going now. But some day he'll have a ship of his own and a way of his own. There's the breed of Bart in him, but he's got a softer heart than the black one."

"Ave," answered McTavish, the boat-builder. "Wist-

ful the lad is. I'm hoping it won't be the breaking of him when his time comes."

The words hadn't been meant for my hearing. But the harbor was as smooth as a mirror, and the sound came to me as though I had been standing on the wharf. So these two believed in me. Uncle Matt had intended to be kind. Perhaps, after all, he was right. I was a fool to be thinking I knew more than they.

I was not sure of myself now, but my pride would not let me turn back. I put all my strength into the oars, and the dory lifted clear of the water to come spanking down again as I reached for the next stroke. Five minutes and I was alongside the clipper, cutting in under the bow. A figure of a woman was carved there and in gold I saw her name.

"Ahoy, there!"

THE call had come down from the deck of the clipper. I rested on my oars in confusion as I looked up to see a white-bearded man, in a blue coat with brass buttons, leaning against the gun'l and smiling down at me. Dared I tell him the reason for my intrusion? It was thinking of Bartholomew that helped me get up my nerve.

"Ahoy, what ship is that?" I called back in true sailor-man fashion.

But, before the big man in the blue coat and brass buttons could answer, another head appeared suddenly over the clipper's side. I found myself gazing open-mouthed at the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. The Salt Island girls were red-faced and rugged. The face that peered down at me now had the color of ivory. And the girl was smiling, a smile filled with wonder, I thought, and not a little shy. Involuntarily, I reached for my hat, took it off and held it at my side. The big man must have noted the change in me, for he turned to look down at the golden-haired girl at his side.

"Tell the young man the name of the ship," I heard the big man say. I saw the girl lower her blue eyes and then slip down behind the ship's rail until I could barely see the top of her head.

"Mary, girl, for shame! Where are your sea manners!" The big man chided her.

The golden head appeared above the rail again and a faint "Hello!" came down to me. The big man laughed outright.


"We're the clipper ship, *Shining Star*, out of New Bedford—Jeremiah Strong, master!" he bellowed. "And I take it from the rate you came out here you're the harbor master and I'm in the wrong mooring?" As he said the last, he laughed—a great laugh that must have rolled over the harbor to the fishermen on Phillips' wharf.

I swallowed hard and flushed. Was the big man in earnest, or was he poking fun at me like Uncle Matt and old McTavish sometimes did? Then it was Uncle Matt's words that bid me say what I had come to say. "There's the breed of Bart in him." If old Matthew Prior believed that, then the prompting at my heart was right. The big man would not be laughing at me when he knew why I had come.

"NO, SIR," I answered him. "I'm not the harbor master, but I came to tell you that if you don't anchor before the turn of the tide your splendid ship will be aground on the Porpoise!"

The master of the *Shining Star* grew grave at once. "And you came scurrying out here, lad, to tell me that! My thanks to you and to the man who sent you." The big man was really serious now; I was sure of it. But the others had not sent me. They didn't even believe me. And the big man did. That made me feel proud as I answered:

[Turn to page 89]



*"We're the clipper ship,
SHINING STAR—Jeremiah
Strong, master! . . . Mary,
shake hands with the
young man that's saved
our ship."*



... with just a touch
here and there, I
thought.

The CUP

*A Story Which Tells How a Little
Girl's Question Was Answered*

"I DIDN'T say the church should be closed to them," Father insisted crisply, "but if one of those River Bank women should come—" he snorted impatience and disgust.

"Doesn't God like the River Bank ladies?" I demanded breathlessly, forgetting for a moment to watch my skipping feet, and stepping right on a crack in the board sidewalk. "Doesn't he like the River Bank ladies, Father?"

People God did not like went to—Hell. The supply minister had said so two weeks ago in a blistering sermon that had made my small self quake with horror.

"River Bank ladies!" I can see Father now as he jerked back his head and laughed; and Mother, too, with a tender look down at me, had smiled. I was used to being laughed at for saying things that were not in the least funny, so I watched the cracks carefully, and skipped along between my father and mother, happy in my Sunday dress and new coat. The coat was large now, but it would be a better fit next winter, and just right, the winter after that.

"You need not worry. The River Bank ladies, as Emily calls them, will not come to church, even if they do think a lot of Alan MacRae." Mother went on. "In his forty years here, he has turned many of them into—the narrower path, and now in this dreadful epidemic, he encouraged the two of them who had been nurses

before, to help, and he had worked side by side with them day and night."

"I wish you'd call our pastor 'Rev. MacRae,'" Father complained. "And there was no call for him to invite them to attend public worship. How should you like one of those creatures to be ushered into our pew and sit next to our Emily?"

Mother flushed. "I don't think it would contaminate Emily," she replied firmly.

I stared up at my gentle mother. I had never heard her speak up to Father that way.

She continued. "You did not think so when you begged Alan MacRae to bring Minnie Benton to nurse Emily, when she was so sick with the grip, and there wasn't a nurse or a doctor—" Mother choked.

"I paid her. I paid her double what I should have paid any other nurse. She did good work, is still doing good work, in this epidemic, but I see no reason for ignoring the fact that she is——"

"They have the cutest little houses," I broke in. "When I get big I'm going to have one just like——"

We had reached our corner, and turned in on the only cement walk in town. After an appealing glance at Mother, who did not come to my assistance, I trudged up to my room. With hands that struggled with the top button, I put on a clean apron from my middle drawer. I always had pretty aprons, white ones, even

for school, with ruffled sleeve-caps, and lace on the bottom.

Then, rebelliously, I slipped off the two beautiful, wide blue ribbons on the ends of my two long brown braids, and tied the braids together with my one every-day, Scotch-plaid ribbon. I liked the Scotch-plaid, but why couldn't I have two, one for each braid? Adelaide McDermit had two and her father was only a grocery clerk. Mine was the president of the bank. I knew we could afford two ribbons for my braids. It was one of the many unexplainable mysteries of little girlhood. And now what had I said that I must be punished by not being allowed to wear my blue ribbons the whole of Sunday?

Carefully I rolled them and laid them in the sandalwood box that Mother had brought from her wedding trip to the World's Fair at Chicago. In this box was also my blue moiré sash, that I wore only to parties and dancing school. The sash was the most beautiful one in the world, my treasure of treasures. Just to stroke it, and hold it against my cheek, made me feel all soft and warm and comforted inside. In the folds of the sash, I tenderly laid a crippled red maple leaf I had picked up on the way home. The leaf was all

right on one side but the other was shrunken, as if it had not allowed enough for its hem. It would be happy with the sash.

The following Saturday afternoon, as my Sunday School class was passing the tiny houses on the water front, I pulled at the coat sleeve of our teacher, Rev. MacRae.

"Mr. MacRae, doesn't God love the River Bank ladies?" I demanded.

I can see him now that blowsy, warm day in late fall, as he looked down at me from his slender height. His hat was off, baring his soft white hair. His clean-shaven face glowed with health and his firm mouth smiled down on me; his brilliant blue eyes, sometimes so keen, were soft and gentle now under their overhanging brows that had such a funny little quirk to them when he was amused.

"Oh, yes. God likes them. He understands them, which is more than some of us do," he added bitterly, then turned to bow to two of the women who came to the windows as we passed.

That was the afternoon I fell in the creek. I had promised Father that I would not wade. Wading was usually part of the fun of the afternoon. We studied

*Mr. MacRae taught us to love
the outdoors, and to be good
sports at losing, or being hurt
So when I fell in the creek*



birds, we learned not to be afraid of snakes but to admire the beauty of their markings. We learned the habits of little animals, and of bats and owls. But principally, and quite without our being aware of it, Mr. MacRae taught us to love the outdoors: the wide places; the wonder of living things; to play fair at games; and to be good sports at losing, or being hurt. He was our teacher, but far more than that, he was our friend.

So when I fell in the creek, and was soaked up to my waist, he laughed and pulled me out. "But Emily, child, he was surprised at my frantic sobbing. "You aren't hurt. It isn't cold."

"Father said I shouldn't wade. And I didn't. I was walking across that old log—but he won't understand. He won't listen!"

"OF COURSE!" Alan MacRae tweaked his long nose as he did when perturbed, but his eyes still smiled. "Well, you run over to my house, you and Adelaide, just as right as you can clip. It's a mile nearer than your house. Tell the housekeeper to dry you out and fix you up. I'll stop at the bank and tell your father that I'm keeping you and Adelaide for supper. I'll give you your music lesson after supper instead of in the morning."

"And it won't be a lie if I don't tell Father?" I gasped.

"Why, no. You didn't wade, and he didn't tell you not to walk on the logs. It will be our own little private joke. Even God likes a little joke. Don't ever forget, Emily," he took my face between his two slender hands as he spoke earnestly. "Don't ever forget, child, that God has a sense of humor." He straightened up as he added, light to himself, "How arrogant it is of us to think He hasn't!" He turned back to me with a smile. "Now run!"

Adelaide and I ran, down the hill, across the bridge, my shoes going, *squish, squish* with every step.

I was a little edgy toward Adelaide that afternoon. Hitherto, she had been my pattern, but now she had slipped from her pinnacle, for she had, quite without shame, confided to me that when she had cut her knee the day before, she had shown it right to the doctor! And she was supposed to be shy, too!

AS MRS. HALWORTHY, a warm, motherly person, and our minister's housekeeper, peeled off my clothes, gave me a hot bath, and wrapped me in a fuzzy brown bath-robe while she dried and pressed my clothes, I lay on the old worn leather couch in the bay-window, radiantly happy.

I watched Adelaide, with her two crisp, red hair-ribbons, help set the table, and whip the cream for the jam, brown-baked apples; and as I watched, comfortable and drowsy, the God I had created out of all that I had learned, became Twin Gods.

There they sat, two of them, on a twin throne high over the bluffs of our town, on a pink sunset cloud—the One I had known all ways, frowning. His arms folded in judgment, suspicious like my father, quick to judge, quicker to punish without trying to understand—and the other Twin smiling gently. His eye crinkling with humor and understanding. Twin Gods. And from that night, I said my prayers to the smiling One on the left. I didn't think the stern

That Christmas Eve was made to order. But I didn't see its beauty. I was filled with wonder and breathless peace.



Twin would mind. He had so many others to listen to.

And after the supper of home-baked ham, mealy potatoes, currant jelly, creamy milk and baked apples, I had my music lesson; while Adelaide with the tortoise-shell cat in her lap, read, and Mrs. Halworthy mended in the yellow circle of light cast by the lamp.

After the music lesson, we went out to the barn and helped the minister, or at least we thought we helped harness black Jupiter, and put him into the comfortable low phaeton which took us home.

On looking back to that night, my happiness seemed perhaps a little out of proportion, because of the disquietude that beset our town the very next day. Unfortified by experience, there was much that I did not understand—more probably, that I did not even know.

But an only child, who has been much with older people, sees and absorbs more than is credited to her. I knew that Minnie Benton, the River Bank lady who had nursed me when I lay quiet and only half conscious during the early sweep of the dreadful epidemic, and

whom Father said I was on no account to speak to if I met—I knew that she had been nursing Elder Blake's wife, and having brought her out of the grip, had herself fallen ill and had died. And that there was much whispering among the women who dropped in to see Mother in little groups of twos and threes; for Alan MacRae wanted Minnie Benton buried from the church.

A tide of feeling swept

"Mr. MacRae, doesn't God love the River Bank ladies?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes. God likes them. He understands them—which is more than some of us do," he added bitterly.

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up through the town, broke at the feet of Elder Blake and seemed to sweep us all out on an ocean of insecurity and doubt.

Elder Blake, whose white beard was a fat roll under his chin, and seemed not to belong to his clean shaven face but to be a boa, said at prayer meeting that the funeral should not be in the church. He thrust out his thick, lower lip, made his forehead like a wash-board, and his nose as if he were selling something horrid.

Our minister's square chin with the deep cleft in it, was stubborn, and the burr in his Scotch voice became more pronounced as it always did when he was aroused.

Elder Blake stood up, folded his fat hands on his stomach, closed his eyes tight, and prayed. Rather, he talked. I could always feel a tremor of laughter run through Mother when Elder Blake prayed. He told God things about Miss Benton, told them condescendingly, patronizingly, as he would have explained things to a man coming to sell him books, perhaps.

I didn't think it quite fair of him to tell on Miss Benton, because the Judgment Book, I knew, was opened as soon as a person died, and Miss Benton had been dead two days, so God had had plenty of time to look over her page Himself.

Then Alan MacRae prayed, and I could see his prayer white and shining, going on a beam of moonlight, straight to the smiling twin God on the left. He didn't mention Miss Benton at all. He prayed for his congregation. At the close of the meeting he announced that Miss Benton's funeral would be held from the church the following afternoon. He asked eight men whose families had been nursed by her, to be pall-bearers. My father

was one of these, but he said that he had to go to the city.

When I came in to dinner from school at noon next day, Mother was lifting a great bunch of white carnations from a florist's box. It was very unusual to have flowers at our home.

"Oh, where'd they come from?"

"I am sending them to the church."

MOTHER looked at me a long time, with her serious look. "I want you to get on your bicycle and take them to Alan MacRae's on your way to school, after dinner. And I think Father would be just as happy not to know about it," she added, not meeting my eyes.

"It'll be our secret." It was the first secret Mother and I had ever had from Father, except at Christmas, and this wasn't a Christmas secret. It hurt a little.

"I wish I had a big ribbon to tie on them." Mother looked at the flowers. "Miss Benton was wonderful, Emily, for four days and nights when you were so sick—" Mother bit her lip hard, and the tears did not spill out of her eyes.

"I've got one, Mother, I've got just the very one!"

I rushed upstairs, opened the sandal-wood box, grabbed out my wonderful, beautiful blue sash, ran down again. I didn't dare take time to think. "There," I exclaimed breathlessly. "There! Tie it on in a great big bow, with long ends."

Mother looked at me, her eyes big and shiny, and I saw her swallow hard, as she fingered the ribbon. "You are sure you want to do this, Emily? You can't have another, you know."

I picked up the crippled red leaf that fell from the folds of the sash. "Tie it in a double bow," I insisted.

"and even then there'll be long ends to make it prettier." Mother's eyes did spill over then. She tied the bow, and as I pedaled up Maple Street and coasted down the hill to Alan MacRae's house with the big box under one arm, my heart bursting in a tumult of exaltation.

But that was only the beginning of the disturbed, unhappy time that followed. Alan MacRae's eyes did not smile so much; his tall form began to stoop.

"Think perhaps he's been here long enough," my father remarked more than once. "We need new blood."

Even the church sociables, those rollicking affairs that I looked forward to each Friday night, lost something of their savor.

They were held in the basement of the church. You

*I should be happy!
I was to speak a
piece at the Sunday
School entertainment,
and also be in
the Cantata.*



sat on long, facing benches, and held lap-boards which were passed with the most incredible speed after the little Sunday school bell had tinkled, and the brief grace had been said. Then, came great platters of ham, creamed chicken, rolls, coffee, salads, pickles, jellies, and finally great plates of cake. All you wanted of everything.

THE older people sat in congenial groups and the children at one end of the long room. The boys acted scandalously. They pushed, and jabbed, and shrieked. The girls all sat together and the boys together. It was fun to hear the roar of talk and laughter, to see the older girls of the church swiftly pass the food. I always missed Adelaide. She could not come because there were five children in her family and the sociables cost twenty-five cents. I was glad there were not five in our family, for my childhood without the weekly sociable, would have been quite incomplete.

But even over these gala occasions hung a cloud of something—sinister, menacing; a subtle antagonism that I felt, but could not place.

Extremely sensitive to undercurrents, I was uncomfortable at home when Alan MacRae was mentioned. I somehow felt that Mother and I were on one side with Alan MacRae, and my father on the other. And that there was something of guilt attached to being on Alan MacRae's side.

In Sunday School I felt it, and in prayer meeting, but most of all in church.

With the coming of Christmas, things grew brighter and there was happiness, almost serenity again in town. Christmas was the one beautiful, gorgeous, wholly-satisfying time of the year.

I was to speak a piece at the Sunday School entertainment, and also be in the Cantata. This was a great time of snatched meals; rehearsals in a bleak Sunday School room that reechoed with our thin voices; of hurried conferences; of tarlatan dresses; of tissue paper and bright ribbons. That Christmas Eve was made to order. As Mother and I stood on our horse-block, waiting for Father to drive around from the barn, I held Mother's hand tight and did not speak. The new snow made the ground a shimmer of sparkles, and every tiniest twig stood out.

The tall evergreen in our yard, its branches heavy, seemed to drop tired arms to its side, and the full yellow moon, coming up over the school house tower, made the world a white glory.

As we got into the cutter behind old Dexter with his rope of jingly bells—I sat very still. People in other cutters passed us with laughter, but I did not feel like laughing. I was filled with wonder and with a breathless peace.

Very quietly, I untied the ribbons of my pusswood to see if I could hear the music of the stars. They seemed so thick and close.

Dexter's bells were too loud.

It was after the Cantata, after my piece, after he [Turn to page 131]



"Sally, Irene and Mary"

*This picture's of Broadway,
the glittering fraud-way,
The street of despair, and
of pleasure, and rage.
Where girls of the chorus,
in costumes both porous
And dazzling, present what's
enacted back-stage.*

*The plot is delightful;
the scenes are a sight-ful,
The trio of girls live
on tinsel and foam.
With rhythm and dancing, and
charm and romancing,
The story's an answer to
why girls leave home.*

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by
Edmund Goulding, with Constance Ben-
nett, Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neill.*

FREAK FASHIONS



IF YOU would be ultra smart, wear a white stripe in your hair. Kathleen Kay of the Metro-Goldwyn company was the first to adopt this fad.



YOU'RE not in the running at all according to Sally O'Neil unless you have at least one pair of laced stockings for special occasions!

JOAN CRAWFORD is wearing the new "heliograph" stockings. If she puts her best knee forward, you are in favor; the icicle on the other knee is a repulse, if she lets you glimpse it!



THE flapper group has adopted the pantalette as a necessary complement for "above-the-knee" dresses.



AND then there's the garter watch —really no nuisance at all, as you needn't even raise your skirt to see it! This seems to have won many friends around the cinema city.

in

HOLLYWOOD

RENEE ADOREE is wearing the new friendship ring made of linked hoops of plain gold.



GEM-studded suspenders are also on the program for this winter. "Women by wearing them will bring them back in style," they tell us.



AN OSTRICH feather hip ornament for the dancing frock conceals rouge, lipstick and powder puff very cleverly.



WATER-PROOF wigs for bathing are the latest on Californiabeaches.



DOROTHY MACKAILL, the First National star, is popularizing knee-muffs. This fad promises comfort during the winter months to many suffering knees. It has already spread to New York.



THE latest in shoes has your sweetheart's portrait on the buckle. Kathleen Bennett is responsible.

La Boheme

YOU'RE carried by magic
to Paris the tragic
And wonderful city
of artists and dreams.
Bohemians revel,
in picturesque level,
And scenes of Montmartre
make colorful gleams.

The plot's operatic
and gaily dramatic;
The love theme is wistful
and sweet as a wish;
It's brilliant and flaunting,
with all of the haunting
And consummate genius
of Lillian Gish.



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"Go as far as you like; the sky's the limit," he answered.



Sergeant Mac

"Whither bound?" he asked softly.

"To the end of the world," I said.

EARLY in the spring of 1917 my father's company failed and closed its doors. We gathered together our worldly possessions, sold our home, and went to live on a farm in the northern part of the state. We had moved around a great deal, from one city to another, one state to another, so that it was no novelty for us to move. But it was a novelty to move to the country—to a real farm.

Back as far as I can remember, ever since I was a child, I remember my father as a hard-drinking man. In those days he held a responsible position, kept up a wonderful home, was associated with the best and oldest families in the land, and came from the best of aristocracy himself. In all the family, past and present, he alone had not followed the straight and narrow path.

Our home was never a happy one. Because my mother was a proud little woman of the martyr type herself, strangers seldom guessed the actual sorrow in

our little family circle. There were times—glorious times—when my father was the most wonderful of fathers. Then there were times—so many of them—when he drank continuously and was little more than a beast. Those times we feared him, my mother and I—never dared to antagonize him; never crossed him in the smallest matters.

For weeks after his company failed he was a nervous wreck, physically unfit for work of any kind. It was my mother who reasoned with him. It was she who influenced him to buy a farm. She entertained a vague, half-hearted little hope that perhaps if she could get him away from the city, away from associates who were doing him no good, things would be different for all of us. But it did not work out quite as she had hoped and planned. She was bitterly disappointed, and utterly discouraged.

I was eighteen then, just out of high school, and

intensely interested in the new life I found on the farm. A life full of new things, all *living* things! There were two things in particular we "inherited" along with the place. I claimed both by right of conquest. I liked to pretend. But in reality because no one else wanted them. One was a big collie dog named "Wuf." The other, a dingy little roadster, not new, but long and low and powerful. Wuf used to sit beside me, his ears close to his head, as we exceeded every speed limit in the county. When things went wrong at home, we used to "beat a hasty retreat" back over the hills. My father was drinking a lot in those days. He had lost out in some investments that he had counted on, depended on. Our home was one continual round of disorder, chaos, tears, and heart-aches. The neighbors all "felt sorry." How I hated the pity I read in their eyes! For in the country everyone knows everything. I resented the fact that they had learned our "family secret." But we were left pretty much alone as far as neighbors went.

I LOVED the country; I loved our pretty home. It might have been such a little bit of heaven if only my father could have been made realize it. Day by day he went from bad to worse. Night after night he staggered into the house, wild-eyed, and raised "hell" itself.

Then one day I met Sergeant Mac. His name was McEve, but everyone called him just Sergeant Mac. A squad or more of men from the State Militia had been stationed at a railroad bridge about three miles from our home. Mac was the Sergeant and man in charge of the little "barracks." When my father learned they were there, I was given orders—very plain, explicit orders—to "keep my distance." I never dreamed of intentionally disobeying those orders. One bright warm day I was speeding along a level stretch of road and was almost home when the car stopped dead. Wuf's ears came up with a jerk.

"Something rotten in Denmark!" I commented to Wuf, and crawled out from behind the steering wheel. I opened the hood, not that I knew what to do, but it just seemed the most natural and usual thing to do first. I poked around awhile, but couldn't find anything particularly wrong.

ENGINE trouble, Speedy? You're the pins again!" Wuf wagged his tail and flopped his ears in a funny, quick way he had. He didn't at all mind taking the blame. I was wondering what to look at next when someone spoke to me.

"Can I help you?"

I turned quickly at the voice, so close, and looked straight into the bluest gray eyes I have ever seen. Happy, laughing eyes, I have always called them. They exactly "tired" the bright cheery smile that com-
pletely took me by storm. A soldier in olive drab, carelessly twirling his "only-onliest" hat by the cord, stood watching me and smil-
ing straight into my eyes. And such wavy hair! He was so slender, so unconsciously
attractive, and yet so unimpeachably a gentle-
man.

"What? I don't know—*are you?*" I asked

him mischievously. His eyes sparkled. Something in his face made me wish I had known him all my life.

"My mistake!" he said. "Do you mind if I *try?*" He looked into my eyes again, and something in his made me reckless.

"Mind? Go as far as you like!" I laughed softly and handed him the wrench I had. I wouldn't have minded if he had found it necessary to take the whole thing apart and assemble it all over again, there on the road. He went to work quietly, explaining that he knew a little about "boats" himself. He took out two of the spark plugs and cleaned off the carbon.

"They do have a habit of getting dirty!" he remarked humorously, and I felt that he was laughing at me. I never knew just what else he did, but in less than fifteen minutes the engine was pounding away again like a thrashing machine.



He was worse than usual that evening. He had only

one gr

"All set!" He held the door for me. I hesitated, one foot on the running board.

"May I take you wherever you're going?" I asked him.

He laughed boyishly. "I'm not going any place! That is, I was, I've completely forgotten where it might have been!"

"Then you might as well ride there!" I slid in behind the wheel and waited. Wuf jumped up beside me.

"Won't you ask your dog to move over? I'd much rather sit beside you!" His smile was like all the sunshine in the world.

"Love me, love my dog!" I laughed, but gave the dog a little push to the far side of the seat. Sergeant Mac slammed the door and settled down

between us. I felt excited and romantic about this

"Whither bound?" he asked.

"To the end of the world! Do you mind?"

"Go as far as you like! The sky's the limit!" I could feel his glance and couldn't help but laugh when he answered me with my own words.

"Now you're mocking me!" I accused.

"ON MY honor, no!" His voice sounded very serious. But when I stole a sideways glance at him, I could see that his eyes were laughing at me.

That was the beginning. We spent one glorious afternoon alone together—grand and glorious. The little car shot crazily along the country roads. I was happy, recklessly happy. But long enough before we pulled in beside the yellow frame house that served as a "barracks," I was silent. Already I was wondering how I could possibly see him again. And yet I knew I *would*. I realized it would have to be without permission. Clandestinely. I knew only too well how impossible it was to invite a soldier to my father's house. And I dreaded to explain my reasons to Sergeant Mac.

My father would object strenuously, on the grounds that I had "picked him up," a stranger, a soldier! Doubtless with no social standing at all! Family! Social standing! How I had come to hate those words, and all that they meant. Incidentally, Sergeant Mac's family happened to be of the best. His father was a senator from a middle western state. Mac himself had left college during the Mexican Border trouble and enlisted in the State Militia. His older brother was in business in the city we had just left a few short months before. All this and more I had learned as we sped along the country roads.

When we stopped at the "barracks" the Sergeant got out and stood beside the car, his hat in one hand. Perhaps a little of my thoughts shone in my eyes.

"When am I going to see you again?" The one question I had been planning an answer to from the first moment I looked into his eyes, so full of admiration and glorious youth and eager enthusiasm.

My reply was not at all as I had planned.

"It—it will have to be—like this—accidentally." I met his eyes frankly. He reached over and patted my hand.

I SEE. Well, I am off duty every other afternoon. From today on I shall always be out 'walking' on the King's Highway. You won't pass me by?" His nice gray eyes held mine for a moment.

"Wait and see!" I called back, and waved good-by. At the bridge I looked back. He was still standing bare-headed, his wavy hair shining in the sun. I waved again, and almost struck a mail-box at the side of the road.

Every other day for three weeks I met him, along the King's Highway, as he called it. Then one day my father found out. Just how, I never knew, but I suspected he must have been told by some of the farmers we often passed on the road. You must remember that was in the spring of 1917, when a soldier was just a soldier—not a man with a heart [Turn to page 110]



one great desire, and I knew what that desire was

The New Generation

THE bridge game was over. Refreshments were served.

And after the usual bridge conversation Regarding the hands that were played, the talk swerved To "What shall we do with the New Generation?"

For this was a middle-aged, middle-class party Of fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts, Well fed, well upholstered and healthy and hearty And long past the season of youth and romance.

As might be expected
With that sort of crowd
Together collected

Their voices grew loud
In sharp condemnation of all of the ways
Of pulsating youth in these post-bellum days,
And out of the bunch of them loudest of all
Were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus J. Hall.

"This New Generation—I don't understand 'em,"

Declared Mr. Hall. "They are shocking and terrible!
Young folks today!—" then, my word, how he panned

Said that their manners were simply unbearable,
Pounced on their petting and damned them for drinking,
Raged at their manner of doing and thinking,
Frothed at the mouth at their "hectic society,"
Seethed as he raged at their wild impropriety,
Not at all sparing his daughter and son



Who, he admitted, were "wild as they run!"
"When I was young," said Augustus J. Hall,
"As I distinctly and clearly recall,
I had some feelings of decent restraint,
And, though by no means a pale plaster saint,
I kept in limits. I didn't, I vow,
Do as these up-to-date youngsters do now!"

Mrs. Hall nodded and echoed, "I know.
When *We* were younger *WE* didn't do so!"

II

Perhaps it was due to the rich lobster salad
The Halls had ingested, but anyhow, we
Must chronicle here in this narrative ballad
That, during the night, about quarter to three



The Halls both awakened and sat bolt upright
To see, ranged along by the side of the bed,
A number of phantoms—not ghostly and white
But looking as human as phantoms could be.
Augustus J. Hall, staring hard at them, said,
With teeth all a-chatter,

"Wha-wha-what'samatter?"

And huh-huh-huh—who are you various folks?
I'm not very keen on such practical jokes!"

"Why, Gus," reproved one of the spooks, a demure
And kissable specter (if specters could kiss),
"You haven't forgotten me, that I am sure.

My goodness, on many an evening like this
We'd drive in your buggy out under the moon
And sit in the shade of the maples and spoon.
You'd kiss me until I was panting for breath
And oftentimes pretty near hug me to death.



Illustrations by Addison Burbank

By BERTON BRALEY



I called you my 'Bear-Man,' you called me your 'Queen'
When you were just twenty and I was nineteen.
And don't you recall when we kept driving on
And didn't get home till the break of the dawn
And —

"Gus!" hissed the wife of Augustus J. Hall,
"You never told me of this — hussy at all!"



(The "Hussy" is now Mrs. Arnold T. Wade,
A clergyman's helpmate most strict and most staid.)
"To think you were cutting such capers with her
While I in my innocence —"

"May I refer,"
A male phantom chuckled, "to Once On a Time,
When you were a débutante right in her prime,
And you and I, led
By the spell of romance,
Incautiously fled
From a charity dance

And strolled through the woods till the black heaven's
dome

Began to grow gray, and I smuggled you home
Through the back kitchen window? Ah, wasn't it bliss
That crazy mad escapade! Sweet was each kiss,
While

"Hush, Harry Grosvenor!" said Mrs. Hall,
"You promised you never would blab it at all!"

Mr. Hall glared
At his wife; then he stared
For there stood a phantom wild-eyed and long-haired
Who hailed him as "Comrade!" then said, with a sneer,
"You've grown very capitalistic, I fear."



Not like the young fire-brand who once used to lead
Our band of brave radicals. 'Fight!' was your creed.

For you were a heady
And restive young colt,
You said all was ready
For us to revolt.

The world was all wrong—you would straighten it out.
Alas, you've grown commonplace, placid and stout!"

Augustus J. Hall
Looked exceedingly small.
When part of his youth was thus brought to his mind.
His wife simply sniffed, but before she could speak
There stepped forth a spook of a different kind:
A matinee idol, expensively sleek,
Who said:

"I might quote
Some missives you wrote
Or tell of some luncheons we had, long ago,
When you were a vivid young thing, all aglow,
On thrills most intent,
But, being a gent,

I won't breathe a word of it, only I'll say
You sure were a riot, my dear, in your day!"
Then up stepped a phantom whose cheeks were aflush
With juice of John Barleycorn—namely, a Lush!

Who slapped J. Augustus with vim on the back
 (For a ghostly salute it was quite a rough whack)
 And hiccuped. "Hey, Gus, how is every old thing?
 Say, boy, you could go some when havin' your fling!
 Remember the night we drank seventeen ryes
 And went to a baker's and swiped all his pies
 And tried to lick five or six cops? Say, your capers
 Would sure have made mighty good stuff for the papers!"

Thus one by one all of the spooks in the room
 Shone forth and spake truth to the Halls through the gloom.

For these were the ghosts
 By whose spectral confessions
 The Halls recalled hosts
 Of their youth's indiscretions.

And Mr. Hall viewed, as they lovingly lamped him,
 The girls he had vamped, and the girls who had vamped him.

The drunks he had drunk with, the rebels he'd run with,
 The riotous souls he'd had unrestrained fun with.
 And Mrs. Hall saw and they visibly fretted her
 The boys she had petted, the boys who had petted her.

The ghost of a frivolous damsel named Mabel
 (Now mother of six and most prosily sane)
 With whom she had danced on a restaurant table
 With sheer youthful spirits plus too much champagne.

And there was the ghost of a man, tall and dark,
 With whom she'd once dived in the pond in the park.

They gazed on these specters, these phantoms of youth,
 And Mr. and Mrs. Augustus J. Hall

Then looked at each other, and finding in truth
 That each of them, plainly enough, could recall
 Enough peccadillos committed when young

To fill a whole shelf of the book-maker's craft.
 They blushed, and they sighed and they both muttered
 "Stung!"

Then rolled in the midst of the bed-clothes and
 laughed!

And thus with the thrall of hypocrisy banished
 The specters derisively snickered and vanished.

III

The daughter and son of Augustus J. Hall
 Have recently found in the bosoms parental
 A feeling responsive to one and to all

Of youth's keen intensities, physical, mental.
 Instead of the frequent and indignant lecture
 On "Why don't you duly and humbly respect your
 Exceedingly virtuous parents?" the theme
 Is "Let's talk things over quite frankly together."
 (That strange visitation, or nightmare, or dream
 Has strengthened and tightened the family tether
 Till dad chats with son as one youth to another
 And years are no gulf between daughter and mother.)

"Youth's never been old," says Augustus J. Hall.

"And therefore, of course, cannot savvy at all
 How middle-age feels, or how middle-age thinks.
 And that's why it's logic, and simple enough
 The young folks regard us as fusty old ginks
 And look on our counsel as out-of-date stuff,
 Which mostly it is!

Once again let me state
 Youth's never been old, but the old *have* been young,
 And middle-aged fogies once splendidly flung
 Their gage to the world in a fashion clate.

And if they will try
 They can, in their hearts, as in seasons long by,
 Be youthful—and thus, with the past's re-creation
 Get wise to the ways of the New Generation!

"The New Generation—it isn't so new
 It's acting about as I once did—and you,

Except that it's bigger
 And fitter, and stronger
 With health and with vigor
 That seem to last longer

And keep it young later than youth in our time!
 Why, say, in my prime,

I couldn't keep pace with my athletic son
 And as to my daughter—my wife at her age
 Wasn't one half as husky—or one half as wise!

These lads and these flappers must pass through
 a stage

Of trying their wings, but I somehow surmise
 Although they may flounder and flop in their flight
 They'll reach, in good time, to a splendor height
 Than ever we got to; for, take it from me,

The world as we've made it is not such a WOW!

We can't blame the young folks for thinking that we
 Are hardly the models to pattern by now.
 The Old Generation had better sing small.
 The New Generation—here's luck to them all!
 Oh Lord, to be young!" said Augustus J. Hall.





"I'm so hungry for a date and a little fun I'd go with Mr. Halitosis himself," she was saying.

It *Wouldn't* *Have* *Mattered*

I SAT in a bedroom at the sorority house, where I was a senior member, and mended a powder-blue chiffon dancing frock. Anne Mills, my chum and fellow teacher in the local high school, was pressing a beaded georgette, on an improvised board, with such angry thumps that I trembled for the fate of the fragile gown.

"Well, I don't care, Ruth Pryde!" she said; "I loathe teaching! A few years of it, and you might as well send for the coroner and turn on the gas! The same old rut, year after year, not a he-man in sight, and nobody giving you a thought, except when they ask you over to dinner and then hand you their party frocks to mend and press! It makes me boil!"

Anne stamped her foot, hit her hand against the edge of the hot iron, and, well—yes, let out a hearty swear word.

I laughed till the tears came. I couldn't help it. Anne was really such a

pretty girl! She looked so absurdly young with her fluffy blond bob and big blue eyes, that the thought of her as antiquated and *passé* was too absurd."

I told her so, and for a minute she stopped to peer into the mirror and smile.

"Well, the fact remains that you and I are going home to correct math and English papers, instead of dancing till the clock strikes twelve. It wouldn't be so bad if we'd each turned down even one bid! But heavens, in this Eden with two girls to every able-bodied male—how can you expect us oldsters to snatch anything

presentable from the fray? Honestly, I'm so hungry for a date and a little fun I'd go with Mr. Halitosis himself!" Anne flung the dress on the bed.

"It's a shame, honey," I said to her, and patted the silky head. I was really only a few years the elder, but Anne always made me feel like a grandmother.

"Yes, if Dad hadn't gone and [Turn to page 122]

All's Fair in Love

"I see how you feel, Ruthie, and I'm going to Henry and square the whole thing—just for you."

She squared it, all right, but—



J That Caxton Girl— JOAN

Then I found myself staggering over the beach with Rolly holding to my arm. The whole world seemed to whirl in dizzy circles and the sky seemed red, like a sea of blood. Faces went by me in a blur—running, anxious faces. I sank to my knees and Rolly pulled me to my feet and hurried me on. Then I heard a voice.

"Who is the other fellow?" it said.

A far-away voice answered: "Leon Barnes."

Then I remembered.

Joan! He had tarnished her name! I tried to push Rolly away and go back, and then I saw Joan's eyes before me, sweet and trusting as a child's, and cursed aloud. Rolly almost dragged me while he tried to quiet me.

Some man came up to me, tried to put his hand on my shoulder, and asked me what had gone wrong. I pushed him away and kept on with Rolly. Strange, frightened faces disappeared from our path as we got on the boardwalk, headed for the bath-houses.

And only yesterday Joan had pressed my hand and said, "Danny, I love you!"

THAT a fellow should fall in love on the very day of his graduation from college—well, it sounds like a story book, but that's what I did. She sat near me at the races that afternoon, and Rolly, the boy I was with, happened to recognize her father. That's the way it started.

But none of my family for many generations had ever married until three years after graduation, and any hint at such a thing was completely squelched by my father and mother.

And right after Joan had pledged to join me in facing all the opposition, something happened. Rolly and I had just returned from target practice, and had joined a bunch of fellows on the beach. Conversation drifted into the dance at the country club. I mentioned that I was going to take Joan Caxton.

"Caxton?" Leon Barnes laughed. "That kid's name is about as much Caxton as mine. Why, everyone knows she's not his daughter—"

I DON'T know yet how they got my hands loose from Barnes' throat or tore me away from him. I just know that I was strangling him with all the strength I had.

head and blinded me, and when I brushed my hand over my eyes it was covered with blood—as red as the rage that filled my heart.

When Rolly and I got to the bath-house he took a wet towel and smudged it over my face while I sat back, trembling like a leaf. A sort of reaction had set in.

People gathered outside our bath-house, and after Rolly pulled the door to I could hear them whispering, chattering, prying. Then I began to realize what a fool I had been.

THEY would all want to know why I had half killed Barnes. Oh, God! Why hadn't I had enough sense to wait until we were alone, away from searching eyes, and then do my job well?

Now the story would spread all through the summer colony. It would be chief topic of conversation at dinner, at the country club, in the smoking cars of trains. And women—the cats—would tear Joan into a thousand pieces!

I groaned aloud as it all came to me while Rolly patted my shoulder in an understanding sort of way.

"Take it easy, old fellow," he said.

I nodded my head. "Will you put my car keys on a

When Barnes Insulted Joan's Name the World Went Black Before Danny's Eyes—

the end of the walk so that I can get out of here quick, Rolly? And talk to Ted and the rest of the crowd and see if you can't hush all this up a little. I don't want Joan to

"Surest thing you know," Rolly answered. Nothing ever seemed wrong or bad, the way Rolly always treated it.

Then I stood up and started to put on my clothes. When I pulled my bathing shirt over my head it touched a spot where they had hit me and I winced in pain. Then I laughed to myself to think how little it was in comparison to what Joan would have to stand, because I had cheapened her by getting in a brawl. The dirty cad! Damn him! He's not fit to touch the hem of her skirt—nor am I.

A terrible rage crept over me again when I thought of his words, and I wanted to go back and finish my work. Could anyone be despicable enough to say such a thing of Joan? Why, she was as spotless as a baby—damn them—their gossiping tongues.

Rolly came back and I tried to smile to show him that I was not hurt and only succeeded in screwing up my face from the pain in my head.

"I TLL he all right, Danny," he said. Good old Rolly!

"I'm going out to talk to them now, so you run along when you get your clothes on. I'll get Ted to drive me over to your house. Keep out of the way of the family if you can."

When Rolly went out of the door with an anxious backward look, the tears came to my eyes and I sat down on the bench and cried like a four-year old.

After I got on my clothes, I swung open the bath-house door and ran down the little board-walk and jumped into my car without looking

"He's comin' round," I heard one of the men say, and it suddenly dawned on me that I was under arrest.



to left or to right. In a few more minutes I was whizzing along with the wind beating on my face, cooling my brain.

I reeled up to the highest point above Greenwich, where Joan and I had often gone in the evening to watch the lights on the Sound. And every time I thought of Edou Barnes I beat my fists on the steering wheel like a crazy man.

I KILLED my motor on the top of the hill and lay back in the seat exhausted.

Keeping her! Joan! I shuddered at the thought and thanked God that our love was good and clean and big enough to stand such a test as this.

An angel couldn't be a devil—God hadn't made things that way in life. A thing was good and fine and pure, or it wasn't, and there wasn't any half way about it. My family had taught me that. What would they say, now, with their whispering and worried looks before? Maybe they had heard it a long time ago and were reluctant to tell me. Perhaps that was what Mother meant when she came to me that day!

I buried my face on my arms as I began to fight my own thoughts, ashamed that I was defending Joan to myself. Why, the idea of such a thing, and I threw it out of my mind.

But it crept back and said, "Rolly didn't know he had a daughter. He had never mentioned her at Rolly's house."

Well, what of it? He was just a business friend and didn't have to give his life's history.

Mother had said she wanted me to talk to Dad before I thought of getting married. And even Joan had said that I must have a long talk with her first. She acted sometimes as though there was something she couldn't tell me—secrets. She said on the shore that evening, in a hesitant, half-wistful, uncertain voice:

"Are you sure that you want to marry me, Danny?" Why would she ask me that after I had just told her that I loved her? Of course, I would want to marry her! Maybe there was *something*—oh God, such a thing *couldn't* be! Why, even her breath, it was like a baby's when she kissed me, and her lips were so firm and young—

Damn that Barnes!

Those terrible moments while I sat there trying to dispel the fear that was creeping into my heart! Trying to be as big as the love I thought I had for Joan! The awful torture of suspicion creeping into my mind, pricked along like little devils, thousands of them trying to smother me, swarming over me!

With close-set teeth and clenched hands, I told myself that Joan had looked into my eyes and kissed my lips and held my hand close to her cheek and pledged

her love to me forever and forever, as long as we lived.

What a fool I was—an utter, damned fool to doubt her for even a minute. Joan was the truest and finest thing in life. Her love was the sweetest thing that could ever come into any man's life. She had given me her love without restriction, whole-heartedly when I could give nothing in return. She was willing to sacrifice and gamble with me, believing in me, confident that I could be something big and above the ordinary.

And here was I doubting. I put my head in my hands and cursed myself for a weakling, not worthy of her faintest smiles.

And Barnes—I was nearly as bad. Someone had probably told him that, or he would never have dared say such a thing. I was worse than Barnes, because he didn't love Joan.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts! A million, racing in

circles like the automobiles at the track the day I had met Joan—passing each other—tumbling and piling over one another!

Savagely I stepped on the starter and swung about, headed for home. I found myself on Beverly Road trying to get a glimpse of Joan as I drove by her gate way.

And at the corner I saw a picture, a vision almost, of Joan standing there in that great living-room with Judson Caxton. And he was holding her in his arms! I swung my car around in a circle and went in her drive with a vicious turn and came to a halt with my brakes screeching in protest.

Then I was up on the porch jabbing at the bell. Once, twice, three times—long and hard. Impatiently I paced back and forth until a maid pushed open the screen door. Her eyes opened wide when she saw me, but I pushed rudely by her and stalked into the library saying, "Miss Caxton!"

"I don't believe—" she began a little nervously.

"Then I'll wait," I snapped. She moved away, turning once to look back as she went hurrying up the stairway, her skirts held high in her haste.

AS I walked across the library and saw myself in a full length mirror, I understood why the maid had hesitated to let me in. My hair was uncombed and one side of my head was matted with blood. And on one of my cheeks there was a welt that seemed to grow in size while I watched. There was a streak of dried blood down my cheek that I rubbed away.

I saw the curtains part in the mirror. Joan stepped half-way into the room. I swung about, and as her eyes met mine I saw the color drain slowly from her face, leaving it a milky white. She put her hand to her lips as though to stifle a scream and her other hand gripped the curtain as though

[Turn to page 140]


Wanderlust!

Sometimes men are seized by a strange malady which is never cured. Restless wandering alone seems to ease the strain under which they labor.

And under the spell they dare to do things which are otherwise impossible.

So two men come together in a cafe in Tunis and stray into a strange adventure which only Africa and the desert could design.

Begin this weird true story in the April issue. It will fascinate you.



*Joan Gaxton! How could I doubt her
when I thought of her as she stood and
watched me disappear around the corner!
She couldn't be anything but the truest
and finest thing in life, and I wouldn't
listen to what others said.*



My Odd

*What Would
You Found
You Loved
in Slippery*

A
VERY SHORT
STORY OF THE
CODE OF
TWO GIRLS

I WAS awfully obliged to the stairs for creaking at one o'clock that night. If they had not, this, that I am about to tell, would never have been told. Something else might have been told and it makes me shiver to think what that might have been.

The creaking of the stairs put me wide awake at once. I was but half asleep and instantly I knew what the noise meant. I knew at once that it was Lorry going down. It was just what one would expect of her.

I slid out of bed and went to the window. In a moment I saw her, for the night was a clear, light one—without moon, just milky-soft—not shutting in the world with blackness.

She went across the space from the steps to the shrubbery. Lorry, of course, slim and swift, on some mysterious mission to be classed as "freedom" in her mind and speech.

Knowing Lorry, I suspected she was keeping an appointment with the new chauffeur. He was good-looking, quite stunning in his green livery. I had seen

her glance at him twice that day. I saw, too, that he had seen her. They were odd looks that Lorry gave to men—knowing, daring, inviting. All given from a clear conscience, because it was all in the trend of the times: the license, the latitude that belonged to girls who were progressive.

If Lorry had gone out to meet the chauffeur, it was not my business. I had known when I asked her to visit me that she would do as she liked; that her ways would come with her. Knowing ways that brought men straight to her. It was as if they understood that she knew. I didn't know; so I was handicapped.

Before Mother went away for her vacation, she had said:

"Winifred, don't ever be common and think it is being advanced. Girls, nowadays, mix the two things. They don't get the difference between knowing for protection and knowing for laxity. When they get to the point of gloating about what they can do, then off goes their bloom. This isn't old-fashioned; it is sense

Hunch

*You Do If
That One
Had Strayed
Places?*

*Now what was I to
do? Was I to pounce
upon her? Or
should I pounce
upon him?*



But Lorry can't hurt you, Winifred. You are rock. And I'm sorry for the girl. She hasn't had much chance."

And now, the second night after Mother had gone, there was Lorry out alone on some adventure or other. I was a little mad; but a great deal interested.

She was gone an hour or more. I waited. She came in softly. The stairs do not creak when one goes up them. Only down.

She was charming all the next day about the house in her pretty, slinking-sort of gown; slim, silk legs always in sight above her knees when she sat; always wound tight in her snaky sheath when she stood. I'd watch her and see whether the late night ramble became a habit.

It seemed to be. The stairs creaked again. I watched again. It was five o'clock before she came in. Dawn was slipping about.

I thought it was pretty disgraceful, staying out all hours like that.

She didn't get up in the morning. She called to me:

"Send me up some coffee, Winnie, love. I had a bad night."

"Oh, did you?" I said, and sent the coffee.

I kept my clothes on that night and after the stairs had mentioned her departure, I went down and followed her. I had some responsibility about keeping up the decency of the house while Mother was away. I had that—and a lot of curiosity.

I LOST her when I was through the shrubbery and into the garden. But presently I heard low voices and her soft provocative laugh. I advanced with great caution. They were in the pergola that holds up the grape vines at the edge of the river. The water was hissing softly over the stones; it was light enough to see a froth of willow branches where they bent across the stream. Lovely place to spend hours with romance—and coffee coming up-stairs in the morning. [Turn to page 106]



*"Hand in hand, now, what'll we do—
Three musketeers of the double U. U.?"*

Her Bachelor Husband

THIS afternoon I happened to 'slide into the Club. That doesn't occur often these days because Mrs. Higginson—sub rosa, she's my wife but I'm not allowed to speak to her so intimately outside the family circle—believes man's place is in the home.

Two or three young sprouts just out of college were holding forth on the eternal question: does marriage necessarily curtail a man's freedom?

"Hey, old fellow," one of them called out, as if I were nothing short of an octogenarian, "come on and join us. Larry, here, says the modern girl is resourceful and doesn't demand so much from her husband."

I stared at Larry—sun, straight, cocksure. You know how your vision gets blurred when you focus like that? Well, mine did. And I seemed to see Jerry there instead. Good old Jerry, who used to be as closely identified with the Club as the crimson flag that waves aloft. *He* had talked about the resourceful modern girl, too! Yet these lads didn't even know him by sight.

I turned Larry on the back. "Some other day we'll

discuss it, old man. I just popped in for a second."

You see, I didn't have the heart to tell him about Jerry.

We might say that advanced notice of the Eve-Jerry drama reached us in Florence several years ago. Bing Hollowell and I were hanging about there on the last lap of a trip around the world when Dave's letter about Jerry's marriage arrived.

Bing weighs over two hundred, but the proverbial feather could have knocked him over when he read the announcement. He straddled his great body across a tapestried armchair, resting his head against the top, and looked as disconsolate as a dog whose master has gone off on a holiday without him.

WELL, we'd better cross him off our list at once, Bob. He'll be too busy hunting out small roasts in Faneuil Hall Market to be any further companionship to us. Who'd have thought old Jerry would have turned a trick like that? Why, I always planned on having him share my little apartment when he got over

A STORY FULL OF SURPRISES, WHICH TELLS OF THE STRANGE BATTLES OF THREE VERY MODERN MUSKETEER'



Fluff—she deserves first mention—and I!

All in all, there were—



Peg and Bing—such striking names!

his pig-headed pride."

There was every reason in the world to make Bing feel Jerry would be the little comforter in his old age, for that boy was the original misogynist. Which explained why he and Bing became so inseparable at Harvard. Oh, Bing liked the girls, all right, but they didn't wax eloquent over him in spite of his prowess on the gridiron. No girl has a lingering affection for a man who agrees at a ball that she is a bit heavy on her feet.

Jerry, on the other hand, hadn't the least interest in the opposite sex. Feminine beauty made no special appeal to him and he looked decidedly incredulous when one mentioned the brilliance of certain girls. He insisted their talk was too constant and too contradictory to spellbind him. When he wanted a good time, give him men!

Perhaps you'll think by this that our hero was chinless, wall-eyed, and otherwise disfigured. Not in the least. If Jerry and young Larry had been running neck to neck in a beauty contest, I should have put my money on Jerry. Even his diffidence proved a lure. But he succeeded in sidestepping every trap set for him.

On the contrary, Dave and I walked right in open-eyed. We knew every debutante on both sides of the bridge and it was a rare evening when we weren't purloining



Finally, Eve and Jerry—that made three pairs.

somebody else's dress shirt.

"Just a case of retarded development with Jerry. When he goes he'll make Henry VIII seem like a celibate in comparison," Dave used to prophesy, adjusting Tom, Dick, or Harry's white tie.

I thought maybe Dave was right. But when Jerry got into law school he was even less conscious of the existence of women. Honestly, it was a crime the way that boy concentrated on his work. The rest of us had difficulty prying him loose three times a week.

"That Cambridge environment is bad. Come in and share my humble fare in the metropolis," Bing used to urge.

But there was nothing of the sponge in Jerry's make-up. "When Mr. Rockefeller comes across with my retaining fee—" he would retort.

"What's money? I want your comp—"

"Oh, cut it." There was no arguing with him when he had made up his mind.

I wasn't one of those boys resolved on following a certain profession from romper days; so after college, I decided the Supreme Bench looked as cosy a spot as I could find, and joined Jerry in his search for an I.L.B. But the struggle grew tiresome after a couple of years

and Bing increased my nausea by suggesting a trip around the world. He hadn't discovered any type of work sufficiently noble to engage his attention and thought a good night would act as a stimulus to us both.

When I attempted to convey to Uncle Jeff my need of a chance, he wasn't what you'd call co-operative. But after some discussion, he agreed to finance the trip, provided I knuckled down to work in his office upon my return.

IN FALL, meanwhile, Dave took a job as cub reporter and was spending most of his twenty per on violets and S. S. Pierce's bon bons. So Bing asked him to hold down his spacious apartment during his absence and thus afforded the boy the opportunity of lavishing his entire salary upon the fair sex. The only condition of the occupancy was that Dave stay single. Bing would be hanged if he'd have any female shrugging her shoulders as she dispensed tea in his sacred lounging-room. She'd probably say, "Don't think for a minute, girls, that these walls reflect my taste!"

And after all our precautions, it was old Jerry who became the cropper. No wonder Bing was knocked out.

Even now I can see his face as he clattered across the well-polished, russet brick floor to the desk in that Florentine villa.

"Congratulations," I asked.

"Got much. Just asking Shreve to send around some silver. Feel as if a wreath from Galvin would be more to the point," he growled.

"Don't take it too hard. I've heard that sometimes husbands get a night off every week."

Bing only glared. He chewed on his lip in exasperation.

When we were about to embark for the U. S. A. at Southampton, I forgot Jerry's married state for a minute and just naturally addressed the cable to him. He'd always been such a dependable old scout.

Bing tore the paper out of my hand.

"Don't be an ass! Do you think for a second she'd let him run over to New York to meet us? Not if we were taking the *roc de la Paix* along with us!"

I quickly readdressed the message to Dave.

BUT it was Jerry, after all, who loomed above the crowd waiting to greet our fellow passengers. He plowed his way toward us and his handsome face was aglow with delight.

"Dave had an assignment in Maine, so he couldn't come along," was his greeting. "Now let's go somewhere for a talk. The Belmont."

But we did the talking—spilled out all our experiences from Seattle to Singapore. Jerry was all interest. We lingered over luncheon about three hours. I expected any minute to have him interrupt with, "Sorry, boys, but I've got to take the five o'clock. This wife business, you know."

But instead, he didn't make a single facetious gesture. When Bing suggested we renew acquaintance with the Bay Tower, he was as game as I.

I was sure, then, he'd give us the slip next morning and make a raid on Tiffany, or Park and Tiltford, to supply himself with a soft answer to turn away wrath. Nothing of the kind. We were as inseparable as a three-leaf clover all day, and until we hopped on the *Midnight* that evening.

Through all that time, Jerry hadn't mentioned his wife. I didn't say anything, because I had come to the conclusion they'd had a row and busted up. But when we arrived at the South Station the following morning, he

asked, "How about dinner at the apartment tomorrow night? Dave will be back then and we can have a good talk. You'll like Eve; she's a good sort."

"Fine," said I.

Bing didn't answer, but he cursed a bit when he was getting into his dinner-jacket the next night.

"I always make such a jay of myself at these mixed parties."

He might just as well have saved his curses. Dave was the only other guest. He and Jerry were lounging about the tiny living-room on the lower end of Mt. Vernon Street when we showed up. Dave fairly rolled over in his delight at seeing us, and soon we were hot-airing away as if we hadn't been parted three days. The whole atmosphere of the apartment was "bachelory"; cavernous leather chairs; a total absence of those blamed knick-knacks that totter if you walk heavily, and a convenient array of ash trays. Except for the luscious fumes floating from the next room, you'd have thought we had the place to ourselves.



The first time in my life when

the sig-

I grew curious to see this wife of Jerry's. No girl I had ever met would be so willing to take a rear seat for her husband's men friends. Probably some brow-beaten client who had aroused his pity and was willing to pay toll ever after.

And then she came in. Well, I wish you could have seen old Bing stare!

I wasn't so far behind, either. I've known girls before who possessed lovely features, so it wasn't that so much. All I can say is that for the first time in my life I was willing to admit Sir Walter Raleigh might not be such a good subject for an alienist after all. That lady could have walked on my best coat any old time. If she hovered in the background it was because she chose to for some obscure reason.

"Where on earth did he find her?" Bing whispered when our host had gone out to help serve the soup.

"Known her all his life. Lived next door to her in St. Paul," Dave added. "Good sort, isn't she?"

But he couldn't fool me with his casual tone. It was

too forced. If Jerry didn't realize Eve was a queen, someone else did. Here was the villain and the unfolding of the plot in the very first scene.

THE girl possessed not only beauty, but common sense too. I learned shortly—no bouillon, messy creamed chicken, nor frothy dessert. We had the real article in soup, a nice thick steak, boiled onions, baked potatoes, and the swellest home-made pie and coffee. How she pulled it off in that apology for a kitchen was more than I could see. And she didn't look for any glory, either. I started to make a pretty speech but she just smiled and asked something about South Sea fare.

When dinner was over we lit our pipes and stretched out exactly as if we had been in Bing's hang-out. She sat in one corner with her knitting and appeared actually to enjoy hearing us talk, not a bit of that oh-dear-how-soon-will-they-go air. Even Bing forgot to be self-conscious before a woman. I don't [Turn to page 113]



the sight of Jerry was not a delight to me! What's more, he seemed unconcerned!

1001 NIGHTS

TONIGHT, as I sit in my little studio apartment just off Broadway and write these words, a blur comes over my vision, a mist films my eyes.

For in my mind and in my heart I recall so vividly little Jane Handerson, who had been my "side-kick" in the Follies, who collapsed in my arms during a furious number on the stage, whom I took in like a sick kitten, and with whom I sat nights, after the show, and days before the performance, as she babbled and rambled on.

And I have already told you many thousands of words of the story she told me, a story starting in the Chicago slums and winding and jerking its weird way through the mansions of the rich, the underworld of South America, the struggles off Broadway, the entrance through the open sesame at last onto that mystic, magic street; and her meeting with Yvonne Ritchfield, her sister chorine in the "Follies of 1918"—Yvonne whose "boy friend" was the fabulously rich and amazingly careful "Mr. R."

All these colorful episodes I told without my hand stuttering as I transcribed. But now, as I approach the aftermath of her friendship with Yvonne, the irradicable disaster which befell her, I want to weep; and the words come haltingly though the thoughts are crowding and elbowing and jarring through the reopened corridors of memory, for I can see Jane and hear her as she told me.

Perhaps it would be best if I let her tell it through the medium of my recollection. I shall set it down almost unexpurgated, sans quotation marks. Fancy Jane, lying ill, waiting hours for me to come home and listen, then pouring out her narrative—Jane of the cabarets and the glorified beauty-shows and the top-hole night-clubs of the greatest city on earth, sophisticated, more than a little hardened now; not bitter, not complaining—just "gabbing."

This is Jane Handerson speaking—to me; you may eavesdrop:

WELL, as you know, Ruth, the night breaking in on the first of July, '19, was one that no American who was over seven then will ever forget—that night when the nation went dry—or was supposed to.

I've seen a few drunken, maudlin nights on both sides of that one. But none that could touch it. People who never took a drop before went overboard that night. There was no law, there was no order. Everything "went."

on Broadway

As Told to RUTH FALLOWS

The Story of a Little Girl Who Played the Game Fair—as She Saw It—and the Outcome

The streets were alive with drunken millions. The cafes were bedlams of crazy goings-on. Nobody minded anything as long as it was boisterous and blaring and brazen.

Mr. R., of course, wasn't out that night. His kind would choose just such a time to be home, secure from curious eyes. He probably had a party in his own mansion, with a select lot of moguls, who perhaps played just as rough as the less mighty; but that sort capers behind doors through which Tom, Dick and Mary can't crash their way.

Yvonne, who was a glutton for high-crow amusement anyway, though she didn't travel around much with pikers and tinhorns as a rule, was just the sort who wouldn't let that night go by without having her lily on the fresh graves of John Barleycorn. No, little Yvonne loved crowds and excitement whenever there was really anything big doing—world's series ballgames, derbies, elections, the annual theatrical grand balls on Broadway, New Year's eve stepping, and such as that.

As soon as she was officially notified that she would not be in demand by Mr. R., that night, she looked around for desirable company. She had a lot to pick from, for Yvonne had a little book with some of the choicest phone numbers in New York, most of them unlisted and all of them from men of some consequence (she never bothered to put down any other ones) who had

"Oh, yes. I worked in the show that night. Nobody out front knew, or cared, I guess—"



made it quite plain that a call from her would have the right of way most any time.

It seems she tried half a dozen of 'em, but it was late and everybody that was anybody had already booked up all arrangements for the big blowoff. Whatever it was, for once Yvonne had the new sensation of being a wallflower. I had a few numbers, myself, by then, but Yvonne waved off my suggestion—she would organize this party, herself. New York was a big town, and fish were fish.

So the great night came. Yvonne told me to "gown up," because we were to be met around the corner from the stage door—she had "dug up a pair of live ones." Mine not to ask questions—I was Yvonne's unprotesting slave—so I was all set to "stand by."

THE show that evening was a caution—I mean it should have been. Even so early, and even from people sober enough and well-to-do enough and foresighted enough to have seats at Broadway's outstanding revue sensation, came manifestations of the spirit of that insane night.

The applause was hysterical, the laughter was giddy. Men talked at us, collectively and individually, above the orchestra and the stage speeches. One man picked me out, stood up in a box and yelled to me, identifying me loudly by my position in the line, and shouted that I could have a hundred dollars if I'd meet him outside after the curtain. I don't know who he was or what he had in mind, exactly, but I wish to God I had taken his insulting, raw offer. It couldn't have been worse than what was awaiting me as it was.

At last we rang down. Yvonne and I hurried into her gowns

—she had so many that I never had to buy one—and out we tripped, down the alley, around the corner. Great stories have been written, Ruth, about that little gag—"around the corner"—most of them based on the comedy, the tragedy that may waylay you, that you can't see yet, but will run smack into in a minute, because it's "around the corner."

We left, around—we breezed, dressed up like a couple of high-class merry-merries would be, and there Yvonne picked out a dark grey townear and led me to it. The door flew open as we neared, for we were eagerly expected. The door closed and the chauffeur started off without further instructions; he had been given his orders beforehand.

Yvonne introduced me, but I could scarcely see

the men. Their names were unfamiliar. They were in evening clothes. The car was a jewel-case, obviously costly. So these birds were no crows—maybe vultures, but no crows.

We didn't drive a very long way. We pulled up at a popular night café of the sort there were in those days—they've all been put out of business since by the competition of the speak-easies and the phony "clubs"—and we were ushered to a table; even on such a night these men had been able to hold a reservation, though dozens were being turned away from the doors of all restaurants, not to say the outstanding sporty ones, like this one.

We paired off quite at random. Yvonne didn't know either of the men well, and if she had a preference she didn't press it. Though we all sat at the same table, we coupled—you know how it is—sort of spontaneously, or would you say sort of unresistingly?

MY ESCORT, then, was a Mr. Barrishall, American representative for a line of merchant steamers flying the British flag. He wasn't a millionaire, but I suppose he was a \$50,000-a-year man, and in those days that was pretty big. He was past the first flush of romantic youth, but he wasn't old—this side of forty, I'd say—and he seemed a rather good scout. He didn't kid me, try to buy me, wise-crack me. He talked in an easy, friendly manner, carried himself genially, and appeared willing to let events take whichever course they would.

We started on cocktails—dry martinis. Mind you, now, I was no drunkard, but a few cocktails didn't stagger me; remember, for a year I had been a professional drink

"plugger" in a South American dive. Mr. Barrishall didn't "ply" me with the drinks as one followed another. I can't recall that he ever urged me to have another, though he ordered them as fast as I nodded at his question as each went the way of "bottoms up."

With the food came champagne. It was a champagne night. Corks were popping every minute. Waiters were shuffling back

and forth with as many as six quarts in one bucket.

The place was a roaring madhouse as midnight struck. They carried on an effigy of Volstead and everyone threw things at it, drank to it, gave roasting groans and acted up generally. The band played a dirge in ragtime (that was before the word "jazz" came in, and everybody howled it inharmoniously).

I think it was the spirit rather than the spirits that



She told me the story as we sat at the tea table. It was to say the least—pitiful.

made so fairly do. Most of old order cold, grey as I say, narily, an in my life. I felt nating—se didn't car world see —Barri, n



If I could only enter into that forgetful spirit that existed among the other girls!

made so many people, otherwise and at other times fairly decent citizens, get wildly drunk that night. Most of us regarded it a sort of obligation to see the old order out with a "stew" and meet prohibition's cold, grey dawn with a hangover. I know I did, though, as I say, I had no pronounced craving for alcohol ordinarily, and had never been "three sheets in the wind" in my life.

I felt myself going. It was a new, strange, fascinating sensation. I knew what I was doing, but I didn't care. My head was light, my eyes danced. The world seemed a bright, gay, dandy old place. Barrishall—Barri, now—became a handsome, infatuating devil of

a fellow. He had at last become himself—and more.

Most girls, when they recite the sad details of their "first false step" paint the man as a schemer, a wolf; or one who took the best love of their susceptible hearts and betrayed the sweet trust bitterly; or one who dazzled them by wealth and promises; or one who took advantage of their burning eagerness for a start on the stage; or one who drugged or beliquored them.

But Barrishall, as I see it now, did none of those things. He assuredly did let me have all the champagne I could order, on that foundation of gin cocktails! But he didn't subtly or bluntly influence my sudden vein for wine. It was that night, I tell [Turn to page 84]

The Back Door

SOMEONE was always calling Paul away from me!

When I was a check-ingham mite, with molasses color pig-tails sticking straight out from my head on week days and released to form a fuzzy halo on Sunday, I used to slip out our back door and run as fast as my fat legs would carry me down to the thread of brook that edged our scraggly backyard.

There were live oaks along that brook, and a scrubby oleander that was loaded with pink blossoms for months at a stretch, and a couple of unkempt orange trees whose fruit was always sour because no care was given them. Just the kind of sandy, shiftless backyard that our easy-going family would have.

But it was a lovely place to play. And every day Paul crossed the brook on the bit of plank that spanned it, and played with me.

He was a year older than I—a sturdy lad with deep brown eyes and a thick crop of copper colored hair. His yard stretched up from the other side of the brook, and all around it there was a high green hedge, kept neat and trim by a gardner. Right opposite our oleander was a little wicket gate where the gardener came in and out and it was through this gate that Paul would come to me.

We had a great heap of white-and-yellow shells that my brother had brought me when he drove to the East Coast in our old Ford. And we had some old orange crates and bits of broken china and glass, and a tin box for a mud pie oven. These, and our young imaginations, were all that was needed for our long, enchanted play hours.

I remember way back—it must have been when Paul first began to play there with me—that a lovely, slender lady came to the little gate and beckoned to us, so that we went across the bit of plank and stood there before her. I was half-frightened and Paul was impatient.

"Nora lets me play here, Mamma," he told her.

"Yes, I know. I just wanted to see your little play-



"Aunt Mabel never dreamed that Paul had sent her one of the

mate. You seem very nice, dear. What is your name?"

"Hallie Westover, ma'am." I made a little curtsy as I had been taught to do, and she smiled at me as if that pleased her.

"Wouldn't you like to play in your own yard with her, Paul, and have your toys out?" she asked him, but he shook his head.

"Can't have any fun in there," he complained. "No sand to dig in, and Sam won't let us mess up the grass. This is a nice yard."

"Maybe Hallie would like it," she said. "Look in, Hallie."

I stepped inside the vine-hung wicket gate. The lawn stretched up in smooth green terraces to a shining white house with wide, screened piazzas. There were gravel, flower-edged walks, and there were climbing roses and clumps of lovely, flowering shrubs whose names I didn't

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invitations, and now he's bribing the boys to dance with her.

know. Under a great, rainbow-hued umbrella that had its thick handle stuck deep in the ground were some easy chairs with bright cushions, and a round table with books and magazines on it. And there was a little fountain with water spraying out, and in the pool around it, goldfish were swimming.

"Oh, it's so pretty!" I gasped. Never in my short life had I seen anything so beautiful. I could have stayed there forever, I thought. Then I glanced at Paul. His lips were drooping unhappily; his eyes seemed to beg me to come back to our happy backyard. That was enough. Even then, one look from Paul could change the world for me.

"I—I think maybe our old yard is better for playing," I stammered. The lady laughed at that, and let us go out, and closed the gate carefully. Paul ran back to the mud pies that had been baking in the sun had com-

it with water, for a fish pond. It was paradise to us.

But just as we were finishing it, fat, black Nora came to the gate.

"TIME to come in and git yo'self fixed up fo' supper," she said.

He went, reluctantly, as he always did, taking with him all the magic of our make-believe land. It was always like that. Just when we were having the nicest times, they would call Paul away from me. He never could stay and play the game out.

I told my family at the supper table about Paul's mother coming to the gate, and about the wonderful yard I had seen. It started a flow of curious, half-bitter talk that I didn't understand very well then, but somehow it stayed with me and as the years slipped by I seemed to comprehend it, bit by bit. Just then I only

menced to turn them carefully. But I stood for a minute, looking at him. It was my first, dim glance at the fact that he belonged in another world. But in an instant he looked up and laughed.

"What's the matter? C'mon play,"—and my little world was flooded with sunshine again.

I remember we made a wonderful garden that afternoon, all edged with the white-and-yellow shells. We stuck oleander and orange blossoms around for trees, and we sunk a baking powder can and filled

strapped the fact that Paul's people had the high green tetter so they wouldn't have to look at anything but their own lovely grounds. That seemed to me a very good idea for them, but it was deeply resented by the people on our side of the brook.

"These folks we're just worms-of-the-earth," my elder sister declared. "You remember, Hallie, that you're nothing but a back door neighbor to Paul, and you never will be anything else."

"Stop it!" snapped my usually placid father. "Can't you let kids play together in peace?"

Yes! look back at them now, the years all blend together. I think perhaps they do that more, where there are no changing seasons. It was always sunny and warm, there were always soft

be polite to—there seemed to be always something he had to do. Things that didn't enter into my life at all. I had my own friends of course. Girls that I liked to play with well enough, but I would leave them any minute, for Paul.

I don't know just when it was that Paul heard that old song about the mocking bird. It begins,



"You know Hallie Westover, Mother."

breezes whispering through the live oaks, mocking birds trilling in the orange trees, orioles and cardinals darting through the air, vivid flecks of color against a deep blue sky. By degrees, our childish plays and ways slipped into the background. We still spent happy hours together, hearing each other's spelling lessons, poring over maps and sums. Always I was happy, so long as Paul was with me. Always I was desolate when they called him away. And more and more they did call him away. A pony to ride, music lessons to practise, company to

"I'm dreaming now of Hallie.

Dear Hallie! Sweet Hallie!

And the mocking bird is singing where she lies."

He used to sing it to me, half in fun. There was a chorus that had a lot of little trills in it and he would whistle them. We began to use it to call each other, that little whistled chorus. That was when we were older, in grammar school. Often I'd hear him about dusk, out by the brook, warbling that old song. I'd go out and we would sit there and talk gay, boy and girl nonsense.

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I wasn't very happy at high school. I had made a double grade my last year in grammar school and it brought Paul and me into the same class. I thought that was going to be wonderful, but it wasn't. He had some cousins in high school, girls, and of course they had friends, boys and girls both, and they were all together in a sort of clique of their own. They thought Paul belonged with them—and of course he did. He tried to bring me in, but the girls just froze me out, politely,



Paul said, and then something passed over her face.

as girls like that know how to do. I realized now what my sister had meant by her "back-door neighbors." It hurt—terribly. I was just as pretty as they were, and I had pretty clothes that Mamma made for me, and I was smarter in my classes than any of them, but I just didn't belong. I knew I ought to forget it, and go with the crowd I really belonged to naturally—but there it was! I wanted to be with Paul!

One morning there was a square envelope in the mail. An invitation to a party at Paul's house. I was so excited. My sister looked at it and laughed a hateful laugh.

"So you're going in at the front door are you, little back-door neighbor?" she sneered.

But she couldn't spoil my delight. Mamma made me a dress of white organdie with a blue china silk slip under it. She caught it up here and there with little pink rosebuds, and I had a braided sash of soft blue and pink ribbons. I had silk stockings and white slippers. When I looked in our long mirror in the parlor I wasn't afraid, at all. My hair was fluffy and shining, and my cheeks were pink with excitement. I was sure I would look as well as any of the others, and of course they would take me in as one of the crowd, now that Paul's mother had invited me to the party. "Mrs. Jerome Sutherland requests the honor of your company," the invitation had said.

A TRILL floated in at our window. Paul was down by the brook, calling me. I caught up my blue scarf and picked my way down to him, carefully, not to soil my slippers. He led me over the bit of plank and in through the wicket gate, where the garden was a fairyland of light and music.

So, after all, I didn't go in by the front door.

Not that I cared. I was absolutely happy. I could feel my cheeks growing redder and my eyes getting larger as Paul took my hand in his and marched me up to his mother. She gave me the loveliest smile and held out her hand, but she looked rather puzzled, too, I thought.

"You know Hallie Westover, Mother," Paul said.

She didn't stop smiling, yet something passed over her face—I can't describe it, but I could feel it. She looked at Paul and he looked straight back at her. Just for a second it seemed as if you could hear their wills clashing. Then she said, "Of course. How pretty you've grown, child. Find her a nice partner, Paul, the orchestra is ready."

"That's easy. You're the prettiest girl here," Paul told me as we turned away. "I have to dance the first with my cousin Marge. Dick Corson has spoken for you, for the first, and there are a lot of others waiting. Save the third for me, though, and the fifth, and the—oh, here are the cards."

A man was passing them. Paul scribbled his initials in several places. Dick Corson came up and claimed the first. Other boys came and scrawled their names down. I felt very popular and happy. The orchestra started right away. I could dance nicely, and the music was so wonderful—players from the city! It was such fun! When it stopped, Dick walked with me over to a group of the girls. "Of course you all know one another," he said, and slipped away.

Why are girls so cruel? Why couldn't they have let me have my good time? How did they manage, even while they nodded politely to me, to make me feel so utterly an intruder? My heart went down into my slippers. Even though a boy came up as soon as the music started again, to dance with me, I knew the party was a failure for me. I didn't belong. I was an outsider and Paul was giving the first dances to the girls who had a right to him—to his own people who always had called him away from me.

But Paul came up the minute that dance was over, so the waiting wasn't hard, and the dance with him was wonderful. My spirits began to rise again. After all, when they all saw how he liked me, [Turn to page 128]



They Called Me the **Wise Kid!**

ANYONE who was raised as I was doesn't grow up with much faith in men. We lived in the Mission district of San Francisco, a dreary, shabby part of town, on a dreary, shabby block, and even in that row of forlorn frame houses, ours stood out as the worst.

My earliest memories are of dodging Father's blows when he was in one of his drunken moods, and hiding from the teasing and bullying of my two brothers, who were successfully growing up in Dad's footsteps.

"A bad lot—the Gallagher men folks," people on our block used to say. "A bad lot!"

But when I look back now, the scene of my childhood that stands out most vividly in my mind, is of Dora's being sent away.

Dora's blue eyes were red from crying and her pretty face all twisted with sobs, when, attracted by the noise, I crept into the kitchen and stared at her from my corner.

"You will bring disgrace on us all!" Father was shouting. I can remember watching the purple veins swell on his neck and wondering if they were going to burst. "You—"

Dora cowered under the words he landed at her.

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Which Has to Do With Learning to Be Sophisticated—and Then *Un-Learning* It!



He insisted on taking us for a ride in his taxi. We declared we wouldn't—but we did.

"Now you get out of here," he bellowed, finally. "Get out of my house and never let me be seeing your face around here again!"

Then Dora was gone. I never saw her again; never heard of her. But vaguely I understood it was a man who was the cause of her being driven out.

I asked Mother about it.

"Sure, it's the men that bring all the trouble on us women," she sighed as her shoulders rose and fell over the washtub. "My poor Dora! Poor Lamb!"

By the time I was sixteen I had the reputation of being a "wise kid". I'd gone to school longer than most of the girls in our neighborhood because I was too little for Dad to lie about my age. That way, I got through nearly three years of high school before I stopped and found a job as stock-girl in a little clothing store on Mission street.

But it wasn't at school that I picked up so much dangerous wisdom. I got that at home and on our block. I got it by lying rigid at night in bed and hearing

my brothers in the next room talking and breaking into roaring laughs. I got it by watching the neighbors and listening to the women.

The confidences they used to pour out—and me just a kid of sixteen! But I was a "smart one", they said, and had lots of "schooling". They'd ask my advice, and I was ready and willing to tackle any problem.

Yes, men caused all the trouble in the world I had decided for myself by this time. And I was going to steer clear of them. I did that all right. The boys knew better than to come around me. One or two had tried it and news of their treatment spread. I was a "sassy one" it became known.

WHAT a strange creature I must have been! Little, black-haired, pert! Old beyond my years with a terrible wisdom, and yet unbelievably childish in some ways. Sharp as a whip at repartee! I can understand now why Tom Baily sought me out and made it plain that he liked to be with me—although it was an unsolvable mystery to me at the time.

Tom Baily was a newspaper reporter, and so different from the men I'd known all my life that I regarded him in the first stages of our acquaintance as a creature from another world. He'd come down to our block the day Mike Chrisman murdered his wife and then shot himself. The Chrismans lived across the street from us. I saw the crowd outside when I came home from work and went over to find out what had happened. Then, pretty soon the door opened, and Tom Baily came out. Everybody stopped talking and the crowd divided to let him pass. It was plain that they wanted him to go, so they could begin talking again without a stranger listening. And it was just as plain that he wanted to stay and hear what they had to say.

There was an awful silence, and Tom got red.

"Know anything about it?" he asked finally, pointing to the house.

At last I spoke up. I felt sort of sorry for him facing that dumb-faced group. Soon I was giving him the whole story of the dead woman's quarrels with her husband, just as she had told me the story only a few days ago.

AFTER that I saw him often. He would get me to talk to him—and lots of times the things I'd say would come out in the paper next day. He'd drop in the store at noon time if he happened to be out in the Mission and take me over to the Dairy Lunch for milk and doughnuts.

Other days I ate out of a paper bag with Lily Walters, sitting out on the grass of a little square near by. Lily worked in the laundry next to the store, and did fine, fluted work on collars, and pleated ruffles. I don't know why I ever picked Lily out for a friend, except that she was little and blond and helpless—a regular kitten of a girl. One somehow always wanted to help Lily. And her life was just one long series of tragic love affairs, although

Lily didn't call them that. "Trouble with my boy friend," she'd say, and tell me the story.

"Then I'd scold."

"Why did you do that? Why did you let him get away with it?"

"Well, you see—I loved him." She'd wipe into a wet handkerchief.

"*Loved him!*" I'd cry, exasperated, giving her mine. "Haven't you better sense than that? You can love them—I s'pose you can't help that. But don't believe a word they say."

THEN Lily'd perk up a little: "Just you wait, Maggie Gallagher, till you fall in love!"

"Yeah! I'll never fall in love!" This loftily and with infinite scorn. "Men! Ugh, they're all alike. Catch me loving one of them. And if I do—just you catch me *trusting* him!" I'd almost snort at the idea.

Then all of a sudden I met Pinky Mitchell—and did both!

Lily introduced us when he came up one day to talk to us while we ate our lunch. I can remember now the way his red hair shone in the sun and how he seemed to tower above us from where we sat on the grass.

He was a taxi driver. He had his taxi just around the corner and he insisted on taking us for a ride before we went back. We declared we couldn't; we'd be late and maybe get fired!

"Here," he said, reaching down a hand to each of us, and before we knew it we were on our feet and going with him.

All afternoon I moved about in a daze. Abe, my boss, scolded in his funny broken English. I was more his assistant than stock girl now. Customers used to laugh when he'd yell through the store and I'd come running. Sometimes he'd leave early and let me close up. We were great friends, Abe and I. He used to say he couldn't run his business without me.

But on this afternoon I was a total loss, and when Abe found scolding did no good, he just shook his shiny bald head and let me alone.

WHEN I got through work Pinky was waiting for me. That night we went to Dreamland Dance Hall.

The daze continued. I was helplessly and hopelessly in love. Lily used to laugh at me.

"You were never going to trust any man!" she mocked me. "Oh, no!"

"But Pinky's different," I'd say. "He's not like any man I'd ever known."

Of course, Pinky was different. I'd tell myself fiercely. Why, to prove it, what other man had ever made little tingy thrills run through my fingers when he touched them? What other man's nearness could make my heart race at such an alarming rate? Of course, Pinky was different.

Tom scolded me.

"Just you see he's no good," he stormed, after seeing

him just once. "Why, it's written all over his red face!"

"Don't you dare say things like that about Pinky!" I flared back, my eyes flashing. "I'm going to marry him!"

"When?" demanded Tom.

I had to evade, but I believed his promises. "Oh, pretty soon now."

"My Lord," Tom ran his hand through his hair. "What fools women are!"



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"It's my own money," I reminded him. I should have known better. That started him.

I flounced off indignantly without answering. But his words troubled me. That night, riding through the park, cuddled up against Pinky, I screwed up my courage.

"Honey," I asked in a wheedling voice, "when we going to get married?"

"One of these days." He smiled that wide, white smile of his. "I told you, didn't I, that soon's that little proposition of mine turns out and I make my pile we'll get married."

"Wish you'd tell me more about your proposition."

Pinky's eyes narrowed. "You wouldn't understand it. But listen, Baby—" he bent over and kissed me—"I got to put a little more money into the company. Wonder if you could loan me another ten?"

"Sure," I said, wondering where I was going to get it. I'd loaned him a good many tens already to put into the "company" and the hole in my wages was hard to explain at home.

"That's a good girl," he said. "Won't be long now before Mr. and Mrs. Pinky Mitchell are driving through the park in their Rolls Royce."

If he'd asked for a thousand I'd have tried to get it for him when he said things like that.

Yes, little Maggie Gallagher, the "wise kid", was forgetting all she'd learned about men and being as foolish and trusting as the Doras and Lily Walkers of the world.

One afternoon not long after this I was alone in the store. It was about four o'clock and Abe had gone home. The door opened and Pinky slinked in, looking rather white. He didn't say anything till we got to the back of the store. Then he turned to me.

"Maggie!" he said, and behind the pleading of his voice there was a little hard note. "I've got to have a hundred dollars!"

I could only stare at him. He went on talking—if he didn't get that money the whole proposition would go broke, he said, and we'd lose [Turn to page 101]

Who Is This

THEY CALLED
AN OLD MAN
IT, AND



'I ought to thank you—it was a brave thing you did—but I won't'

I AM afraid that I do not understand the requirements of modern fiction very well. I am more, much more, accustomed to such literary labors as the compilation of chemical text books, essays on logic and on historical events that seem to me to be somewhat vague to the popular mind.

So you must pardon me if my story is a bit dry, and somewhat after the manner of the text books on which my occupation is based.

It's the old story, you know, of the marriage of (you and I know) from the viewpoint of (I know).

It was the year after I had given up my professorship at Y. U. and had settled into a pleasant bookish but in any case a quiet apartment in Chicago. It was the winter, to be exact. Somehow, the spring has always been a rather peculiar period for me, perhaps because of the memories of a certain blonde of some Lee, and the amazing conduct of her life, dark even when she told me that she could not, but would never marry me because her father had been a Confederate general and had made her promise never to marry a "damned Yankee."

It was a bitter, achine springtime, followed by a milder and drink-soldier summer. After that, I had begun to work and had worked hard—I think the

phrase is "like hell." Now at fifty-six, I had leisure for regrets.

I had been in and out of Chicago a good deal in the fifteen previous years, as my publishers were located there. Now, feeling that I could find more suitable surroundings in Boston, I decided abruptly to move to there.

It was when I was getting on the train that I first became aware of senile decay. I heard a porter say to another, "That old man will be good for to buy." I took him right to task.

H I FIFTY, and I saw that he received his four but yet most of the trip was a restless time for me. At fifty-six! At fifty-six! Why, damn it, that was I in old's prime, to say nothing of Carlo Zeno, the famous Venetian admiral, administrator, and general who at fifty-seven led the sons of Venice against overwhelming odds, and lived to nearly ninety, although during this fight an arrow went through his throat. And there are hosts of others in the engraven pages of history, who at fifty-six, considered themselves mere children.

I was upset and annoyed, and to a certain extent aware of the fine wrinkles around my mouth and eye-

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THE PROFESSOR BUT HE RESENTED ONE NIGHT—

and the abundance of gray in my otherwise frivolous brown locks. My sense of humor, fortunately, escaped the general depression.

Boston, as you know, is rather a broad term, and for the sake of exactitude, I must explain that I was settled in Cambridge, near Harvard University, and soon had as many acquaintances of my own mental caliber or better, as I could wish. But still, I was not satisfied. The young men who flashed in and out of my field of vision, gay, sombre, big, little, were all young. They gave me—to borrow a phrase from my nephew John—they gave me the "willies." They were so everlastingly young.

NOW that you understand, approximately, my mental outlook at the time of the—well, the catastrophe, let me proceed on with the main narrative.

The first thing that attracted me to her was her name—Anna Lee. I held her hand quite a noticeable period when we were introduced, while memories of my Susie Lee usurped my attention. Without in the least meaning to speak aloud, I blurted out:

"Tell me, Miss Lee, do you loathe damned Yankees?"

"Yes, suh!" she drawled, her dark eyes luminous with laughter. "Sho' do, suh—when they are damned!"

Her deliberate exaggeration of her own southern drawl alone would have carried off the whole asinine blunder. I felt my cheeks burning, but I could not help chuckling—not to save my immortal text books.

My nephew John, who had staged the gathering and invited me to gaze upon Plastic Youth of Today, hustled up with a cocktail shaker, but I waved my hand and wandered away. Memories are unruly things, and frequently embarrassing.

In a corner by myself, sipping my harmless but pleasant orangeade, I could see the youngsters gather about her in a shifting throng. Laughter, rippling and limpid from her, and the louder and bass laughter of the boys. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of mischievous dark eyes—a glimpse instantly blotted out by one or another broad masculine back. I think it is quite possible that I sighed—granting that an ex-professor can be a fool.

I became aware that my nephew John was beside me. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, and was muttering

*An hour later
she gave me
my first
glimpse at
Plastic Youth
of Today*

something about the party being in the egg, and the egg due to hatch—a regular eagle. I gathered that Plastic Youth of Today had appointed him as a delegation of one to request the withdrawal of myself—the relic at the feast.

Regretfully, I secured my hat and departed, unhonored and undrunk.

IT WAS late May, and as I stepped into the street Memory came up and tapped me on the shoulder, and we walked the Charles bank together for an hour. But it was an old man's memory, and I did not like my part as the old man. I made an effort, once, to summon sufficient nerve to return to the party and "demand in", as John would say, but at the very door my courage departed about some urgent business—and I walked slowly back to the river where I sat on a bench and looked at the automobiles that swept past.

Somewhere a clock boomed once, sternly, but I still sat, lost in the "might-have-been" until the same clock boomed a disapproving announcement of the second hour of the day. Then I stirred and sighed and—shrank back.

A young girl was coming toward me in one of those absurd modern cloaks. Her slender body was quivering

with stifled sobs. Then I leaped to my feet and grasped her. I thought she had gone crazy.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"Leave me alone, will you?" the girl sobbingly answered, eluding my arms, and before I knew it she went head first into the river. I heard the splash. The water looked very cold and solid as I followed, forgetting that I was fifty-six, and a victim of rheumatism at times.

Ugh! It *was* cold! Thin, white arms were strangling me, and my mouth became full of water that was neither salt nor fresh, and somewhere heavy feet came pounding up the street.

Struggling, as if in a nightmare, I finally got close enough to the shore to be caught by the policeman. He dragged us both high and dry, swearing softly all the while. Between us

we laid the girl out, and he applied what seemed to my inexperienced eye a needlessly brutal "first aid". A few minutes later the girl stirred, moaned, sobbed, and sat up.

You probably have guessed it—it was Anna Lee

YET an hour later she gave me my first real realization of how plastic and elastic Youth really is, as she sat in my best pajamas and sipped hot chocolate, secured for us by a scandalized Jap. I stood opposite in similar costume save that she was wearing my new bathrobe, while I had to be satisfied with an old one.

The chocolate was finished in stubborn silence. Then she said, rather bitterly.

"I ought to thank you—it *was* a brave thing you did—but I won't! I don't—do-o-n't want t-t-to live—" and she began to sob.

My Lord!

I danced up and down, waved the blanket, and other crazy things unworthy of being narrated.

"Don't!" I protested frenziedly; and casting wildly through my slender experience with my sisters' tears, I added, "Think of the neighbors! And of Totti! I'm sure he is sharpening a knife, under the belief that I am beating you!"

At that she laughed, and then she cried, and then she laughed again—Lord, forgive me! I had to do it—Red Hammond in my regiment in the Cuban campaign had hysterics, too. I hammered her on the back until she let up, then, because my sisters had always required it, I kissed her.

"Thank God! Now you're all right! Woof!" I said.

And, sitting with my back to her, I fought to recover my composure. I had already sent a phone message to one of my sisters requesting the loan of a cloak, alleging an urgent invitation to a masked ball. Now, when the bell rang, I expected,

at the worst, to see Amy's husband come in. But it was my sister herself—her air nothing less than one of suspicion and grief.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded, sternly. "Telephoning at half past two in the morning for a cloak to go to a masked—" Then Amy saw Anna Lee, and sat down weakly.

Now, I ask you, man to man, what would you have done in such a situation?

At last Amy got her breath back.

Amy was never long without her breath—and demanded, shrilly:

"Arthur Bradford Winthrop! Who is this woman?"

I never could stand Amy when she's virtuous!

"Please modulate your voice, Amy!" I requested at the top of my lungs. "This—or this is the—er—young lady I am to marry!"

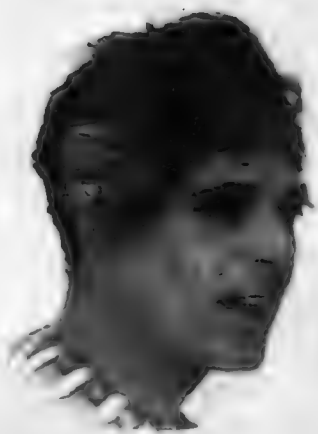
Both women gasped, and I am afraid my eyes rolled rather wildly as I strove for inspiration.

"We—er—we both of us, you understand? Er—we fell into the river!"

"Fell into the [Turn to page 95]



She didn't even seem to know that I was near—and then



ALOMA, sweetheart of the South Seas, has been made into an alluring character by **GILDA GRAY** as she portrays the love of the island girl for her white master. The settings hold all the romantic lure of the tropics.

This new film classic is being released by Famous-Players-Paramount pictures in the next few weeks.





Marguerite
de la Motte

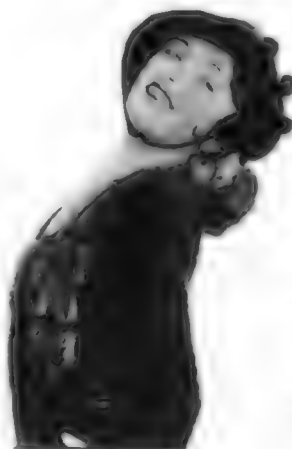
ARE they married, or aren't they? I mean Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowers. Last summer they were both working in the same picture, and when the company went on location, the story was wired back that they had been married in a small town-nearby. When they returned to Hollywood, they denied

it, but ever since, where Marguerite is, John is. And in spite of their blushing and insistent denials, their friends insist that they are married.

When Marguerite came to New York to do some work a few months ago, I went to see her at her hotel. John, she explained, was in Alaska, with another company. In the room, on her dressing-table, telephone table, trunk, window-sill and writing-desk, were twelve different photographs of him—John smiling, pensive, profile, full face, with his hat on, in evening clothes, and standing on the front porch of her home. The rest of the space was taken up with vases filled with red, red roses. And on the third finger of her left hand sparkled a large solitaire. That, she said, was only an engagement ring, and meant that they might get married. Now figure it out for yourself.

What's Whispered

By SALLY



Pola Negri

NOW that Charles Ray, the straw-hatted, bare-foot boy of the screen, has admitted bankruptcy, everyone is wondering who will be the next owner of his house, which was one of the show places on the coast. Charlie had made a great success with his country-boy type of rôles, and then decided to go in for the bigger better sort of thing, with himself acting, directing, and, at times, producing. "The Girl I Loved" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" were admittedly artistic creations, but they gravely lowered his income tax returns.

His home boasts a dining-room suite that is said to have cost \$15,000. But his bathroom is something to write home about. It's tiled in black, decorated in real turquoise, and fitted out at what was estimated to be \$17,000. The walls over the sunken marble tub are decorated with a large mosaic tree of life, whose branches, done in electric lights of various soft hues, furnished the illumination for the room. The gnarled roots of the tree formed the soap and bath salts containers.

Mrs. Charles Ray, at the same time, was considered about the best dressed of the cinema set. Some of the girls tried to trace down her modiste, but found that Mrs. Ray patronized not one, but several modistes, and, what was more, never wore one gown more than once.

TOM MIX continues to be the most original figure in the entire film colony. At social functions he appears in a brown tuxedo. At a dinner given in his honor at the Hotel Astor, the guests were all invited into the ballroom. When everyone had been seated, Tom rode right into the room on Tony, his horse, circling about the various tables, and then galloping over to the seat of honor.

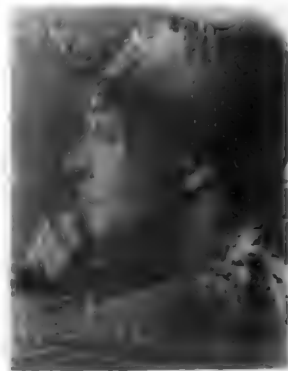
His summer home in Catalina has a huge sign over it with electric light letters that spell his name. His car is decorated with large leather saddles on which his name is engraved. And he even has a special automobile for Tony. From which you may gather that Tom has plenty of money, and that he spends it. But he's never quite got over one little economy that he acquired in his cowboy days.

Soap was a scarce and treasured article in the cow country, and the smallest scraps were saved religiously by the men on the ranches. So even today, on location, Tom will go about gathering up the tiny scraps and putting them away in a cotton bag which he keeps for that purpose—when a week's salary would buy him the total output of a good-sized soap factory.



Tom Mix

BUT not all troubles among the movie players are concerned with money or with the heart. There's Irene Rich, whose one grief in life is that she isn't allowed to bob her hair. She wants to, but her company makes her play neglected wife rôles, and misunderstood matrons don't look half as misunderstood if their heads are neatly shingled. Besides—which is the greater reason—her two daughters refuse to let her do it.



Charles Ray

FANNY WARD, the perennial flapper, whom our mothers recall seeing on the stage when they were little girls, was interviewed by a producer to play the mother in "Dancing Mothers." When she came into his office he looked at her and gasped, "You're too young."

Fanny may go into pictures yet, but she says that that will be after she opens the beauty shops in New York and Paris, which will enable the rest of us to keep our youth and beauty, if any. She looks about eighteen, and while it wouldn't be nice to reveal her age, Fanny admits that she's a grandmother.



Vilma Banky

THE two famous film importations, Vilma Banky and Pola Negri, are very unhappy. They can't eat the food they get in Hollywood, and they can't find any cooks to fix them the kind of food they like.

Vilma, who comes from Budapest, loves Hungarian cooking, and real Hungarian cooks in Los Angeles are about as scarce as the Polish ones that Pola is looking for. La Negri's favorite dish is Marzipan, and Marzipan is some kind of an indescribable confection, most closely resembled in this country by chocolate eclairs. On her arrival here she went around from one shop to another, ordering and tasting eclairs, thinking that they might do as a substitute. But they didn't.

One day Pola was being interviewed by a magazine writer. This and that and the other thing were languidly discussed. Suddenly Joseph Schildkraut rushed in. In an outburst of rapturous German, he told her he had just found a restaurant where one could get real "gefüllte-fish." Radiant at the news, Pola excused herself to the interviewer, and she and Joseph went off to sample the delicacy.

ALL Hollywood is staying up nights trying to think of some way of breaking into the West Coast Blue Book next year. When this year's Social Register came out, the names of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson and other celluloid celebrities were very conspicuous by their absence.



Irene Rich

About the only ones of the film firmament mentioned were Antonio Moreno, whose wife, the former Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, is a prominent society woman of Los Angeles. And William de Mille, known as a playwright long before he became a director, was also included. He seems to have the fortune, or the misfortune, of being included in most everything out on the coast—an all-round handy man.

Did you ever notice, by the way, that Cecil De Mille spells his name with a capital "D," while his more highbrow brother is content with a small "d"?

Around the Studios

BROOKS



Fanny Ward

One day Ben attempted to do this, but a man in the crowd, becoming bewildered by the performer's crossed eyes, dodged the wrong way, and Ben draped the blazing hot taffy around the neck of the Chief of Police.

After he had stopped running, he thought it would be discreet to change his occupation, so he became an actor. And in the same company was a little French-Canadian girl, Carrie le Mieux, whom he married.

That was more than twenty years ago, but they never ceased to be lovers. To her, John Barrymore was only a weak amateur compared with her husband. Ben used to get out into the middle of crowded corners, and pretend to be a traffic cop, ordering the autos around. And his little wife would stand on the

HOLLYWOOD'S only beautiful love story has ended. It ended when Ben Turpin's wife died.

Those who laughed at this funny little clown with the cross eyes never suspected that he lived in the halo of a sweet and wistful romance.

Ben used to be taffy puller at country fairs when he was a young fellow, swinging the hot strands of molasses over a hook. Every taffy puller of that day had a little comedy act, pretending to throw the taffy at someone in the crowd, and then jerking it back with a grand flourish just in time.



Antonio Moreno

curb for hours, watching him as Josephine must have watched Napoleon.

A year ago, she became very ill. Ben instantly gave up his screen career. She wanted to go back to Canada and pray at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, the good St. Anne who had healed so many. So Ben took her to the shrine, and together the little old couple trustfully climbed the steps on their knees every day with their prayers. Then they came home, because Ben thought she was cured. But the sickness came on again, and in her pain and weariness she couldn't bear to have anyone around except her husband. So Ben did the cooking and dishwashing and all the

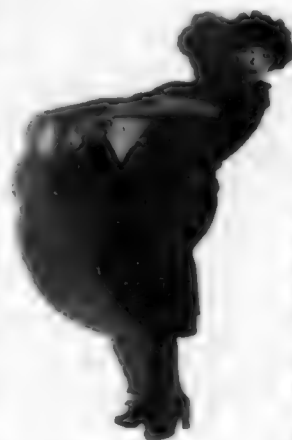


Ben Turpin

housework every day, and when that was done, sat constantly at her bedside. Now and then she sank into a tired sleep, and he would take a little walk around the neighborhood. But when she awoke, he was always sitting beside her.

And now it is over. And the little clown walks on alone.

COLLEEN MOORE, the cute flapper of the films, has one grey eye and one brown eye. Photographers tell me that they have to be very careful when they're lighting her face, so that the eyes should look alike. Colleen, who is very young, has two complete doll-houses in her Los Angeles home. They're completely furnished on a microscopic scale, and she admits that she still likes playing with the dolls. Yes, she's married. To John McCormick, the handsome young producer of her pictures. Her brother, Cleve Morrison, is now in pictures too, but he has



Colleen Moore



Jetta Goudal

new home, is half Indian? And that he derived his present name from his baptismal handicap which is said to have been Blue Mountain.

Jetta Goudal figures in one disturbance after the other. Jetta, to quote her, is "ze artiste." Sometimes she says it with a French accent, sometimes with a Russian intonation, and at times there's a trace of cockney English. Jetta's a good actress, and an attractive personality, but her temperamental outbursts are becoming more and more frequent.

The greatest instance of friction occurred when she was working in a picture for which Mrs. Rudolph Valentino was designing the costumes, and various rumors were circulated, but the other day, the fitter in the dress department told me the other side of the story. It seems that one of the gowns was to be of black satin.

Jetta stormed that the quality of the material they selected wasn't suitable. Rather than start another argument, Natacha told her to go to a store and pick out what she liked. She did, and returned triumphantly with a sample that bore a ticket marked \$15 a yard. When she left, the dressmaker went to a wholesale house, and bought some for \$4.95 a yard—but attached to it the ticket from the sample. Jetta arrived at the studio the next morning, and when she was shown the goods, went into ecstasy. That, she said, was the kind of satin fit for an artiste.



Gloria Swanson

NOT so long ago, Gloria Swanson entertained at a dinner party.

On the table were printed menus, just like in a table d'hôte, listing several dishes for every course, and giving the guests their choice of foods. They were all terribly shocked, but discovered later that it's being done in the best social circles, and that Gloria was merely a step or two ahead of the rest of them.

EVERY time a curly-haired blonde film actress comes over from Europe, she is immediately hailed as a "second Mary Pickford." Sigrid Holmquist was the first—and now we've seen what Sigrid can do, and how the others appear on the screen—I think I'm a second Shakespeare.

A CERTAIN motion picture producer, who shall here be nameless, is noted more for his business shrewdness than for his learning. He recently decided to hire a scenario writer because he was told that the latter was a college graduate.

The prospective employe was called into the editorial sanctum. Matters were discussed at great length, but the producer frowned.

"You are a college graduate?" he asked incredulously. The young man admitted it.

"Then say me a big word," demanded the producer.

Sigrid Holmquist



Monte Blue

assumed her screen name, and is calling himself Cleve Moore.



FIRST NATIONAL presents the "Viennese Medley," a pathetically beautiful story of the after-the-war famine in Vienna when social barriers were cast aside. Fanny, who has been ostracized since her connection with the demimonde, is the means of saving her proud family.

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Some Men Tell

*A Gripping,
Fighting Episode
of This Great
Life Drama in
Which Men's
Souls are Prizes*



*I don't know if Duke
guessed my purpose,
but he seemed to sense
that my story was
about to end*

I WAS surprised when I reached the hotel, because the dinner was a private affair. There were simply the directors of the Company, no friends, and I was the only outsider. At one end of the room a long table was set for nine seats, no more. All the men wore dark business suits. This, I realized, was in courtesy to me. I hadn't thought of it until I arrived. But I'd never gone in for the livery of the rich.

There was a solemnity about the whole affair, a funereal gloom, I thought. Was it my state of mind? I don't know. They all seemed to expect something—something that did not come—and the only one who brought life to the party was Duke Fitzgerald. Yet, his gaiety was not reflected in the waiting, questioning faces of the others. And this was the colorful affair that Duke had promised! Vividly, certain things came back to me. His later conversations; his promise of a surprise; his half-defiant, half-hopeless air when he told me to destroy the letter after the dinner. I stiffened. Duke was going to—

A slight tap on my shoulder. A gum-shoed waiter whispered in my ear. A glance of understanding from Duke, and I followed the waiter to the little ante-room without. As I parted the curtains I drew back sharply. Captain Landis, broad of shoulder, and in his civilian clothes, confronted me.

"The Doctor—" he smiled. "So you're not in on the little secret? For once I can read something in that granite, Sphinx-like face of yours. Come—beat it," he turned to the waiter. Then, as the man slipped out the door, "A message from Duke—here." He slipped an envelope into my hand.

"I imagine he's going to give a very interesting speech."

BUT I was reading the note. Just a line or two requesting that Captain Landis get a seat back in the shadows, before the deep green curtains that hung at the end of the room, near the door. "The burden's too heavy, Doc," the note finished. "I'm going to erase the past, even if it does leave a great black smudge across the future." I nodded my head at that, not fully understanding, but thinking deeply. One thing stood out above the others: one thing that brought a chill of fear. Where did Landis fit?

Silently we slipped into the large room. Coffee had been placed upon the table under the lights. Waiters had gone; cigars were lighted. Just a silence an

ominous silence—hung like a living, tangible thing over the diners. In the darkness we could not be seen. Something was going to happen very shortly. I had met all those nine men and did not remember the names of any of them, unless it was the president of the Company, Rallston—and Edgars, the silent, watching director who had coveted the position now offered to Duke Fitzgerald.

"A moment, Doc." Landis dragged me down to the seat beside him and whispered in my ear.

"Haven't seen you since the other night. How's Archibald Trevor doing? We know he's working hard. We've watched him pretty closely. A bright fellow—one of the best in his line before they shot him into the Federal Prison. Keep him straight, Doc; crooked, he's a menace to any State."

There was more, but I was not listening. I was watching Rallston, who had suddenly come to his feet and rapped on the table for silence, though there wasn't a sound in the room. Then out of the haze of Landis' steady buzz, rang the one word in my ear:

"Forger!"

OVER and over it seemed to turn. I half repeated it: "Archibald Trevor—forger!"

Nothing strange in his past crimes. It is only the present and future that count. Forger! What of it—what difference? Gad! I sat up straight in my chair. Happy had burnt that letter—Happy!—Archibald!—Blazer! The note—*Forger!* Then I knew. The letter which I held as a threat over Blazer Johnson's head was a forgery; that was what Archibald meant when he hesitated to take my hand. Somehow, he and Happy had got hold of Blazer's handwriting and the rest was simple enough. I was anxious to believe anything. And Blazer? Well, the forgery had been a perfect one, and—

A shuffle from without—a high pitched voice demanding to see Mr. Fitzgerald, an insistent voice above the words of Rallston—then the creaking of a door. I knew that voice. I was on my feet at once, through the curtains, into the ante-room, and across to the door opposite. Blazer Johnson was half struggling with an attendant—door opened—head and shoulders in—the hotel attendant dragging him back from outside. And as I crossed the room he hurried in toward the curtains and banged up against me.

AH—"The Bible-Stiff!" And the sneer to his lips did not hide the triumph in his eyes.

"Your protégés—one a crook, the other a forger—oh, I forced the truth out of Happy! I was fooled at first and now I'll denounce them. The one here—the other later. It's you. I want you to suffer—you ——" Then followed foul words.

"I hate you!" And his voice raised to a high pitch like a woman's.

The truth—the whole truth was clear enough now. But I didn't lose my head. I stood there, arms folded, facing the infuriated man. It was with me he was taking his revenge. It was the will to make me suffer that dominated his whole evil carcass. Self was forgotten. It was just the past and the many hirelings of his, whom I had torn from his grasp over the years; stripped them of their shame and sent them into the world as honest men.

My first thought was of Duke. The wide eyed attendant stood there staring at me, doubting his vision, running it up in his mind. But I read his thoughts. "Just another drunk," was written across his face as plainly as if he spoke the words. I motioned him to the hall—heard the door click behind me and faced

Blazer Johnson alone. The air was charged with venom.

"Now, you—go."

I am a stern man when I wish to be—hard and cold, too, but this time my stone-like attitude was lost on Blazer.

"You can't drive me out—damn you!"

Here was a man in deadly, blind anger. What a hatred must have lurked in his black soul! I was glad it wasn't exactly personal, for I didn't see it that way. It was the good I had done, bringing out the bad in the man. The natural antipathy of evil for righteousness. Sometimes I wonder why God makes them so. It must be to try others.

I took a step toward him, laid a hand upon his shoulder, bent my face close to his and held his eyes. But I did not read what I wanted there.

"You're a stronger man than I am," he nodded, great yellow teeth protruding. "But you can't put me out or I'll denounce you. Cry out and let the whole nasty story reach the world."

He was right. Duke must have his say; he must speak before this creature. Time was what I needed now.

"Pass inside then," I told him. "Speak not a word, and sit down."

I shoved him quickly through the door—saw his eyes in the semi-darkness spot Captain Landis; saw his mouth, which was open to cry out and denounce Duke, snap closed. Had he conscience, a dirty, sin-coated conscience, or was it just fear? Captain Landis represented the law; that side of it that could not be bribed with Blazer's filthy money. Anyway, the fear in the man conquered for the time being. He flopped into a chair and moved once then again, placing himself the length of three chairs from the police officer. Good! Unseen, I slipped behind the great green



"Do your stuff, Landis," Duke told him.

curtains and into utter blackness. I must act quickly. Measuring my distance, I passed along behind the chairs and found an opening. I peered carefully through just below me was the touzled, rough gray head, a shining bald spot in the center, of Blazer Johnson. Would he speak out or would he wait? I was determined that he should wait. A little while now and his foul tongue could do no damage.

FOR the first time I was aware of what went on in the room. Rallston was speaking. What had gone before I had missed, for his speech was nearly over.

"A good friend—a charitable man—an honor and an inspiration to our organization. Gentlemen, his resignation lies before me."

He carefully placed a bit of paper upon the table, smoothing it out with his left hand. "I have not accepted it. You must hear his reason from his own lips." And Rallston sat down.

"By God, you won't—you'll hear the truth from me."

A figure rose and blocked my vision. I was looking straight into the broad back and shoulders of Blazer Johnson.

"I—"

And he got no further. A gun was stuck close up against the wide back, digging through the soft, glutinous flesh and against the harder surface of his spine—if such a creature had a spine. A voice was whispering in his ear, a voice that shook with anger despite the steadiness of the hand that held that gun. How did I

know? Why, the gun and the hand and the voice were mine.

"That'll be all, Blazer."

I didn't threaten—didn't say another word. I couldn't. But the hammer of the gun clicked up and down—a trick I had learned in the old days and one not to be practised with impunity—if that's the right word. What Blazer was seeing as he stood there gasping, I don't know. I was seeing red; a brain that fought to control restless fingers. Of course, I wouldn't shoot—couldn't shoot a man in the back. But Blazer Johnson didn't know that, and at the time I doubt if I knew it either. Not one in the room understood the situation—just Blazer and me. And did Duke guess?

Duke Fitzgerald came slowly to his feet.

"I don't care for dramatics," he said slowly, "guess the man in the back don't either."

The boyish smile was there. Blazer dropped back in his seat and my gun followed him. There's a gasp close to my ear—the scraping of feet upon a polished floor—and silence.

[Turn to page 134]



"Me? Where do you think I fit? This is my night off, and—what has New York got to do with Pennsylvania?"

An Evening in June

AT LAST Mother and Harry were satisfied. I was wearing on the third finger of my left hand the most gorgeous, splashing, flaming solitaire that had ever come into our quiet neighborhood, much less our humble little gray house. It was undeniably beautiful, but I was half afraid of it.

Mother and Harry are the strong, capable ones of the family—light, tall, dynamic persons who fairly radiate energy. I am small and dark, like my father. Dad clerked in a furniture store all his life and never in all that time made more than eighty dollars a month. He had wanted to be a farmer, and I know that he always cherished wistful dreams of broad green acres bathed in sunlight; but Mother despised a farm. In spite of Dad's tiny salary, earned within the four walls that he hated, she had made herself quite a personage in the village.

Oh, how I longed to be strong and capable as she was! She swept through the housework magnificently and managed half of the affairs of the town beside, but if I tried to keep up with her for more than a day or so, I'd crawl into bed at night, choking with tears of utter fatigue, and rage at my own weakness. Dad and I might enjoy our quiet little jokes together, but, after all, we didn't count for much. I would never be a wage earner, either.

AS SOON as Harry finished high school he got a job in a wholesale house down in the city and proceeded to make good in no uncertain fashion. When one day he announced that he had a peach of a fellow he wanted to bring home for me to meet, I knew what it meant. Harry thought it was time I was getting married!

"Victor MacBride has a fine position—head of the shipping department," he said. "I've been trying to get to know him for a long time, but only succeeded just lately. If you have any sense at all, you'll be mighty nice to him, Sis."

Somehow I had never liked Harry's friends.

"Just because he has a good job, must I make a fuss over him?" I objected.

"That isn't all, Miss Perversity. An aunt or some

thing died lately and left him ten or fifteen thousand; you may be sure he won't waste a penny of it. He's planning to go in business for himself some day."

Mother leaned forward, smiling.

"You are a good brother, my son. I only wish Hilda appreciated your efforts more. Not every boy would take so much trouble for his sister."

"He probably wants this man's help in his business or else he doesn't want to have me on his hands always," I explained earnestly.

"You needn't leave home until you get ready, sweetheart," Dad said softly, patting my hand. "Your old father can look after you for a long time yet."

Dad was sweet. Tears come into my eyes yet whenever I think of him.

Harry brought Victor MacBride home for dinner a few nights later. He was tall and really handsome if only his skin hadn't been so white and thick looking contrasted with his red hair and brown eyes.

He surely brought his appetite along with him that night, and he praised the dinner highly. He appeared greatly impressed when Mother told him that I had cooked it. I hadn't, but how could I tell him so without making her ridiculous?

After Harry and Dad had talked with him awhile



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"It's a—it's a shame for a little girl to be worrying herself sick and endangering her life just because she happened to lose a stone," he said.



The Story of a Girl and a Boy and a Diamond Solitaire

He got so he kissed me good-night, and began to talk about what he was going to do when he was married.

There would be a bungalow just outside the city, fitted with all sorts of electrical equipment—his wife was to do her housework without the annoyance of servants; he was going to have a garage where he could wash his car and make his own repairs; he was working on an expense budget which he assured me would be a model of its kind when he had it

and I had played the piano, they all went away on one pretense or another and left him to my tender mercies.

Nothing happened, though. He talked about his work and his radio for two mortal hours, then took a formal departure. He asked if he might come again the following Sunday afternoon, and, suppressing a giggle, I consented.

I DIDN'T feel so much like laughing at him on Sunday, though. He took me for a long drive in his shiny coupé, and he was so gentle-mannered and looked so well-groomed and so very much the gentleman that then and there I decided that I would be a little fool not to try to get him.

We passed a lot of attractive restaurants on the way, but he never mentioned supper, so it was lucky that when we arrived home Mother had a delicious meal waiting for us. He was almost jolly that evening and they were all so pleased with him, and he with us, that I felt I must be lucky—and accordingly happy. The only fellows who had ever shown any interest in me heretofore had been so frightfully ineligible, according to Mother's views, that she shooed them away almost before they started coming. It was nice to have a beau of whom she approved!

Victor came regularly three times a week after that Sunday, and while I didn't lie awake nights thinking about him, I liked him a lot. It just seemed that Harry had brought him at the psychological time when he was ready to fall in love with a little nonentity like me.

completed. Oh, Victor was undeniably practical and thrifty, and was, I suppose, an enviable catch for me to make; only I often wondered if plans for the future made up all there was to courtship. I felt cheated.

Then in April of that year my father had pneumonia, and almost before we realized that he was seriously ill, he died. It was a paralyzing shock to me; he had been my best and most understanding friend. For awhile I really felt that I could not go on living without him; but one plods on somehow.

Victor was kindness itself, and in my sorrow I turned to him more than to my own kin. He was tender and considerate and seemed like a kind of elder brother. It was good to have him to depend upon. Harry, as head of the house, soon took to lecturing me upon my deficiencies, and I was glad I had Victor.

THEN I did have a thrill. One evening in June, the instant we were alone, Victor took a tiny roll of tissue paper from his pocket.

"Hold up your hand, Hilda," he ordered, smilingly. "Which one?" I parried.

"The left one, of course, foolish child. What slender, fragile fingers they are! Now then, how does that look?"

Set in a slender circle of chased platinum was the most beautiful diamond I had [Turn to page 97]



He looked up, and his expression was as blank as his mind. He had

The CASE *of*

A SECRET service operator rarely sees the beginning or end of his or her cases, but this one, since I had seen the resurrection or reincarnation of Ira MacDonald that morning, promised to be an exception.

At the time I had never heard of him, but I was soon to learn that he had been officially declared dead eight years ago. What I had met, therefore, coming out of Ramsay's—the Consul General's—office in Yokohama was either an apparition or an imposter, or himself risen from the dead; and, remembering the stocky, solid contours of the little man and his substantial round face and round eyes, I was ready to dismiss the first possibility. Certainly the lady of heroic stature and voluminous skirts who had marshaled him through the door was no

apparition, except in the slang sense of the word. Ira MacDonald wore a Prince Albert—had always worn a Prince Albert. I was afterwards to discover—and Mr. Ramsay's opening remark when I reached his desk I had assumed to relate to that antediluvian garment.

"Notice anything queer about that gentleman?" Did you get the aroma of grave clothes as you passed him?" he had asked.

But he had meant the grave clothes seriously, since, according to the records he had just finished reading, Ira MacDonald had been declared dead in November, 1911, manner of demise and disposal of body unknown. Yet here he was again!

The records, written in long hand, covered only two sheets of paper. Ira MacDonald, a retired zinc plate manufacturer, had lived in Kobe fifteen

"Do you remember a man by the name of Ira MacDonald?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "He was the chap who always wore a Prince Albert—and it was rumored that he was a great hand with the ladies."



never seen her before; she was merely a Japanese woman with a teapot!

Ira MacDonald

*A Secret Service Agent's Story
of a Man Who Was—to All Intentions—Dead*

years. The investigation following his disappearance had been occasioned by the sudden stopping of a monthly check for alimony which he had been sending to an ex-wife in the States, rather than by concern for the man himself, so isolated and perhaps unimportant had he become in his own person.

"THAT word *alimony* Mrs. MacDonald asserts was a mistake—they were not divorced, only separated, and are now reconciled". So spoke Mr. Ramsay while I took in the document.

The investigation must have been conducted by someone who took no interest in it, or was leaving on a furlough the next day: there was almost nothing to it. The men who had known MacDonald at his club in Kobe had been questioned. Two or three had heard him remark that he contemplated a trip home; one had

heard he was sick. Then he dropped out of sight, and it was taken for granted that he had gone. A Japanese woman, Su-Su, who had been his housekeeper, had stayed on in the house a month or so after his disappearance, and then had closed it and disposed of his effects, following his orders, she affirmed. Later the residue of his account at the City Bank, some \$23,000, had been paid over to her on presentation of what had appeared to be a bona fide draft, signed by Ira MacDonald and made to her order. It was a large sum and Su-Su had been examined and cross-examined, but with no results. She was living in decorous quiet with her husband and would only affirm that Mr. MacDonald had left for the States and did not expect to return. He had left her the money because she was a good housekeeper. The final entry was to the effect that MacDonald's house had been searched but no evidence of foul play dis-

covered. And with that the investigator seemed to have exhausted his ingenuity, and as Mrs. MacDonald had ceased to press the matter, the case was dropped. To all intents and purposes Ira MacDonald was dead; it appeared nobody really cared whether he was or not.

"Of course it's the money they're back for," Ramsay said. "They only landed yesterday. He went to the bank this morning to ask how much he had, and then came in here, making out he was incensed because there isn't any there! He was very vague about that woman Su-Su—had to be with his wife in the room! Well, see what you make of it! Any definite plan of procedure occur to you? I would certainly advise leaving the little man alone—the wife's a virago!"

I laughed. A not uncommon method in cases in which a young woman operator is assigned to charm the discretion and confidence out of the victim, a thing usually easy to effect with this type of man, and one which I sometimes practiced—I was twenty-one at the time and it was said I had a way with me!

"I'm not going to tell you what I plan now," I told Ramsay. "Of course, if I fail I can always flirt with Ira as a last resort! And I'd rather enjoy taking him out from under that imperious nose of hers!"

Ramsay smiled. In the abstract he had a good deal of confidence in me and he gave me a loose rein. Also, incidentally, he put up with a good deal of pertness, which was one of my stocks in trade.

"Do you really think this is the gentleman himself?" I demanded, from the door.

Ramsay pulled his attention back to my case; he had already dismissed me from his mind, turning to something else with unflattering rapidity.

"Oh . . . yes. I think this is MacDonald himself. And he probably intended to give the money to Su-Su—until his wife got hold of him again, back in the States! This indignation is just camouflage. I don't think he has a leg to stand on, but he'll try to prove that was a spurious document he presented—or his wife will; she's running the case!"

Ishii, my rickshaw boy, was waiting for me downstairs. I got in and raised my parasol against a too direct sun, and we headed out, through the busy street of the foreign quarter, toward the open country on the road to Kamakura.

JAPAN in May is heaven, or very close to it. Delicious cool winds out of the southwest, smiling skies, and everywhere, once one is free of the city, the fruit blossoms. The invariable neatness of the scene is restful, the immaculateness of the tiny towns with their match-box houses and plots of ground the size of postage stamps, with every jog in the edges cultivated, the full and miraculous bloom of the peach orchards. The effect of it, combined with the easy motion of a rickshaw I have always found good for meditation, and on this occasion, as on many others, I took out to turn over a puzzling problem. This time I was revolving the case of Ira MacDonald, and when I presently directed Ishii to pull up by the roadside in the round spot of shade under a plane tree, it was already taking form. Outwardly, I was enjoying the soft air and the sweep of miniature farmland; inwardly

the processes of exposition were going on, uninterrupted.

There were several lines of attack to the problem besides winning Ira's confidences direct: the steamship companies, for instance, would have records of sailings, even as far back as 1911, I felt sure, and if he had shipped out direct to the States I could discover the fact. Finding nothing there, however, would not be conclusive—he might easily have gone by way of China, and if so, would be much more difficult to trace, with the many boats making that trip. But there was Kobe. In all probability I should have to begin there.

OTHER richshaws passed us, going up and down the road, the rickshaw boys singing as they ran—but it was not songs they sang so often as a chant of the business they were on, who were their passengers, where they were bound. "We're going down to the wedding in Obata," would sing one, and "My fare is a counsellor at law; we go to Sagami to investigate a case of rapine," another. Information in Japan on things little and big, passes thus from mouth to mouth, a survival, I fancy, of the days when the most autocratic of monarchies had its network of informers spread through every stratum of its citizens, and the affairs of the most insignificant were public property.

Ishii sprawled by the roadside, his wide hat on the grass beside him, his thin fingers rolling a cigarette, an accomplishment he had picked up from a gentleman from Texas, a recent patron. Ishii, too, was in the pay of the United States Secret Service, and detailed to assist me. He had a very fair knowledge of English to eke out my smattering of Japanese, a pleasant personality, and an agile and retentive mind.

"Ishii," I said to him now, beckoning him to come nearer, "do you know Su-Su in Kobe?"

Ishii got up and slowly approached the edge of my rickshaw. He had lighted his cigarette and was pulling at it tentatively.

"Su-Su, an amah? Su-Su who lived with Mr. MacDonald who was killed?"

I nodded. So he, too, took this murder for granted!

"She smoke opium now in Yokohama, in Chinese quarter near the River."

"Can you find her for me?" I asked.

"Yes." He blew smoke rings blandly into the sunshine, apparently unconcerned.

"Su-Su lived with Mr. MacDonald as his housekeeper?" I went on.

"Su-Su lived with Mr. MacDonald," he repeated, with a difference. "Ten years. Had one baby girl—she dead."

His laconic speech somehow hinted that the baby had come to much the same unknown end as MacDonald himself, and, true to my calling, I began to get excited now that the trail was warm!

"And Su-Su's family?"

"Oh, after while, after she got money and nobody ask her questions any more, her husband gamble, they drink, he drink himself to death. That's all. Su-Su come to Yokohama three years ago, she smoke opium now, all the time. Money gone."

To Make Sure—

Have you read the contest announcement in the back of the book? We are giving new prizes for letters on the subject, "How I Won Back My Husband."



Ishii, too, was in the pay of the United States Secret Service, and detailed to assist me when I needed him.

The sun was getting low and a sudden chill came into the air, invigorating in its effect on the blood-hound mind!

"Ishii, when a person smokes opium day after day, nothing you suggest to him seems too fantastic, does it? If you take me to Su-Su and I tell her that she is great and good and clever, she will believe me, I suppose?"

Ishii grunted and stopped to press out the burning end of his cigarette-stub on a stone. "She will like it," he agreed.

"And she will like saki," I added—a beverage beloved by the Japanese and highly intoxicating. I had seen it unloosen the tongues of several criminals of deeper dye than this woman who had to her credit, as far as I knew, only a single murder! "Bring two bottles, Ishii!"

The little Japanese boy grinned at me to show that he understood. Picking up the shafts of the rickshaw, he turned me around and we started back for Yokohama.

Opium dens differ in clientele and in the luxuries of their fixings, but for sheer degradation they are all alike; the human beings who patronize them are lost, not only to the decencies of life which some may never have known, but to themselves.

Ishii found Su-Su for me that night and the next morning I went with him to see her. He had prepared the way with a few pieces of money and at a nod from him the proprietor, a slant-eyed old Chinaman who met us at the door, vanished without a word. In Japan, even in the slums which the Chinese have built and inhabit, it is hard to be dirty. But here we stepped down out of comparatively clean streets, out of the clean, clear sunshine, into shameful ignominy. [Turn to page 109]



Clara Baskett, '24

Vassar Vagabond

LADIES and gentlemen: On account of the high cost of living, we shall have no napkins tonight, but now and then a woolly dog will pass among you.

Skull and Bone Va. Medical College

SOME of these evening costumes are like barbed-wire fences—they may protect the property, but they certainly don't obstruct the view!

AFTER all, there is a difference between a college student and a miser. A college student isn't tight all the time.

Paylor University Indiana

W. BEIRI: "I'd like to do something big and clean before I die."
R. Hunt: "Wash an elephant."

MISSIONARY: "Have you a sweetheart?"

Cannibal: "I don't know. I never tasted it."

Brown Jug Brown U

"SISTER, what's a stag?"
"A deer with no doe."

Purdue Exponent

FATHER (serving the turkey): "Neck, daughter?"
"Daughter." "Why, father?"

Collegiate!

PICK-UPS BY THE

*Student
Ellsworth, Iowa*

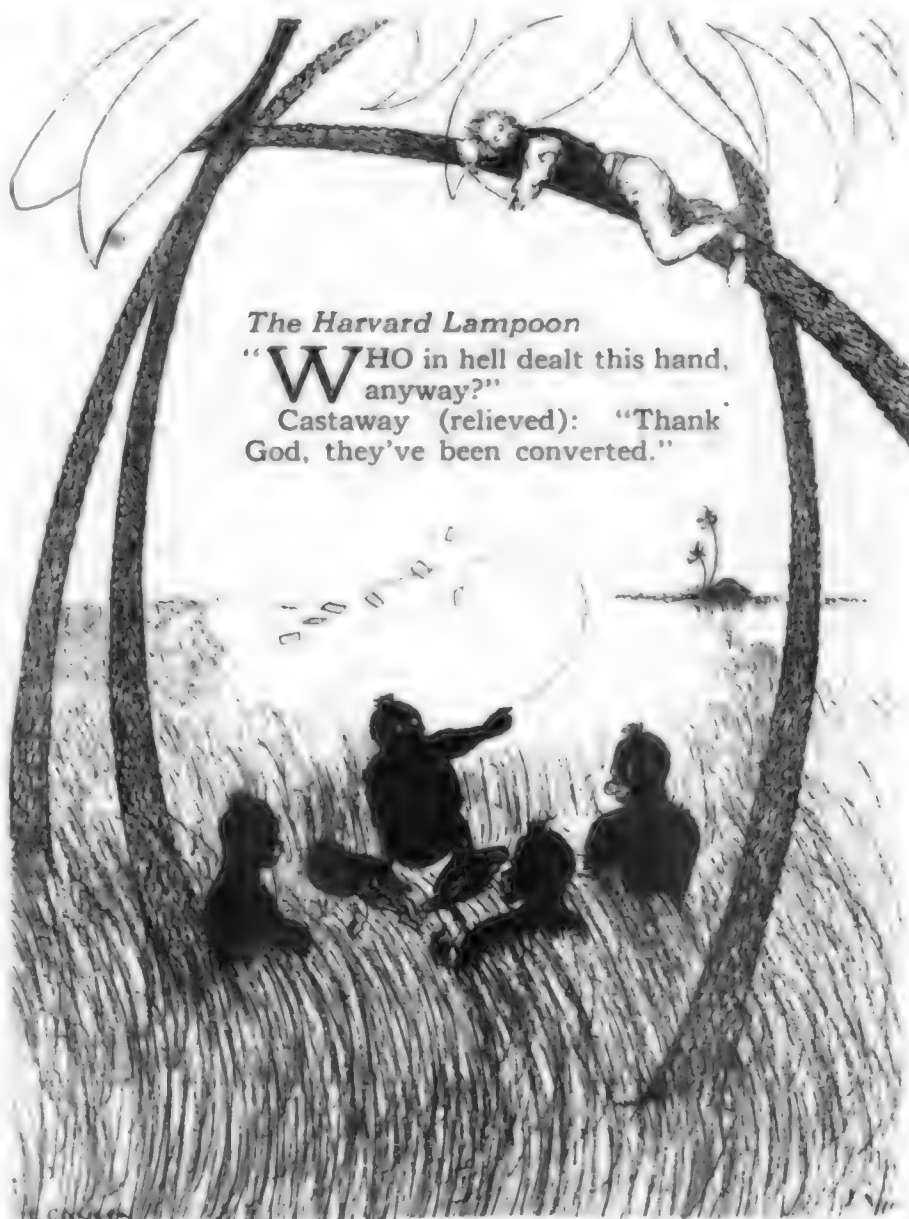
PROF. THOMPSON had had a scene with one of his students, who finally broke down crying. Whereupon he ejaculated: "Stop crying! Your tears have no effect on me. What are they? A small percentage of phosphorous salts, a little sodium chloride. All the rest—water. Bah!"

INSTRUCTOR, pointing to Howard: "You answer the question."

Howard: "I don't know."

Instructor: "Then what are you here for?"

Howard: "I'm a visitor."



The Harvard Lampoon

"WHO in hell dealt this hand, anyway?"

Castaway (relieved): "Thank God, they've been converted."

Collegiate!

CAMPUS POLICE

Wisconsin Cardinal

"WHY didn't Brown cry out when he sat on the hornet?"
"He felt it beneath him."

Purple Parrot

Northwestern U.

DOLORES: And what did you do on your uncle's ranch all summer?

Dolorous: Busted a bunch of bronses.

Dolores: Why, how careless of you!

Torch

Valparaiso U.

THE motorcycle cop at last pulled up beside the speeder.

"I have chased you a mile," he bellowed, "to tell you that you were going sixty miles an hour."

"Gee!" remarked the offender mildly. "Bad news sure travels fast, don't it?"

SAM: "I took a tramp to Sager's Lake today."

Helen: "Did you leave him there?"

Campus Collegian

University of Toledo

IKE: "Does your father have to pay much for coal?"

Mike: "Not a cent! We live near the railroad track and he makes faces at the engineers."

A VERY hopeful college student bent all his energies upon securing a gold medal award. After he had received the medal a chum asked what his father had given him for earning this medal.

"I've you seen those Ritzy Rolles-Royce sport cars running around here?"

With an awed expression the chum answered, "Yes."

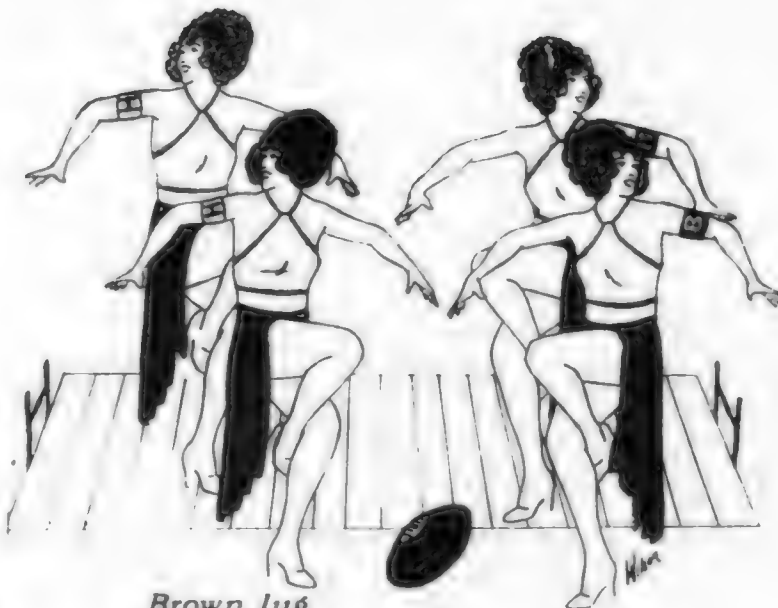
"Well, he gave me five dollars."

Stylus

Sioux Falls College

PROF.: "But, young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

Deac: "Do I? I wish you could have seen her when I proposed."



*Brown Jug,
Brown U.*

IF MARY, Sally, Anne and Bee
Made up a backfield warm,
For Kick Formation they would be
Always true to form.

Cardinal

Wisconsin U.

DIDJA hear this one?

She: "Why didn't you take me out to dinner last night?"

He: "Circumstances over which I have no control prevented me."

She: "That's a long name for your wife."



Purple Parrot

Northwestern U.

HE: "Can you make a sentence with the word cavort in it?"

She: "I want a cavort of milk."

Gleam

Western Union College, Iowa.

SOPH.: "Well, I'll admit you know more than I do."

Fresh: "Really?"

Soph.: "Yes, you know me and I know you."

Pacific Weekly

Stockton, Cal.

JOHAN: "Hey, Bill, what's the idea of washing your silverware in the fingerbowl?"

"Because I don't like egg all over the inside of my pocket," was Bill's comeback.

Johnsonian

Winthrop College

HE: "Dearest, will you marry me?"

She: "I can't marry you, but I'll always respect your good taste."

POOOR Co-Edna! She thought the doctor was trying to flatter her when he told her that she had acute appendicitis!

The Herald
Stockton, Cal.

WELLSURE got a boot out of Walt Pickering at the Fresno game. Pick saw a girl he thought he knew.

"Pardon," says Pick, "you look like Helen Black."

"I know," says the sweet young thing, "but not half as bad as I look in white."

Johnsonian
Winthrop College

WAITER, this steak is terribly tough."

"Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food."

HE: "I asked her if I might see her home."

Hi: "What did she say?"

He: "She said that she would send me a picture of it."



Brown Jug
Brown U.

FATHER, why in heaven's name are you having that hare stencilled on your head?"

"For the same reason you have those bears on your knees."

Johnsonian
Winthrop College

A STOUT woman drove up to a filling station. "I want two quarts of oil," she said.

"What kind, heavy?" asked the attendant.

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.

The College Coyote
The College of Idaho

JONAH: "How far are we from land?"

Whale: "About three thousand miles."

Jonah: "Don't leave me, big boy!"

The Davidsonian
Davidson College, N. C.

PLEASE! Just one more kiss before I leave."

"All right, but you'll have to hurry. Father will be home in about an hour."

IS YOUR Packard friend coming tonight?"

"No, this is Willys-Knight."

NO, CELIA, a girl and a traffic cop are not alike. for a cop means STOP when he says it.

"Now, Ikev, you tell um, I want to varm my hands."

The Racquet

The La Crosse (Wis.) Normal

BIG Senior (26): "Hello, Freshie, how's everything?"

Lil Freshie: "Don't know—I'm not a Senior; don't know everything."

M. GANTENBEIN: "What's the score?"

F. Kidd: "O-o."

Marge: "Good game?"

Fran: "Hasn't started yet."

PAUL NOHR (stopping flivver): "Going west, girls?"

Girls (seeing chance for ride): "Yes."

Paul: "Thanks. I always lose my directions around here."

I WANT a pair of shoes for my little daughter."

"French kid?"

"No, she's my own."

A. BRICKLEY: "What was that noise?"

Sorensen: "Cohen just broke a five dollar bill."

SURGEON (to attendant): "Go get the name of the accident victim so we can tell his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He says his mother knows his name."

DEAR Ed: "How can I stop my horse from foaming at the mouth?"

Dear Doug: "Teach him to spit."

CITY Sport (to dairy girl): "Good morning. How's the milk-maid?"

Dairy Girl: "Tain't made. The cow gives it."

GERTIE: "Have you heard about the new missionary movement?"

Mary: "No, is it anything like the Charleston?"

Revel in the VIGOR of WINTER-

but keep the
softness of SPRING

YOU CAN WITH THIS FAMOUS
"TWIN CREAM" TREATMENT

IN the wintertime, when the air is so invigorating and social life so gay—when evergreens seem greenest and the joy of life is keenest—when every hour brings its sharp contrasts of heat and cold—that is when you must give your complexion the greatest care.

Get out-o'-doors all you can. Revel in the sports of winter. Skate, coast, motor all you please. But remember—old Jack Frost is a gay deceiver.

He will put roses in your cheeks, to be sure. He will make your blood tingle and give you vigorous health. But unless you're on your guard, he will also chafe and coarsen your skin. And, too, he will place you in snowy-white backgrounds that show up sallow cheeks and cruelly enhance lines and defects of every kind.

Yes, you want to watch that man, Jack Frost. You want to take extra good care of your complexion now, for winter is the time of social conquests and social joys; the time when beauty means the most.

A new way to protect and enhance your beauty

Here is a way to outwit the wintry winds and keep your beauty in bloom the whole year 'round—a new way that will enhance and retain your natural loveliness; make even a coarse, unlovely skin gossamer-fine; that will counteract the effect of wind and exposure and keep your skin soft, smooth, and fine-textured. This is the famous Twin Cream Treatment—one cream to build beauty from within; another to repel enemies that attack from without.

Remember that no single cream can give your skin all that it needs. It is not possible, because—

Your skin needs nourishment, *must* have it, if it is to be

healthy. And naturally all nourishing creams must *open* the pores in order to feed the underlying tissues.

Also, your skin needs protection; *must* have it, if it is to be delicate, soft, fine-textured. And for protection the pores must not be left open, but must be normally *closed*.

Your own good judgment will tell you that no single cream can do both. But Princess Pat Twin Creams, *acting together*, can do what no single cream can—nourish the tissues first, then close the pores, thus preserving your skin's soft, satin-like texture. You know what this means, for "All true beauty must begin with the texture of your skin."

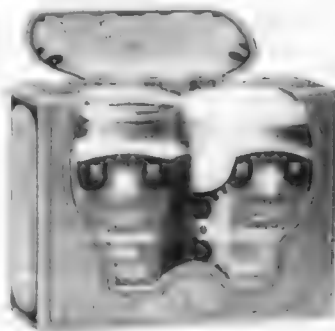
Try this Famous Twin Cream Method at Our Risk

Enjoy the beauties of the great outdoors. Revel in the sports of winter as much as you please, but always keep your complexion basking in the springtime of youth. Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and ask for the Princess Pat Twin Creams. See what an improvement even one treatment will bring—how lovely it makes your skin; how soft, glowing, exquisitely fine. And observe how, with each additional Twin Cream treatment, it grows more and more lovely every day. If you are not simply delighted with the results, your money will be refunded cheerfully.

If you prefer to try this Twin Cream treatment before purchasing, mail the coupon for generous trial packet FREE.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. Chicago, U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.



FREE So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial packet for you to use on your skin. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1-3
2719 South Wells St., Chicago
Please send this trial packet of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



His Quick Eye

*Saw the Soft White
Beauty of Her Underarm*

Soft, white and intriguingly beautiful it showed as she paused with raised arm before the all revealing mirror. Into his eyes there sprang a quick look of admiration, of tenderness. His words were weighted with happiness for her—impulsive, eager, complete with surrender to her beauty, made exquisite with Neet, the hair removing cream. Neet brings beauty and happiness. With this dainty cream you simply rinse the offending hair away. No other method of hair removal is so rapid and convenient, so thorough and satisfactory. 35,000 Drug, Department and Hosiery Stores sell Neet. Get a liberal sized, ready-to-use 50 cent tube today.

HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., ST. LOUIS

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream



**New Shampoo
Brightens
Faded Blonde Hair**

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

How I Won Back His Love

ANOTHER PRIZE OFFER

JUST to prove that contests need not all be pessimistic in their viewpoints, I am going to turn about and ask for the other side of the story. Two months ago we asked for letters on the subject, "Why I Lost My Husband"; last month on "Why I Lost My Wife"; now I want letters on "How I Regained My Husband's Love."

I know there are thousands of people who can write dramatic and interesting letters on this subject, and I want everyone who can to do it.

Such letters will do a lot to dispel the gloom which may have been created in some folks' minds by the last two contests.

Next month we are going to print the winning letters in the first contest. I want you to read them, of course, but you'll have to write this letter before you do.

Look at the picture on page 33. It doesn't seem to be much out of the ordinary at first glance—but the more you look at it the more it will suggest to your mind little things which you may think are forgotten. Do you remember the time after that first quarrel? And after the second? And the third? And the final terrible ordeal you went through before you finally came to understand him and he came to understand you?

Think it over and then sit down and write out your experience. You need not be an able writer. I just want your own straightforward story—not a story exactly if that makes it seem hard, but a personal letter to me. Tell me, as your friend, just how it all happened. Your letter may be the means of helping others. You would be surprised to know the number of letters I get from SMART SET readers who tell me what reading of someone else's "little drama" means to them.

Here are the important points of the contest:

We will give \$100 for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on the subject, "How I Won Back My Husband's Love," and \$50 each for the four next best letters.

Write only on one side of the paper. If you use a typewriter, double space your lines.

Address the letters care of the Contest Editor.

Contest closes March 15th.

The editors will be the judges.

Let's make this discussion which has been started in the form of contests a big success. We want to get people to talking and thinking about themselves and their responsibilities. Unless we do think about such things and do our best to make the world a better place to live in, I'm afraid nobody will—because we are the folks who live in it.

Sit down now, while you feel in the mood, and write that letter.

THE EDITOR.

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There, beneath the tropic moon, they met again - -

She had been trying for two years
to forget—but he—had he ever
seen this ravishing creature before?

By Dorothy Winton

TWO years before, he had come into my life—the Prince Charming of my dreams—the one man for whom I had longed all my girlhood years. And had as promptly gone out again.

It was in gay San Francisco that we met at the Army and Navy Ball. He was a First Lieutenant then, tall, dashing, handsome—almost too handsome I thought, at least for a plain girl like me. But "a cat may look at a king," I told myself, and how I did try to impress him!

You can imagine how I felt when, after a glorious tête-à-tête in the conservatory, he left me to dance with Betty Harrison. I could hardly keep from showing my disappointment. In fact, I really hated Betty for the moment. But in spite of my resentment, I had to admit that she was simply stunning. Never had I seen her look more beautiful—and never had I seen such marvelous hair. It framed her face like a halo—rich, silky, lustrous locks, marcelled to make any girl turn green with envy; marcelled to lay any man at her feet!

At that very instant, by some streak of fate, I happened to glance in a mirror—and what a shock I had! Compared with Betty's, my hair was a fright. Never before had I realized just how straight and straggly my hair really was: how dull and lifeless. Yes, how downright ugly!

It was all I could do to keep back the tears. My Prince Charming had come and gone. My evening was ruined. In a little while I asked my escort to take me home—and only my pillow knows how many tears I shed that night as I cried myself to sleep!

"Why can't I have glorious, wavy hair like Betty Harrison's?" I asked myself, time and again.

I often went to beauty parlors for marcel, and while my hair usually looked good for a day or two, the marcel wouldn't last any time. And I could see that the heat from the iron was making my hair coarse and brittle, worse looking all the time.

So a little later, when my father, who was a Major in the Army, was transferred to the Philippines, I was really glad, for I looked upon it as an escape from my embarrassment. Soon I lost myself in the outdoor life of the post and had almost forgotten the fascinating Lieutenant when, on the very day of the biggest Military Ball of the season, I learned that he had been transferred to Corregidor, too, and would be present at the dance that night. And he was a Captain now!

I was in a panic. My hair looked worse than ever—and the nearest beauty parlor was in Manila, thirty miles away. Too late to go there for a marcel. Something must be done. I couldn't face my "Prince Charming" again with that horrid, straggly mop of hair!

Marge saves the day

"Oh, what shall I do!" I exclaimed that afternoon to Marge Elliott, my best friend and confidant. "He's coming to the dance tonight, and my hair just looks terrible!"

Then I noticed for the first time what a beautiful marcel she had.

"Why Marjorie Elliott!—What have you been doing to your hair—it looks perfectly marvelous!"

Marge went over to her dresser and took out a little box. In it was a bottle of liquid and a dozen queer-looking little combs three to six inches long.

"Actions speak louder than words," she replied. "Sit down for a few moments and I'll give you the finest marcel you ever had in your life."

First she moistened my hair slightly with the liquid. Then she began fixing the little marcellers in my hair. It didn't take her long to get them all in place. In about fifteen minutes the liquid had dried and when she took the wavers out, I could hardly believe my eyes!

There was the loveliest marcel I had ever had! Here was an effect that even the most skilled beauty specialist had never obtained—and, moreover, the curling fluid had brought new life and luster to my dull, listless hair. It seemed too good to be true!

I could hardly wait for the dance to begin. My lovely marcel had renewed my self-confidence and made a different girl of me entirely. Something just seemed to bring out every bit of my personality and I was simply glowing with vibrant enthusiasm and vitality.

And later in the evening, when I met my "Prince Charming" again, it was a triumph from the start. He could hardly believe I was the same drab, tousle-haired girl he had met in Frisco two years before. He more than made up for his former indifference for how he did rave about my hair!

He didn't leave me after the first dance this time. Nor the second. Nor the tenth. And that evening as we watched the tropic moon paint a rippling, silvery path across the China Sea, he told me—well, I suspect he will soon be my Captain for life!

You can bet I didn't lose any time ordering a set of these Marvelous Marcelers for myself. Until they came, I used Margie's outfit every few days and I didn't have a bit of trouble keeping my hair beautifully marcelled all the time. By putting the waves in the same place every time, my hair soon became trained and then I didn't have to marcel it nearly so often. It is really remarkable what results one can get with this marcelling outfit and how inexpensive it is, too. Here is the solution of the marcelling problem for every girl, rich and poor.

Now you, too, may have beautifully marcelled hair all the time, at practically no expense

If you have had a "permanent wave" and are now experiencing the usual difficulty of keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is straight and unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Marvelous Marcelers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine.

With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous Marcelers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcelers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.

Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcelers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with a delightful Wave Fixative which comes as part of this outfit. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" for 15 or 20 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!



"But you have changed so much since I saw you last—you are so—so much more beautiful!"

We guarantee this without any reservation and let you be the sole judge.

In order to quickly introduce this amazing new invention to thousands of women throughout the country, we are going to offer the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only \$3.85 for the entire outfit. This includes a full sized bottle of Wave Fixative, a new and authentic Marcel Fashion Chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcelers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three beauty parlor marcel, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better all the time, but will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heating ordinarily used in marcelling.

Send no money— just mail the coupon

Even at this special introductory price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit with him \$3.85 (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best investment you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are over. Every time you use this outfit you'll get better and better results and you'll always bless the day this offer came to your attention.

After you have tried this remarkable new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off a single hour. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon now!

Maison de Beaute

844 Rush Street

Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

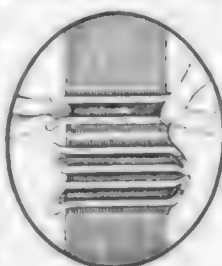
Maison de Beaute,
844 Rush Street, Dept. 165, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:
Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit including Marvelous Marcel Fashion Chart, bottle of Wave Fixative and set of Marvelous Marcelers. I agree to deposit \$3.85 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within five days and you will refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman brings me the outfit, please enclose \$4 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.





Give to your skin and complexion the alluring charm rendered by "Beauty's Master Touch." A bewitching, fascinating complexion with just a suggestion of the mystic, seductive touch of the Orient. The appearance is rendered instantly. Just apply

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in Compacts, all shades, 50c. and \$1.00
Send 10c for trial size.
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

Learn Beauty Culture at Home!

The IDEAL PROFESSION for WOMEN of 18 to 50 \$50 to \$100 a Week

Learn Marcelling, Permanent Waving, Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial and Scalp treatments—all branches of scientific Beauty Culture. Nine (9) Outfits Given—I train you by my new, exclusive Practice-Method, which gives you actual professional practice. Learn by giving actual Beauty Culture treatments. Open a Beauty Shop—I'll back you! The right to open and operate a Beauty Licensed Beauty Shop is good for \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year profit. Open only to Marjay graduates. Beauty Culture Book Free Here's a quick road to independence and the end of money worries. Take the "Marjay Way to Man-Side Pay." Write for free book and making offer.

Adelle Nelson, Educational Director
MARJAY SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE
605 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 502, Chicago



Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well— which kind is yours? I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to W. Kobi Co., 618 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 53]

you. And there are thousands of others who, if they would, could tell you what that historic night did to them.

So, as I say, I was swiftly growing "tight"—and the worst of it is, I relished it and reveled in it. Some folks get sick, some "pass out," some get ugly, some weep. But not little Jane. I was the merriest, most wide awake young simp on Broadway. The sparkling wine had put rosy specs before my eyes. I was in the finest li'l ol' place, with the finest li'l ol' Barri, on earth. I had a fine li'l new bun, but I didn't know it. The exhilaration was glorious to me.

Through it all, I insist, I was entirely conscious. I can't say I was myself—but, whoever I was, I had all my faculties, and a lot of new ones I had never dreamt could be.

Nothing counted except a good time. More champagne—more music—more and louder music—more, louder and faster music!

I got it, all of it. Barri bought it for me, the wine, the music, the louder and faster music.

I never shall know whether he, too, was under the intoxicating spell of that night and the stimulants, or whether he, like a shrewd Broadway shark, held down and lay back. But I do know this.

WHEN I awoke next day, after noon, I was in a strange place. A colored maid came in and asked me whether there was anything I wanted. I was dizzy. I had a headache. I asked for a drink of water—and a cigarette.

Dazily, lazily, I got into my things. I scarcely took note of the surroundings, though I have a fixed idea that they were elegant and costly. I went down an elevator, into a street. I called a taxi. I gave my address, the house of Yvonne, staggered in and fell asleep again. The next thing I recall is that Yvonne, cheery and fresh, was nudging me to get up and get ready for the show.

Oh, yes—I worked in the show that night. Nobody out front knew (or cared, I suppose) that one of the many who were cavorting and gyrating for them back of the foots had gone that morning into that deep chasm which, even that day after that night, was still the border between the two sorts of women, classified by that arbitrary demarkation since God or nature defined the two opposite sexes.

My head still wasn't very clear. But in that I wasn't alone. Just as I say, the world the night before had been drunk, so the world that night had a gigantic katzenjammer.

When the show was ended, Yvonne and I went home.

She sensed something. And well she might have, for she was far from a fool, and she had been "around" plenty. She had let me leave the restaurant with Barrihall, a twosome. She told me I had insisted on it and had grown ugly when she questioned me. She added that she didn't think I was so "tight" I didn't know what I was doing—I talked straight enough—and, as she was not my guardian, she saw no cause to raise a scene and hold me back by main force. Barri, she added, took the same attitude.

I asked her for further details as to who he was, and what manner of man. She answered that she didn't really know much about him—had met him "on" a party once before, knew that he was a man of some standing; she hadn't invited him at all; she had called up the other man, a railroad official, and asked him to "bring a friend."

Oh, that "bring a friend" habit! Many a boy and many a girl could tell the woeful kick-back of that American custom, the indiscriminate meetings of men and women who are thrown together haphazard, who know little of each other, whose association starts with a mutual determination for "a good time," whose relations are prearranged to bridge the formalities of formal preliminaries.

I told Yvonne to call up her companion and make some inquiries about Barri. She talked to him on the wire, hung up, told me Barri had a wife and two children, lived on Long Island and had a little "quiet" apartment in town, the one in which I had "come to." She said he had communicated with Yvonne's escort and told him that if he heard from Yvonne to ask her to tell me he was sorry he had to leave me, but that he had to get to his home before daylight or there'd be the devil to pay. That was all.

I had taken a few knocks in my young life. As I said so many times in the earlier parts of my story, I wasn't the sort that brooded, and very rarely have I been roused beyond a sort of philosophical, stoic calm, even in great and critical situations.

I had been a fool. I had let myself lose all control, all sense, all resistance.

Well—I had paid. Many a gambler, after the last "consolation" pot, ruined, despoiled, dishonored, has pulled himself together with the same empty but only consolation—"I've paid." I had been a fool. But I had been a fool with what was mine to throw away, foolish as that was. I wasn't like that woman in Chicago, who had lured and tricked and beaten me into sailing for Rio to be the toy of ruffians and rounders, and had taken pay for it. I had squandered my most priceless treasure, but, after all, whom had I hurt except myself? Who was I asking to pay except myself? No one—indeed, not even Barri.

It may seem absurd to you, but, believe me or not, I never met him again, never heard from him again!

That's the way things so often go, the paradoxes and grotesque anti-climaxes of hectic Broadway. A hundred men who meant nothing to me bombarded me by phone, by mail, in person; but Barri sent me word through a man to a girl to me that he apologized for leaving so early because he had to make a showing to his wife or be embarrassed!

I COULD have wailed and torn my hair, shrieked to the skies for vengeance, stirred up a scandal, made the whole world echo with my indignation—and laugh up its sleeve. But I didn't. It wasn't my way. I know a lot of folks will say it's incredible; that I must be some peculiar kind of abnormal person or just a born weed allowed to grow so long to be trampled down by the first foot that chanced to step on it. But it isn't so.

No two of us are the same, and no two of us would act the same in the same given set of circumstances. Who knows what germs, what corpuscles go into our complicated and mysterious make-ups?

Now, I had fought men since I was a baby in rompers, for around Peoria Street, in the raffish region of Chicago, on the edge of the blackest vice section on the continent, I had learned early that a pretty girl's hand must be against a man if she has it in her to care at all.

I had flown into a fury, as I've told you at great length, when the only boy I had ever loved, attempted to be free with me.

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I had fought his wealthy father, tooth and toenail. I had lost my home because I arrived in a patrol wagon, and that because I was resisting with my weak hands liberties of strange men!

I had gone through the grinding mill of that trip to Rio and that year there as a hired backroom plaything for tipsy tourists, swarthy apaches, prodigal rich men, youths who adored me, toughs who assailed me. I had come through the gauntlet of months in the offices of hyenas who sought to take advantages of my eagerness to get on the stage. I had drifted unharmed through rehearsals and openings and the social contacts which come to a chorus girl in a revue.

And I had walked like a sheep to the slaughter "around the corner" the night before prohibition, when values, somehow, didn't play to form; when all laws, including the laws of gravity, survival of the fittest, relativity and natural selection were suspended.

I didn't then figure it out as philosophical as all that. I just made no "squawk" because instinct told me not to. I guess if I have one virtue, it's that I am what gamblers call "a good loser." Maybe that's counted a virtue only by the sharks who appreciate taking clumps and avoiding unpleasant comebacks. However it is, that's the way I played it in the great realization of what that bacchanalian fall had cost me.

Yvonne, hard-boiled and Broadway-broke, was more shocked than I was. She insisted on shouldering some of the blame, at least as far as to cry and carry on. But I didn't want any sympathy my own goat.

In truth, I found no scarlet brands on myself. I experienced no definite reactions of overwhelming humiliation. The world seemed to spin on very much the same that is what I thought then. Of course, I didn't know much then. As I look back at it now, I wonder why more men aren't murdered, why more girls don't hang their heads and wear sackcloth and ashes. That episode was the turning point of my life. Without it, I might have married a nice boy, settled down, and been at least an upstanding member of the community if not a credit to it. Because of it, as I now so sadly and certainly realize, I have drifted along through the shallow, murky, falsely-colored streams of least resistance, which flow on, get you nowhere, and beach you with the other wreckage in time.

SOMEWHERE, perhaps, Barrishall is alive. He probably hasn't been struck by the vengeance of that famous law of compensation—maybe that was called off, too, to usher in the blessings of prohibition. He is probably going about his business and social affairs, still getting home before daylight from his stray little affairs, still sending apologies through third and fourth parties.

But, while I think I take more blame on myself than most girls usually do in similar instances, I hope that before he dies the memory of that morning will arise in that moment when, I'm told, each person's life passes in review. He has probably forgotten all about it. But I pray that once before he passes to judgment he'll think of it; and I hope when he does he'll have some faint part of an understanding of what his little careless night of frolic with a strange chorine, to whom he was "brought along," meant to Jane Handerson's life. He has two daughters of his own. I hope, no, I don't. I hope they go through and are lucky enough to escape such nights as the night before prohibition and such genial, polite, hospitable men as their father.

That was how Jane told it all to me.

Foot pains vanish in 10 minutes or —this test is free

Millions have found a new way to end foot and leg pains. Specialists everywhere are urging it. Normal strength is restored by natural means. A test will amaze and delight you. Make it under this free offer.



ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit over twenty million people.

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, painful feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it.

Now for the first time medical authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—the symptom with which nature warns you.

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toes, forming the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones of these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

Science corrects misplacements Nature heals and strengthens Pains vanish like magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. To strengthen the muscles exercise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains quickly.

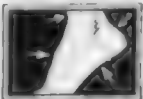


JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES
End foot pains in 10 minutes

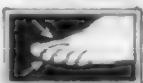
End These Pains



Pains, aches or cramping in calf of leg and knee.



Pains or aches in ankle, heel, arch or instep.



Pains or cramps in toes, calluses on ball of foot, spreading causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching, burning sensations. Shocking pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive.

Rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish, high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot.

They urge you to make the test offered you here, without hesitation or delay.

Make this amazing 10-minute test

Over a million men and women are enjoying normal, healthy feet as strong as an athlete's. We invite you to make the test that performed a miracle for them.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper 1/2 inch wide and with foot off floor, send us measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or send us size and width of shoe.

The same day we will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Simply pay the postman \$1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, \$1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted return them and we will send every penny back immediately. © J. A. B. Co. 1926

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,

303 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.

☐ Wonder Style, \$1.00 ☐ Miracle Style, \$1.50

I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measure or shoe size.

Name _____

Address _____

P. O. _____ State _____



"She Looked Like A New Girl"

"I'd never seen her dressed so becomingly. I could hardly believe it was the same Mary Adamson who never used to have anything new or pretty to wear. It certainly was a lucky day for her when she enrolled with the Woman's Institute."

You, too, can have distinctive and becoming clothes

Right at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, you can learn how to make all your own clothes and hats for a third of what you now pay in the shops.

This is a new plan so simple that you start making pretty things at once—so thorough that you can acquire in a few months the skill of a professional dressmaker, and not only make your own clothes, but earn \$20 to \$40 a week making clothes for others.

Write for Free Booklet

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post-card or the convenient coupon, and you will receive, without obligation, a handsome booklet containing the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having distinctive, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

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Now I will speak awhile for myself. She sat at the little tea-table in my studio, for she was convalescing and was now able to sit up again.

I sat for a moment, almost in a trance. Her unemotional manner of telling of her bitter tragedy had not dulled my realization of its significance. She sat, tapping on the table aimlessly. I roused myself. I wanted to slip my arms around her, sympathize with her, weep with her; but she was not weeping. It was, after all, so long back—six years—pretty late now to blubber about it. To break the tension, and for want of something more apt to say, I asked:

"Will you have something, Jane?"

She didn't raise her head, but she answered:

"A glass of water, thanks—and a cigarette!"

She smiled wistfully and asked me whether she'd spoiled my evening. I shook my head. She had, but what right had I to shy at the listening when she didn't wring her hands or shed a tear in the telling?

I gently detoured the subject—told her of one of the girls in our show, who had shown up with a new string of pearls and a pear-shaped diamond dinner-ring. Jane knew her, knew her better than I did, for she had worked with her in a show and in one or more of the swift night-clubs—another of the scarlet consequences in the wake of that night before prohibition.

"She's a gold-digger," said Jane; "one of the niftiest, slickest and most cold-fingered."

THE term was by no means unfamiliar to me. I hadn't worked in "glorified" ranks a season, in the movies, in artists' studios among professional models, entirely for nothing.

But Jane knew the breed far better than I did. In truth, she had been one of no mean consequence, herself, during those years that followed her arrival on Broadway with the thousand-dollar savings of her year in Rio, where she had perhaps typified the most pronounced type of gold-digger—the girl who gets and gets, and who gives nothing.

Following her run in "Frolics of '18," Jane had joined a blue-ribbon musical show, Chicago-bound. She wanted to visit her mother and her little sisters and go again, now, over the ground of her early grim griefs and mild joys. She found that her mother had died and the youngsters were in an orphan asylum. She rescued them, placed them with a decent family, and has ever since supported them for all their modest needs. Jane hasn't been very devoted to them, in her own person, at any time; but I am sure she would steal for them if she couldn't pay their way by any other means. That is another of her strange, inexplicable (to me, at least) traits.

After that road tour, she joined one of the hand-picked beauty brigades in what was then and for several years continued to be the best patronized gilded speak-easy on Manhattan Island, a roof garden affair, within a hundred yards of the world's most famous street.

Here she reported nightly at 12:30 A. M., for such is the fashion of those places. Where the people come from who stream into them all night long, what excuses they bring or send to their wives and other family members, I don't know and nobody can comprehensively explain.

Some of them don't get going full blast until 4 or 5 in the mornings. They make fabulous profits (Jane told me the one in which she worked, which seated less than 150 guests at one time, cleaned up

as high as \$20,000 net profit in one week.) They sell Scotch at \$10 a pint, which costs them \$3 a quart, and champagne, at about \$5 a bottle investment, is served at \$25. With cover charges, ice at \$2 a bowl, water at \$1 a bottle, flimsy food at jewelry-store prices, the checks mount up to what would seem prohibitive totals. But still they stream on.

Who?

STARS, playwrights, theatrical folks in all the better-paid branches, rich young society bloods, middle-aged spenders who are big men in their business lives, prosperous bootleggers (who get rich off such places and get poor again in them), leading citizens from other cities making merry while away from home and playing as they wouldn't dare where they are known, that type known to the prints as "clubmen," resident salesmen entertaining good customers from everywhere, newspaper men who always insist they are "seeking atmosphere," and, in lesser degree, almost all sorts and conditions of men who have the time, the money and the temperament for such distraction.

The women are such women as would be with such men in such places—chorus girls, minor actresses with a sprinkling of the more high-toned of that sisterhood, grass-widows suffering from ennui and alimony, bizarre high-browness, younger society matrons, and no end of flappers who are death on thrills whenever and wherever these can be steamed up. What their mothers, husbands, fathers, suitors say, I don't know; sometimes they are properly chaperoned—sometimes; generally not.

Some bring their own liquor, in silver flasks. But most of them buy from "the house." Few don't drink the stuff at all. Guzzling seems to go with the impulse that causes people to seek out such resorts, at hours when respectable folks are supposed to be asleep, arrange in advance to have themselves identified so they can be admitted, and pay burglar prices for synthetic alcoholics and insidious, lurid "jazz."

Those who "stag it," the men who come unaccompanied by ladies, unless they are entirely uncouth, can smoothly fix it to have feminine companionship. Every one of these places has a "hostess." By generally accepted brevet, anyone may talk to her and she may talk to anyone without anyone being offended. She is supposed to be platonic, a sort of liaison officer—take that double entendre term either way and it goes both ways.

Some of these hostesses are famous, and all of them are highly paid. A popular one can make one of these places, and there are so many of them that the competition is intensive and the difference between a steady, spending clientele and only a so-so response is thousands of dollars weekly. The odd customs that have grown up about these hide-aways have developed hostesses whose following is greater than that of any star on the stage or screen, in actual day-by-day results.

THE hostess ostensibly "runs" the entertainment, which is in the form of spicy floor revues and specialty numbers, done mostly by girls, and all the girls selected for their feminine allure rather than their artistic accomplishments. These girls are around all evening, every evening, dressed in their "working clothes," which are scandalously décolleté and short—as risqué as any seen on the stage with footlights intervening—and when they are not actually engaged in their few minutes of dancing or singing in the scant space between tables, they are usually available as guests at the tables.

They do not flirt with strangers; that

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is not allowed. But a man may send for the hostess, express his preference for any of the girls, and, nine times out of ten, she'll be at his side in two minutes. The establishment profits directly by the drinks he will, of course, buy for her—and she will drink champagne, of course, and she will be hungry, too, and she will need ice and mineral water and whatever else there is for sale.

She is under no obligations to even as much as dance with the man, though that is customary. But she is under no restraint against leaving with him if he wants to wait until the "blowoff," which is anywhere from 4 to 7 in the morning, and, naturally, he will purchase more drinks, etc., to while away the interim. Even if he doesn't invite her out at all, he will tip her. Some of these girls glean handsome takings that way. Others "dig" fortunes if they are so inclined and if they are lucky enough to fall in with rich men, for in such atmospheres it is not unusual to encounter the foremost financial figures of the nation; and they frequently become infatuated with these nymphs of the cabarets.

What is it—I have not been able to understand, though I have served in both worlds—and have had my share of male admiration—that makes men wild for girls of the stage and the cafés? It isn't that they are prettier. Those same girls, when they were younger and fresher, and when they worked behind counters or at typewriters, were never noticed by more than a few insulting loafers on street corners or an occasional clerk who worked nearby or some boy they knew in church.

Yet, when they become professionals, they seem to take on a glamor that makes men—important, discriminating, unusually shrewd men, or they wouldn't have the wherewithal to trifle about with expensive frivolities—fall like lovesick schoolboys for these pretty gazelles of the electric lights? I have had many such experiences, myself. Men who wouldn't have lent me a quarter to buy a pair of woolen stockings when I needed them to keep warm, offered me silk ones by the scores of pairs—yes, and lime-sines and lavallieres and yachts—when I started in "the business."

IT USED to be a myth that these girls, because they revealed so much of their charming physical femininity, intrigued men, unimaginative men who wanted what they saw but hadn't enough imagination to visualize what was hidden. But, surely, that answer cannot stand now, when all girls wear so little, when bathing beaches abound with more revelation than the giddiest of "leg-shows" did a half dozen years back.

No, that isn't it. I guess it's a less pronounced manifestation of what Jane said permeated the night before prohibition. All these nights are lesser, milder, but still recognizable kin of that night. The vaulting of the human equation, which otherwise and otherwheres determines the sheep from the goats, comes in the original impulse which tugs at a man to go "stepping," instead of to go quietly to bed.

And—what do these men get in return, for their prodigality, their drooling worship? Little but contempt.

For, by some compensatory retaliation, these girls, too, are projected out of the normal lines of deciding what is what and who is who.

They smile at the "butter and egg" patrons, they encourage them, they cajole them. But most of them throw themselves and most of what they get from the outsiders away on the male insiders. I guess in all walks of life there is that high barrier between "one of us" and the rest of the world. Nations, races, professions,



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You *do* need a cream for cleansing, though. Soap and water to start the process. A careful cream to complete it. There *is* a cream that does completely cleanse the cuticle and purge the pores. It's called *Jarnac*; it's a French formula, but surprisingly simple and bland. Women can't get used to its mildness. It isn't even medicated. Yet the same thing always happens when it's used; a week or two, and your fingers feel the new softness; a new color comes, and stays. And for these reasons:

A cream made like *Jarnac* is not absorbed. It does its work and departs. It neutralizes every skin acid. It removes every pore impurity. It does not "feed" the pores. Nor "close" them. *A clean pore is never distended.* No woman who uses *Jarnac* two weeks will ever again worry about coarse pores!

"But I need a night-cream, too!" The same *Jarnac* is all you should use. And the special occasion—just before motoring or golf—or any trying exposure—*Jarnac*. It is always the dirt that does the harm.

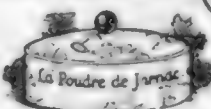
In short, this one, capable cream does all you may do for normal skin. Should yours not respond to *Jarnac*, we frankly

advise a physician. For in turning to the things which promise miracles overnight, there is sure disappointment, and possible harm.

To be sure, there must still be *outer* aids to beauty. No modern maid—or mother—can spurn the adept dash of color deeper than conservative Old Nature provides. So, there's *Jarnac* rouge; but it's *moist*; a true blood-red you can't get in any form of dry color. Again, one complete product; for it is true color for both cheeks and lips—of any hue! And powder. *Jarnac* is what a world of women wanted, but only a coldly scientific laboratory could produce; *a medium powder of sufficient weight to stay on without caking or chalking, but of low visibility.*

Finally, where is beauty without *immaculacy*? There is now *Jarnac* deodorant. A deodorizing agent that does the work *entirely* through neutralizing. Alters nothing, stops nothing. Just completely removes *all* bodily odors. In the innocent form of a fleecy talc!

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localities, all sorts of affiliations prove it.

These beauties of the stage and the gay clubs, bubbling but bored, tolerate these spendthrifts who adore and pamper them. But they, in turn, idolize whom? Piano-players, bandsmen, head-waiters, mad-dancers, even bouncers and café menials. Almost every chorus girl I ever knew had her pick of rich, important men, and was in love with an actor. I don't try to go very deeply into explaining it. But I assure you I know it.

Be all that as it happens to be, Jane was one of these floor-show dancing beauties, subject to the invitation of almost any stranger who had the class to get in and the price to get out; and she met many men who became immediately infatuated, and who showered her with all sorts of offers—all except marriage. I suppose.

She had separated from Yvonne, who went to Europe with Mr. R. (When I say "with," she went on another boat, lived at other hotels; but Mr. R., as I have pointed out, was not merely one of the elect, he was a nabob, counting his resources by the many millions—and another and higher proof of what I have just contended, for here was a man of classic position who went to unbelievable lengths for this ordinary chorus girl, who, on the other hand, associated with other men whom he wouldn't have hired to polish one of his cars.)

She now had a little apartment of her own, which, as she went along, she furnished and fitted out richly.

SHE no longer shied from the overtures of gentlemen when these grew decidedly personal. No longer was she pointed out, as she had been in Rio, as the one salomander of the outfit. She was now toasted as a "good fellow" (an appellation that is worth writing a book about some day!) and the hostess, a cold-blooded, commercial ex-star who would have sold her mother's soul into purgatory, felt safe in pairing Jane off with her very liveliest patrons, for Jane had a sense of humor and an ear for music.

It wasn't long before Jane, herself, succumbed to the subtle psychology of the life, and took onto herself as a sweetheart the saxophone player of the orchestra in the place, who was content—yes, delighted—to sit back with a smug grin and watch the outsiders, who thought they were men of class and conquest, fawn over Jane and cross her palm with yellow-boys. He was not jealous. Oh, dear, no. He understood the code of the cabarets. He lived by it, in truth.

So, rather quickly for a girl who was so young and who so recently had been a ragamuffin in a far-away alley, she acquired the ways and the symptoms of the night-life habitué. She was only eighteen, but her education was as remarkably comprehensive as such conditions make for. And that education isn't all by way of being liabilities. Such a girl meets many remarkable persons, such people as a girl in an orderly existence can probably never brush up against. And some of it must stick to any of these girls. In Jane's particular case, though, it was a girl of shrewd intelligence, despite her comparatively numb moral sense, a girl who through some freak of mixed genetics had come through with an extraordinary gift of perception, retention and absorption.

The girl undoubtedly had an active, nervous mind, and underneath the shell of her stolid resignation to matters which would have driven others to homicide or suicide, she was poetic, imaginative, sentimental and even introspective. In her talks with me she never whined or gave herself any the best of it. She never glossed over

banalities, mendacities or myopic mistakes of her own with any attempt at shifting responsibilities. I couldn't help liking her for that trait. Despite her many blunders, her almost picturesque weakness of character, she passed the burden of her false steps onto herself as her own errors and onto no others as their crimes.

If ever she did utter a protest, it was in summing up to me, as we sat together during her recovery in my little home, how it had been women—members of her own sex, rather than men, who had accelerated her progress down the incline of social undesirability.

"IT WAS my own mother," she said, wistfully, and trying to outgame her own bitterness with a smile, "who kicked me out into the world when I wasn't fifteen because she wouldn't believe me, wouldn't understand me; that was brought to a climax because the wife of one man and the mother of the other, who had made things unbearable for me when I worked as a nurse-girl to a millionaire's kid, closed her door against me; it was a woman who sold me into that Rio life, body and soul, as far as she cared; it was Yvonne who fixed the little foursome with Barri; it was the hostess at the first night club who told me I was a simp for hemming and hawing when rich men sent for me—and went for me."

"Did you ever stop to think that a girl is often in more danger from other girls than she is from boys, from women than she is from men? Ask a dozen girls who have memories that sometimes bother them when they're in the mood to recapitulate, and see if you won't find most of them can directly trace a good many of the cobble-stones laid where they would stumble over them—by women."

"Many a young wife is corrupted by the influence of the woman next door. Many a girl in our own business, the chorus, resists most of the flagrant temptations until another one shows her bracelets or dog-collars and tells her what she's missing by being a bush-league prude—if she doesn't actually engineer dangerous associations, as Yvonne did for me. Many a mother drives her daughter into blind passages by cupidity, nagging, selfishness, refusal or failure to understand and sympathize."

"When a girl slips, men are quick to take advantage, but women are quicker to sneer and tattle. Talk of man's inhumanity to men! How about a little recognition for women's inhumanity to woman?"

"However, take it all by and large, we can all do pretty much as we, ourselves, want with our own destinies. In my case I was put up against some tough problems when I was very young. But those I battled out safely. It was after I had reached comparative years of discretion that I let myself drift. You can do about anything if you want to badly enough. Of course, that wanting must be sincere, intense, determined; and most of us fall short of having those props to back up our wantings. We're long on wishbone and short on backbone."

THAT'S the way Jane would ramble and ruminate along. Yes, she was a bit of a philosopher. She had so clear an insight into so many things. And yet she applied so little of these ratiocinations to her own life before she did anything—it was all ways after she had blundered that she was able to analyze and deduce so sharply.

She told me so much about her night club career that I could write a volume on its sidelights and shadows, its unique reactions, its unparalleled peculiarities, many of them sui generis. For the night club of recent years is only faintly related to

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the cabaret, the saloon or the more vicious institutions of the days before that night which Jane so vividly told of.

What with the present-time extravagant prosperity, the contraband character of liquor-selling, the maudlin music, the post-war relaxing of so many lines that held taut through ages, the improved instruments of communication and transportation, the whole influence of defying and defeating law—an epic of the ultra-modern night clubs such as honeycomb the streets around Times Square and Columbus Circle—not to say their less savory and even more deadly cousins scattered in localities not as selective—has yet to be written.

And it will not be very similar to the thousands that are in the libraries which have to do with the fleshy weaknesses and cardinal sins of any generation before this one in the United States, concentrated and brought to their nth power, of course, in the glare of Broadway.

In my next and concluding chapter I shall tell of how Jane at last sickened of the florid life in the all-night resorts, and came back to chorus work, attaining finally the ultimate—a place in the Follies, where I met her.

Her reflections on the estate of the chorus aristocrat were as illuminating, as individual and as pungent as on the other strata of human existence which she discussed. Her dissertations on the chorus girl as she is, contrasted from many angles against the chorus girl of fiction, fancy and fallacy, is especially effulgent.

(To Be Concluded in April Issue)



Soul of the Sea

[Continued from page 22]

"No man sent me. Matthew Prior—they didn't believe me. They said I shouldn't be telling the skipper of such a craft that he's no sailor! But Bart would have come and told you if he had been home." I added, to give strength to my own statement.

"Bart?" the big man asked.

"Yes, Bartholomew, sir, my brother," I answered. "He commanded the clipper, *Eastern Queen*."

"Bartholomew Gale, the one they call Black Bart? I've heard of him. And your name, lad?"

"Jethro Gale."

"Well, Jethro Gale, my heartiest thanks to you, and will you do me the honor of coming aboard?"

Did the big man mean it? My eyes must have been big as saucers as I looked up to him. The girl had put her head above the rail again. There was friendliness in her smile.

"Hurry, my lad, if you're coming." The master of the *Shining Star* cut in on my thoughts. "Ease away to the stern and we'll drop you a ladder."

NOW that I saw he meant it, I needed no second urging. I made my dory fast to the ship's painter, and as the ladder was flung down to me, scrambled aboard. Captain Strong was waiting for me and held out his hand. I gave him my own, and his great brown hand closed over it. As I look back, I know that that was one of the proudest moments of my life. I half-turned to glance toward Phillips' wharf. I prayed that Uncle Matthew Prior would see me.

"Marv, shake hands with the young gentleman that's saved your father's ship."

Timidly, the golden-haired girl held out her hand. I barely touched the end of her fingers. The blood was rushing to my head.

"I—I'm glad I came," I said.

"With All My Love"—Bob

Two Whole Years She Had Waited for His Letter

By Daphne Davis

EAGERLY, Peggy tore the envelope open. After two years of futilely trying to forget—Bob's bold, free handwriting which once so thrilled her, still held the power to send blushes to her cheeks and cause her temples to throb wildly.

Handsome Bob Warren was Peggy's ideal. Two years before, Peggy had held his attention just long enough to lose her heart—and then, when it hurt most—he drifted away. Vainly she waited and hoped while Bob became more and more popular—truly the "Man of the hour."

Her friends secretly pitied her apparent loneliness—and then came the amazing change in "Plain Peg."

In just the last few months, what a different Peggy—everywhere the "life of the party"—radiant, laughing, dazzling, confident Peggy! From that obscure slip of a wall-flower, suddenly emerged this beautiful, popular and apparently the most expensively gowned girl in town. Everyone knew she had but little money—yet for every occasion a new dazzling dress or coquettish hat that simply glorified hidden charms she herself never suspected she had. Everywhere men sought her company—

But even amid all this delightful glamour, Peggy's eyes would frequently drift pensively, thoughtfully away—just a beautiful revery of other days and a secret longing for someone—the one she admired more than anyone else.

And then this letter:

"Dearest Peg," she read.

"I saw you yesterday though you didn't see me.

"Peg, I've been a fool!

"I want more than anything else on earth to see you again. Tonight, at 8, Peg— May I

"With all my love,
BOB."

The true Heaven of Peggy's Paradise was hers once again—everywhere—at Clubs, Theatres, Formal Dinners, Football Games and the like, wonderful Peggy and handsome Bob were the old inseparable Pals, and just a few months later her engagement to Bob was announced.

It was one night while preparing her trousseau—she confided to her very best girl chum, her suddenly acquired Secret of Charm—the Secret that controls the happiness of most EVERY WOMAN.

It is the Secret that daily brings back lost Sweethearts to hundreds of women. It is the Secret that holds them. It is the Secret that brings to woman the Ideal Romance of her Dreams—It is the Secret that helps any woman in helping her husband—at the same time increasing his admiration and love.

This Secret, Peggy told her chum, is the exact knowledge of creating, designing and making Distinctive, Fashionable, Personally adapted Dress, which multiplies all of a woman's natural Charm and Beauty.

But this knowledge of feminine charm is not inborn—it is not just a natural trait—indeed! not so—it is an accomplishment that only can be attained through proper study.

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possible for thousands of Peggys the world over. And, dear reader, Veva Giffin Moody, probably the world's most famous Teacher of Fashionable Dress, has a wonderful message for you.



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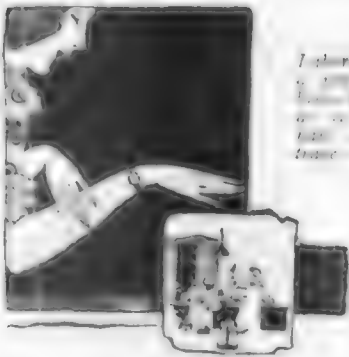
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Remove hair with cool cream!

—a method you will enjoy

To well-groomed women everywhere, this new cream, called Pryde, is most truly feminine. It is so distinctly feminine. It is so distinctly feminine. And it is so easy to use as powdering your nose.

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Pryde Cream combines amazing efficiency with delightful ease of use. There is no rubbing or massing. And nothing to melt. Like a cold cream, you merely press it from the tube and cover the hair to be removed. Then, after a few minutes, with ordinary water, simply rinse the hair away. The skin is left cool, whitened, free from odor, and as smooth as satin.

Authorities now urge its use

Pryde is so much superior to old methods, authorities now urge its use. The masculine razor, which is known, does cause coarser growth. Pryde Cream, on the contrary, its formula and principle are such as to remove the hair, but also to act upon the skin, so that the hair, when it grows, is the gentle, natural way now advised by the best authorities. With Pryde Cream, the underarms, both arms and legs, may be entirely freed from hair in a single operation, that is pleasant and not expensive. A large Tube of Pryde, enough for several times, is only 50c.

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Druggists, Department Stores and the better beauty parors can supply you Pryde. But if you cannot obtain it readily, send at once direct to the Laboratory: 50c. coin, postage or money order and bring you a tube in plain wrapper by return mail, together with a complimentary copy of "What Every Woman Should Know." Address: Pryde Pharmaceutical Co., 902 Broadway, Hannibal, Mo.

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Captain Strong laughed before he spoke. "Come along now, Jethro Gale, if you're going to give me the proper lay of your harbor. Perhaps you might take a hand at the wheel?"

Again he was making fun of me. Me, a boy of sixteen, to take the wheel of such a magnificent ship? But I didn't care if he wanted to have his joke. I liked the rumble of his roaring laugh. And most of all, I was standing on the deck of the ship of my dreams. No manner of making fun could take the throbbing joy of that feeling from me!

But Captain Strong was not making fun of me. He meant it. I saw that as soon as we reached the after deck and the wheel.

"Now just where is this Porpoise you're talking about, lad?" he asked. "Give me the lay of it, and then I'll let you ease her 'round."

"There, sir," I said, pointing dead ahead. "About two points to the port of where you've dropped your anchor. You're safe enough here, but when you swing with the tide—"

"Right you are, lad," Captain Strong interrupted. "I should have known better than to think I could drop anchor in a strange mooring. Ahoy, there, for'ard and stand by!"

My boyish blood thrilled as he boomed the commands. There was a scurry of bare feet on the deck.

"Anchor aweigh!"

STRONG hands were at the winch. They run by steam and the donkey engine nowadays, but Jeremiah Strong had no new fangled devices aboard the *Shining Star*. Others might put auxiliary motors into their vessels, but this gallant ship was a clipper every inch of her, as true to her colors as on the day she had slipped from the ways. A sail suddenly broke out, flapped gently for a moment in the fitful breeze, and then filled. Almost imperceptibly at first, the *Shining Star* was moving. Another sail caught the wind and she was under way. Straight on toward the Porpoise she went, but with the tide at the flood, there was clearance for her and to spare. The full sweep of tides came surging into Salt Island Harbor and there was a rise of nearly twenty feet. But with the tide out, it would have been a different story.

The great ship slipped ahead with a perfect rhythm of motion and, scarcely knowing what I did, I put my hands to the wheel. Gently, I eased her to port. Against the steeple of the Baptist Church, I sensed her answering my bidding. So enthralled was I that I didn't realize the headway we had been making until there was the booming command of Captain Strong in my ears, followed an instant later by the roaring hum of the anchor cable. Then, hard to starboard I spun the wheel, and the *Shining Star* went skimming around on the harbor's smooth surface as easily and as splendidly as a mackerel-gull. Breathless, I released the wheel. I, Jethro Gale, a boy of sixteen had brought a clipper ship to safe mooring!

As I turned, I saw Mary Strong, held in the curve of her father's arm, and it was easy to read the open wonder in her blue eyes. How often has the vision of her, as she looked when I turned from the wheel of the *Shining Star* that day, come back to me.

"I—I thank you, sir!" I stammered, looking up at Captain Strong.

"You're not the one to be doing the thanking, Jethro Gale," he answered, laying one of his great brown hands on my shoulder. "I think I'm the first who has stood by and seen you with the command of a ship but I'm not the last. Mark my

words for it. It took courage, boy, to go in the face of what the others said, the ones who by rights should have known more than you. And it's courage like that, that brings commands. And when the time comes and you've made your way, you can turn to Jeremiah Strong, if I'm still alive, and the best that I have is yours."

His great laugh boomed out then and reaching down, he caught the fair-haired girl up into his arms. "If in the days to come, the Strong fleet needs a worthy skipper, you'll know where to come, eh my girl?" He laughed gaily.

MARY STRONG buried her head in his shoulder at that, but my quick ear caught what she said.

"Yes, Father."

"I only hope I can, sir!" I said. I wished Bartholomew could have been there to see me. Bartholomew would have known just how I felt. Mother had died before I was old enough to remember her, and Bartholomew had been both mother and brother to me. When Bartholomew came home, what a host of things I would have to tell him. I didn't know much about girls. There was Jennie Hyatt. I had told Jennie that when I grew up and owned my own boat and set my own trawls, we would get married.

Now, as I stood on the deck of the *Shining Star* I knew Jennie Hyatt and I would never get married. Nor would I own my own boat and set my own trawls. I was going to be a deep sea sailor and command for Captain Strong.

"I only hope I can, sir," I repeated earnestly. "Well, I'll have to be home for dinner. Good-by, sir, and thank you."

It seemed to me that Captain Strong was very serious as he took my hand. I had to grip hard to keep from wincing. I would have died before I let him know that he hurt me.

But when Mary Strong shook hands with me, all the hurt was gone. Jennie Hyatt and I had held each other's hands lots of times. But Jennie was only the girl who lived down at the turn in the road on the way to the packing plant. Mary Strong was the daughter of the owner of a clipper and, I guessed, a great fleet of other ships besides, judging from what he'd said. And I had guided the *Shining Star* to safe anchorage, and she had looked on wonder-eyed while I did it.

"If I come back after dinner, could I take you out to the fish-trap," I said to her.

SHE didn't answer for a moment, and her father broke in.

"My girl will be glad to go with you, Jethro Gale," he said. "Speak up, Mary. Tell the young man you're not afraid when you know what a fine sailor he is. He'll take care of you."

"I—I'll try, Jethro," she answered.

It sounded funny the way she said it, but before the day was over I knew what a big thing she had done in consenting to go to the fish-trap with me. You wouldn't believe that the daughter of Jeremiah Strong could be afraid of the sea. But she was deathly afraid of it and of the sight of blood. All that I was to learn.

When I reached for the painter to pull up my boat, I found it surprisingly heavy. As it came under the stern of the *Shining Star*, I saw why. It was so piled with boxes and bundles that there didn't seem any room left in it for me. Who had done that? It must have been Captain Strong. His bellowing laugh rang in my ears again.

"Over the side with you, boy, and waste no time with thanks. All that's there is rightfully yours. A pretty penny it would have cost me had I gone aground!"

[Turn to page 92]

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Marvelous new Hot Oil Treatment

Grows Hair in Half Usual Time

Amazing new discovery now makes it possible for everyone to have thick, lustrous hair regardless of its present condition

FOR you, *Milady*, who would make your "bob" thick, fluffy and stylish—for you, *Milady*, who would quickly grow your bobbed hair "back to normal"—for you, sir who would stop falling hair, eradicate dandruff and insure a thick, splendid growth—here is the best news you've had in years. At last a way has been found to control hair growth—a safe, sure way that is guaranteed to bring to you the thick, lustrous hair that everyone admires.

For years, M. J. McGowan, Chief Chemist of the McGowan Laboratories and one of America's leading hair specialists, has been experimenting—tirelessly searching for the secret that has always baffled science. Time after time it looked as if his dream was to be realized, but always there was something lacking for complete success. Finally, just as he was on the verge of giving up, it occurred to him that no one product could possibly do all three things—stop falling hair, keep the scalp clean and healthy, and stimulate new growth. No, it would take three separate preparations, each designed to do but one thing—the first to heal, the second to cleanse, the third to nourish.

With this discovery, Mr. McGowan began anew. After countless experiments he finally worked out the three formulas that have crowned his efforts with success—and now he shares his good fortune with you.

First the Hot Oil

Ask any barber or hair specialist and he will tell you that no one product is as beneficial to scalp and hair as oil, properly applied. If you've ever tried a hot oil treatment in barber or beauty shop, you know its value, but you will never realize how much hot oil can do for you until you try the McGowan 3-Part Treatment. The McGowan method gives you all the elements of the old-fashioned oil treatment, plus the benefit of special ingredients which Mr. McGowan has found essential to healthy, beautiful, lustrous hair.

And if you are troubled with falling hair, this new treatment will be a revelation. You'll notice the difference after the first two of three treatments—and soon your hair will stop falling out altogether. This method gets results because it corrects the

condition that causes falling hair—which is too little oil in the scalp. (Even if your hair is very oily, your scalp may still be very dry.) The McGowan Hot Oil Treatment forces the oil into the open pores of the scalp, where it belongs, thus restoring the normal, healthy condition of the scalp that you had as a child.

Second the Shampoo

Your own judgment will tell you the importance of cleanliness to healthy scalp and hair. And you'll have a new conception of cleanliness when you apply this delightful shampoo for the first time.



Three Simple Steps to thick, beautiful hair

The McGowan 3-Part, Hot Oil Treatment is as easy to apply as the simplest "facial" treatment. First you apply the Hot Oil, rubbing it thoroughly into the scalp and stimulating the little blood vessels underlying the skin. Next you use the shampoo, washing the Oil out of the hair and leaving the hair and scalp fresh and clean. Then you apply the Hairgro, again rubbing the scalp thoroughly. The entire treatment need not take over 15 or 20 minutes.

NOTE TO WIVES

If your husband is threatened with baldness; if his hair is falling out or getting thin in spots, order this remarkable Hot Oil Treatment for him right away. Results are positive and immediate—or you get your money back.

Almost instantly the itching is gone, the scalp looks and feels cleaner than it has ever felt before, and your hair is now soft and silky in texture. Now you are ready for the third—and perhaps the most important step of all—

Third the Hair Grower

Applied after your scalp has been soothed and nourished with the Hot Oil and then thoroughly shampooed, McGowan's "Hairgro" is the most effective hair growing substance ever compounded. During the past two years more than 50,000 men and women have used McGowan's "Hairgro" (and paid as much for one bottle as you pay for this entire 3-Part Treatment) and hundreds of them have written to tell us what wonders it did for their hair. Although sold under a most liberal guarantee, less than one out of a thousand has ever asked for a refund. But now that you have these other two preparations to do what McGowan's "Hairgro" couldn't possibly do alone, you can expect ever more remarkable results.



No matter how thin and scraggly your hair may be, the McGowan 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment will quickly make it thick, fluffy and stylish. Or if you are bald, all you need is the McGowan 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment and you will quickly grow your hair back to normal. This is the McGowan 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment. It is the only hair treatment that has been tested by a large number of men and women. One hundred per cent satisfaction or money back.

For men and women—for every type of hair

Men, no less than women, will appreciate what this remarkable Hot Oil Treatment means. The growing prevalence of baldness is causing men to think to seek ways and means of counteracting the tendency towards baldness caused by modern conditions. Women who find their "bobs" unbecoming because of thin, scraggly hair, will find this a safe, sure way to obtain the thick, fluffy hair that Fashion demands. And those who want to quickly grow their hair "back to normal" will find this method grows their hair back in half the usual time. They'll also find it much thicker, more lustrous and beautiful than ever before.

Special Introductory Offer

The regular price of the McGowan 3-Step Treatment is \$6.00, but in order to quickly introduce it among our many friends throughout the country, we are going to offer the first 10,000 Treatments at slightly less than half that price—or \$2.97 for the entire outfit. This means you will get full sized bottles of these three famous products, McGowan's Hot Oil, McGowan's Shampoo and McGowan's Hairgro—enough for a complete 30-day Treatment—at just what you formerly paid for one of these products alone. This is barely enough to cover the cost of compounding, bottling and advertising, but we expect to profit by the good word you will say for this treatment among your friends.

Send no money—just sign and mail the coupon

This is no formality for you to go through; no "red tape" or long delay. You do not even have to send any money in advance. Simply fill in the application and mail today. In a short time the postman will bring the complete 30-Day, Three-Part Treatment and you can deposit with him the special introductory price of \$2.98 (plus a few cents postage). Then your hair troubles are at an end. If, after a thirty-day trial, your hair has not stopped falling out, if dandruff and itching scalp aren't things of the past, if your hair isn't much thicker and more lustrous than ever before—in short, if you are not perfectly delighted with results, then all you need do is return unused portion and we will cheerfully refund the purchase price.

Don't put it off another day. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to get your hair back in perfect shape. If you want to stop dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair; if you want to make your "bob" rich, fluffy and stylish; or if you want to quickly grow your hair "back to normal"—act now! Sign and mail the coupon today.

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Gentlemen: I am willing to let you prove, at your risk, that your 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment will stop dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, make thin, scraggly hair thick, fluffy and lustrous, and quickly grow your hair back to normal. You may send me your complete 30-day Treatment. Upon delivery, I will deposit with postman \$2.98 (plus postage). It is understood that if I am not 100 per cent satisfied with results I will return unused portion within 30 days and you are to refund the purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

NOTE: If likely to be out when the postman comes, you may send \$3.00 and the McGowan 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment will be sent postpaid.

MEN: Stop Falling Hair



Falling hair is the forerunner of baldness. Stop it now before the roots of your hair are entirely dead. Regardless of how many methods you have tried to no avail—regardless of how many disappointments you may have had—we absolutely guarantee this remarkable new 3-Part Hot Oil Treatment to stop dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, keep hair and scalp in fine, healthy condition and stimulate the dormant hair roots to new life and growth. You are the sole judge; if you are not delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Read the details of this remarkable offer.



How Society Women

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid. You apply it with a comb and watch the gray disappear. In a few days the original color returns, perfect and absolutely natural.

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Fill out carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. Patented Kit comes by return mail. Make single lock test—then call on your druggist for full-size bottle. If he can't supply you, order direct. You're supplied postage prepaid.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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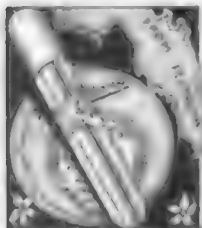
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From Florida, the land of the Orange Blossom, comes Bo-Kay, the distinctive fragrance. The delicate, intoxicating Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Perfume and Face Powder is found within the petals like drops extracted from the heart of the Orange Blossom.
Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Face Powder, too, is scented with the essence of this romantic bridal flower, and sifted through silk to the fineness of feathery down.

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Soul of the Sea

[Continued from page 90]

But nevertheless, I did thank him and then went down the swaying ship's ladder in such haste that I nearly spilled. As I settled myself in the dory, I waved goodbye.

"You'll come for me after dinner, Jethro?" Mary Strong called.

"Ask your father!" I shouted back, not knowing what else to say, and his roaring laugh told me I was learning fast.

Over one shoulder now, I could see that there was still a goodly-sized group on Phillips' wharf. I decided to land there. They would know of my exploit sooner or later, and Uncle Matt had said I would come back faster than I went. With the dory loaded as it was, and with the tide already pulling out to sea, it was hard work getting back to wharf. I was well below it before I knew it, and had a strong pull against the tide. But my arms were accustomed to it. Never a day went by, save in winter when the harbor was nearly frozen over, that I wasn't out in my dory. And I had been to sea and helped at the trawls since I was twelve. So I came in under the lee of the wharf.

"Jethro!"

THAT was my father's voice. Looking up quickly, I saw that he had just come down to the wharf. His face was red, and I knew at once that he was to hold me to account for something.

"Yes, sir," I answered. Even Bartholomew said "sir" to my father.

"You're no beachcomer's son. Take those things back where you got them!"

If I had been cut with a whip-lash, the sting could not have been deeper than my father's words. It was the custom of boys of poor fishermen's families to beg things from ships that came into the harbor. My father thought I had begged this boat-load. It had been pride on my part to head for the wharf, and now I knew how quickly pride can fall. If I had gone to my own mooring and pulled up among the eel-grass, this never would have happened.

"I'm thinking you're making a mistake, Captain Gale!"

No one in Salt Island had ever dared question my father. He was as fair a man as ever sailed the sea, but no one could be sterner than he when anyone dared to cross him. My own shame was forgotten as I stood up in the dory to see who had dared to interfere.

"What's that?"

I SAW my father swing around to face old Matthew Prior.

"Aye, Captain Gale, you're wrong. It's proud you should be of the boy instead of heaping him with abuse. Yon clipper out there found a safe mooring cheap. Jethro was the first to see her skipper had made a bad job of it. He told me and I laughed at him. And then the young tacker rows out there himself and with my own eyes, Captain Gale, I saw him bring her 'round. Is it for that he is to be called a beachcomber's son?"

"I'm glad I'm wrong," I heard my father say.

Then he leaned down over the wharf. "Here, son," he said, "give me your hand; I'll help you up."

Another moment and I was standing on the wharf beside him. But I hung my head. For all his gruffness, I loved my father dearly, and it had been my pride that had caused him to be humbled before all these men.

They were talking about me and saying what a big thing it was for a mere boy like me to have piloted a clipper to anchor.

The words didn't thrill me. I was filled with shame. In a way, I knew it was a big thing I had done, but I knew also that it was the littlest of little things to have pulled in to the wharf on the way back so I could strut before all of them.

"Now, son, you have heard what they say. I'm proud of you and I know Bart will be, too, when he hears it. Better take your dory home now."

I was glad to clamber down off the wharf again. The tide was with me now and I pulled with all my might for my own little mooring. I beached the dory and proceeded to carry the things Captain Strong had given me home. It was late when I went in to dinner, and Father had already begun.

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "I shouldn't have gone to the wharf."

"I'm glad you said that, Jethro," he answered quickly. My father was a man of few words. "It is a Gale trait to have pride," he added. "But between pride and false pride there is all the expanse of the sea."

"I know it, sir," I said. "I won't forget, not ever."

"Eat your dinner and say no more about it. There was word from Bartholomew today. He's coming home."

"Father!" I exclaimed. "Bartholomew coming home!" Nothing then could have made me happier.

"I'll tell you more later," he answered. It was the way he said it that sent a sudden chill through me. My father never said anything merely for effect. If there was something he chose to keep back from me it was of real importance. What had happened to Bartholomew? My appetite fled. Presently my father got up and left the table, going up-stairs to the great square room at the top of the house that had windows on all sides. I heard him close the door after him, and knew he was not to be disturbed.

I WENT to my own room then. The things I had brought from the *Shining Star* were piled on the floor. But if something had happened to Bartholomew there was no joy in going over the boxes and bundles to see what prizes they might hold for me. I flung myself across the bed. I don't know how long I had been there, when I remembered that I had promised to take Mary Strong to the fish-trap. I got my hat and went out down to the harbor.

Far different from my first trip out to the *Shining Star* was this second one. I wanted to tell Captain Strong that I couldn't go to the fish-trap, and would he tell Mary. But she was standing by the clipper's rail and waved to me as I pulled alongside.

"I'm going to be real brave," she said: "I—I know I'll be safe with you, Jethro Gale."

It seemed like she was talking to me from a long way off. And what was she saying about being brave? The harbor was still as smooth as glass and the fish-trap was just beyond the islands.

"I'll bring you back," I said and laughed. It all sounded funny. Like I was asleep and couldn't wake up. Something had happened to my brother Bartholomew. That much I knew, and nothing else seemed to matter.

But after Captain Strong had lowered Mary into the dory and she sat there with her hands clasped tightly in her lap and her big blue eyes looking at me, she didn't seem quite so far away. I knew now why Mary Strong wasn't like the Salt Island girls. I don't think I could explain just what it was, but I wanted to take care of

her. She seemed like she trusted me and if I wasn't there in the dory, she would be helpless. Jennie Hyatt wasn't like that. Jennie could row almost as well as I could. I never felt like wanting to take care of Jennie Hyatt. When I talked of getting married to her, it was always thinking of how she would keep a man's house in order. I was sixteen, but I knew a man's house needed keeping in order. Maybe Mary Strong, when she was a woman grown, could keep a man's house in order, too, but I didn't think of her as doing it.

She seemed to lean on me, and I hadn't known her a whole day yet, about the way I leaned on Bartholomew. I wouldn't know what to do, if anything had happened to him. And I knew that if I ever married Mary Strong, she wouldn't know what to do if anything happened to me.

That was what I was thinking about as I pulled away from the *Shinning Star* and out across past Seal Rocks to the fish-trap.

"I never was in a boat with a boy before," Mary Strong said. Her voice seemed shaky as she said it, and she put out her hands to hold on to the sides of the boat.

"And I never was out in a boat with a girl before—not a girl like you!" I answered.

She looked down and her face grew pink. But I could see plain enough that she liked what I said. Now, if she had been Jennie Hyatt, I would have had a lot of things to talk to her about. But she was Mary Strong, and there wasn't anything I could say. So I was glad when we got to the fish-trap.

The men were shouting and I knew that an albacore was there, as well as mackerel.

"They've got a big tuna, Mary," I said. "Now you'll be glad you came!"

And they did have a tuna albacore or horse-mackerel, the fishermen call them, the largest I had ever seen. And as they hauled in the net and the water got shallower and shallower, he churned it up until it ran white with foam.

"Gaff him!" shouted Ed Simpson, who was at the bow of the boat inside the trap.

LITTLE Bob Folsom, who had the long-handled gaff, sank it deep, just under the giant fish's jaw. He looked fully ten feet long when he made the splash as Folsom gaffed him. The others in the boat sprang to take hold of the gaff then, but they weren't quick enough. Little Bob hung on for dear life and yelled. The tuna lashed and turned completely over, and Folsom was in the water.

That wasn't the first time I had seen that happen at the trap. Bob was back in the boat almost as quickly as he went out of it, and swearing for all he was worth into the bargain. Ed Simpson swung the boat around, and they gaffed him again. This time, three of them had a hand on the gaff and Simpson had a pike pole.

"Jethro, please!"

In my excitement I had forgotten about Mary Strong, and as I turned at the sound of her cry, I saw that she was white and great tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Please, Jethro, take me away," she sobbed. Then she buried her head in her lap.

"Here, here, Mary, don't cry. The fish can't get out of the trap," I said, trying to soothe her.

But she only sobbed, and so I pushed off and rowed away from the trap. Jim Hyatt, Jennie's brother, was there in his dory and he laughed as I rowed away.

I guess we were a quarter of a mile from the trap before Mary looked up, her eyes red and her cheeks all blotchy from crying.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know you

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Give shade wanted.....

were afraid of—afraid of that!"

"I—I wasn't a-afraid," she answered. "But the blood—"

And then I got out my handkerchief and gave it to her. "I didn't know, Mary," I said.

"I'm sorry," she said, trying not to cry. "But the way the men shout and swear—and the water red as blood. It—it made me sick."

She gave me back the handkerchief, and I reached for the oars again. I was going to take her back to the clipper.

I guessed I had been wrong. She was different. But any woman who would cry over a fish-trap, would never make a wife for a sailor. Maybe, after all, I wasn't some day to have command of one of her father's ships. But I had asked her to go, and so I had to keep my thoughts to myself and take her back.

Then all of a sudden the gulls were crying about us. They always cry, but when there is danger the cry has a more piercing note, and it was the danger cry I heard. Then there was a shot, and the pellets came spattering down around my dory. Jim Hyatt had needlessly shot a gull.

I was mad clear through.

"I'll get you for that!" I called.

"Wait until I see Jennie!" he yelled and made a face.

"Tell Jennie," I said; "I don't care!"

Mary smiled then. I had been wrong in thinking she was soft. She wasn't used to the sea even if her father did own the *Shining Star*. That feeling that I wanted to take care of her came over me again. And as we pulled up under the *Shining Star* and Captain Strong hailed us over the side, I said to myself that some day I would take command for him and I would make Mary my wife. Sixteen I was, but I meant every word of it.

As I rowed back home, I was glad I had taken Mary Strong to the fish-trap. I was nearly a man, and in this one day I had grown more than I had in all the two years before. I was still angry at Jim Hyatt, and when I met him by the packing plant I trounced him. He had just said he was licked, when Jennie came up.

"I guess Salt Island girls aren't good enough for you now, Mister Jethro Gale," she said with her head in the air.

"I guess you're right," I answered, and went up the hill to our house without looking back once.

AS I passed through the gate into our yard, old Mrs. Phelps, who ran the post office, came out the front door. Only when there was a telegram did Mrs. Phelps come to deliver it. For just ordinary mail you had to go to the post office. The mail came down from *The Passaic* on the morning boat, but telegrams came any time over the telephone from the mainland.

I stepped out of the path to let Mrs. Phelps go by. She didn't even look at me and I stood there gazing after her. Then blindly I ran into the house. My father was standing at the foot of the stairs. Never had I seen him so moved.

"Jethro, boy, come to my cabin. I want to talk to you."

His cabin was the big, square room at the top of our house. I tried to speak, but choked. Bartholomew was dead! I read that in my father's face. But there was something else more terrible than death. I clutched at the newel post, buried my head on my arm and cried as if my heart would break.

When I looked up again, my father was gone. I went up the stairs. I pushed open his door and saw him pacing back and forth in front of the binnacle that stood in the north bay. All that had been my father's life at sea, was crowded into

this room. Here he walked the quarter deck again. But when there was that restlessness in his walk it was best to wait until bidden to speak. I was bursting to ask him what had happened, but I didn't dare.

"Close the door," he said presently.

I obeyed and stood with my back to it. Father walked up and down, deliberately; three times. Then he stopped directly in front of me.

"I had a letter from Bartholomew as I came back from Phillips' wharf this morning. He said he was coming home—bringing with him a wife."

"Bartholo—"

"DON'T interrupt!" My father exploded. I had never seen him like that before. I pushed back against the door.

"Bringing with him a wife," my father went on. "He had little else to say in his letter. He made no explanations. But—God rest his soul—I can't hold him for that. Your brother Bartholomew is dead! Died at sea on the sixteenth. Buried at sea the same day. I have a telegram from the captain of the ship he was coming home on. And his wife is coming here. And she is from the islands. And she isn't more than half white. And the name she bears is Gale!"

My father was again pacing back and forth across the room. Silently I opened the door and crept down the stairs. Never had the house seemed so still before. I couldn't believe what my father said was true. Yet it must be true. Bartholomew was dead. And Bartholomew's wife was coming home. A woman from the islands. Half-white—and the name she bore was Gale!

All this on the day the clipper-ship *Shining Star* had come to me out of the sea!

I stood by the window looking out over the harbor. The sun was dying in a golden glow and the fog wraiths were beginning to sweep in from the sea. Out there somewhere was my brother Bartholomew. I loved my father, but there was no bond of companionship between us. It was Bartholomew I had always turned to. And now Bartholomew was gone.

Going down the crescent road I could make out the figure of a girl. She carried a pail, swinging by her side. That was Jennie Hyatt. She always went just at this time over the hill to MacLean's for the milk. And until today I was going to marry Jennie.

Then out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement away across the harbor. The *Shining Star* was making sail. Before night had fallen she would be breaking her way out to the open sea. Out there where Bartholomew was! There were no tears in my eyes now. Just a queer throbbing catch at my throat.

"Between pride and false pride there is all the expanse of the sea." The very words my father had said to me at noon rang in my ears. There was need now to tell the false from the true. My father upstairs with bitterness in his heart because of a woman who was to come bearing the name of Gale! Was he right? Oh! I knew he couldn't be.

I STOOD very straight. I don't know why. But it seemed that a living breath went sweeping through the house. Just outside the window a thrush burst into song.

"Bartholomew," I whispered. "Make me a man."

Then I went directly to my room to see what manner of things Captain Strong of the clipper, *Shining Star*, had given me.

[To Be Continued in the April Issue]

Who Is This Girl?

[Continued from page 64]

river!" repeated Amy, gasping weakly. "Exactly! And my—my flat being so convenient—we—er—"

Then there was a brief, tick-tocking silence, while the clock alone disturbed the audible ether. Finally Amy spoke.

"When did you meet this girl?" she said in a breath-taking rush.

"Tonight!" I admitted rather feebly, but then a perverse memory of that odious phrase, "Old Man," rose in my mind; I whirled on Amy. "Give me that cloak!" I snapped. "Get out! I have something to say to my—er—my—so to speak, to my fiancée."

To the credit of Amy's good sense, I must record that she left at once.

I have been somewhat humorous, no doubt, in my description of that absurd scene, but after middle age a man is often inclined to take a humorous view of serious matters. Nevertheless, after Amy had swept out, fuming with suppressed virtue—and suspicion as to my mental powers—I turned to the girl. Never has my heart jumped as it did then, not even under the régime of Susie Lee. Her eyes, Anna's I mean, were dark and sad and brooding—and wonderfully beautiful for all that! Her oval face was pensive, that is, passive, and without emotion.

"My dear," I said, bitterly, "you are very beautiful, and very foolish. I think perhaps you had better take advantage of me, and marry me. For all my faults I am usually steady headed and dependable."

Naturally I said all this with the idea of delivering a concealed lecture. But her eyes turned up to mine.

"Why not?" she whispered. "Why not...?" Then she laughed wearily. "All right, grandpa, I'll marry you. I suppose I should be the usual sort of wisetoo-late little girl and own up that there is another man who has all my heart!" Then her eyes began to burn, and her cynical drawl changed to a flaming torrent of molten speech.

"I love him! I love him!" she cried. "Oh, God! And he said—that!"

Tearing sobs racked her slender, beautiful body, but the sobs ended as abruptly as they'd begun, and she said, coldly, "I'll marry you, Mr. Winthrop. Not a moving picture marriage, but the real thing—that is, if you still want to?"

I KNEW that I was being a fool. Quite coldly, logically, and definitely, I knew I was being a fool as I said, "We—will—be—married—tomorrow!"

And we were.

I secured the license quite early in the morning and the waiver of the five-day law before noon. We came back to my flat immediately after the marriage, which took place before a justice of the peace. Only when we were alone in the flat did her unnatural and stony calm break. But after an hour, she was quiet, even smiling.

"I—I'll try to—be—a good wife—" she said, her voice low in my ear, and she kissed me.

Later on she became thoughtful. "You are really rather tall, you know, and quite broad-shouldered. And you are very distinguished-looking. Umm—" she murmured, teasingly, "Yes! I really think I can put up with you!" and kissed me, tremendously.

But I could see the struggle that was going on in her heart. Duty on one side and the hunger for the man she loved on the other. And, because it had never been my intention to be either a tyrant or a brute, I thought of leaving her, or of urging her to leave. But I did not, until—

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AFTER 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Amy took the blow better than I had expected. Aside from her conviction that I was too old to marry, she had rather been counting on my money for John. But putting aside her own annoyance, she gave a tea to Anna. I understood that the socially elect would be present, and out of curiosity, decided to attend, especially as both Amy and Anna urged that I should. Indeed, they both seemed to be amazed that I had not expected to go. So I went, rather sheepishly, on the whole.

"Socially elect" had always meant women to me, with the result that I was rather surprised to find a good half of those present were of my own sex. Among them, was a big, yellow-haired fellow whom I had seen at John's party. His hair was curly, and his eyes were a flaming kind of blue.

He and Anna met, talked, and parted very, very casually. I noted that, though she dissembled her embarrassment the best, it was she, rather than he who was affected. I noted, also, a speculative gleam in his eyes as he looked at me.

BECAUSE I am not a fool, although an ex-professor, I understood. This was the man Anna loved.

Let me assure you that he was not the young ruffian I had suspected he must be. College professors see many young men, and come to know the good and bad. My experience as a Y. M. C. A. secretary in France had broadened my grasp as to type, and if I knew anything, this boy was the last one in the world to betray a woman's confidence.

And, so, because he was a clean looking man, and because I could not forget that I was fifty-six, there came certain doubts and fears to torment me, and to cause me to lie in my bed for hours, staring into the dark—thinking, fearing, and plain swearing.

I was fifty-six years old—my wife was twenty-five. Could I make her happy? She filled me with a fierce, possessive instinct and the desire to do ridiculous things. When she laughed, my heart leaped—as a young man's heart might do—and the world became filled with pealing music. When her hand touched mine, my blood raced as it raced in that mad dash up San Juan Hill in 1898.

I had never asked her what had passed between her and this curly-yellow-haired young man with the flaming eyes. That was her life before I had come into it, and none of my affair by my old-fashioned standards of gentility. And she said nothing.

BUT, now, this young man came to call, and because I have never cared to pose as a tyrant, I said nothing to betray the fists that were clinched behind my back as I bowed to him. I excused myself; I left her alone with him; and though I spent the next half hour regretting it—oh, what fools old husbands are!—I did not intrude on them.

I pictured to myself their tense and yearning constraint; their long silences; their hearts in their eyes, but their tongues bound by convention and honor. All the years of my life rose to stare at me, and each year was a stronger argument against my trickery in winning her at a time when a lover's quarrel had filled her with resentment. I thought again, and with an aching heart, of the riddle of her level eyes, and now, I thought, I knew: the steady look in her eyes was one of resignation; of determination to make the best of it.

The rifles of the Spaniards at San Juan Hill and the shells and poison gas of the Great War had never shaken my nerves for more than a minute. But now,

faced by the thought of giving up this had come to love, savagely, jealously, selfishly—faced by that thought, I was afraid. In torment, I pulled out my watch and stared at it—only fifteen minutes! It had seemed an hour to me since this young man, with his air-of-a-conqueror had come to call on my wife. But I could not stay away longer.

I strode down the hall to the library where they were. I thrust back the curtain, half expecting to see them in one another's arms. Instead they were sitting very stiffly on opposite sides of the big oak table. For a moment there was a look not unlike relief in the level eyes of my wife as she glanced quickly towards me.

"Do you want me, Arthur?" she asked. But I managed a smile of sorts, and murmured about a book. The young man rose, mumbling.

"Sorry—heavy date—fellows——" And then the door in the hall was slammed. Restlessly I walked to the window, and then faced the door. A minute passed—and my wife stood there.

A man about to die will look upon life as doubly sweet because he is to lose it, yet he will not falter if his duty and honor require that he die. So I felt as I faced my wife to tell her that she was free to go to this man, this curly-haired young man.

But the curtains swept back, and she stood before me, a faint flush on her cool cheeks and a single lock of bobbed hair displaced. She spoke, breathlessly:

"Arthur, really, you must not leave me alone with that boy again. He—presumes!"

The level eyes met mine, fairly. They were snapping with anger.

"Why—Anna——" a little bomb of hope and fear and suspense exploded in my brain "Why—Anna——"

BUT her anger was too real and too resentful for her to notice.

"I don't wonder you are surprised. I was, myself. And to think, Arthur, that I once thought that smirking idiot near to a god!" She came as near to a snort of laughter as she could manage. "Thank heavens!" she finished, the even, calm look creeping back into her eyes. "Thank heavens, I married a man!"

"But—but, Anna!" I cried, "I tricked you—"

"You did!" she agreed, cheerfully.

"—but if you want your freedom——"

I blundered on. "—I—I——"

Suddenly the level eyes swept up to mine, and saw, and understood. And then—choking with rippling, limpid laughter, she was in my arms, crying.

"And you are the level-headed and dependable man who would take care of silly little Anna!"

And, overwhelming me, came the secret of her staring eyes. She loved me.

* * * * *

My sister Amy came in yesterday. As usual, she came to warn me that an old man can not hope to hold a beautiful young wife. I cut her short.

"Who's an old man?" I roared. "I'm only a lad, Amy, and I've held her for two years, haven't I? April and October? Roaring Carlo Zeno! April and August, you mean! Look at my boy!"

But Anna came in at that moment, her finger on her lips and her lonely eyes distracted.

"Shut up, Amy!" I roared again. "Want to wake the boy?"

And, as I hoped, I woke him up after all and had him brought in, that Amy might see that hooked Winthrop nose. Darn it! A man's in his prime at fifty, yes—sixty, when it comes to that! And there are a pair of blue eyes to say the same.

An Evening in June

[Continued from page 73]

ever seen—a solitaire of at least two carats. I was completely taken aback, for I had expected nothing so wonderful from my thrifty suitor. It glowed there in that shabby little parlor like a gorgeous visitor from some world of romance, where all one's dreams come true—but what made me fancy that it winked at me mockingly as it to let me know it really did not belong there? I impatiently put the foolish notion from me, for now I felt sure, as I never had before, that Victor really and truly loved me. Such was the effect of the magnificent engagement ring that I began to wonder humbly what he could see in me, and to feel grateful for his love.

After that evening, he began to talk definitely about our wedding. Finally, he pinned me down to a definite time.

"Will the middle of October suit you?" he wanted to know. "If it does, I wish you would say so, for we must begin to make plans, you know."

"That's all we have done," I answered pettishly, but was instantly ashamed when I looked down at the diamond. It was always ready to remind me of his generosity.

But the evening I agreed to set a date for our wedding, I was not asked to listen to plans; quite the contrary—and I didn't like him a bit better for it.

"You are so small and frail-looking, I'm always afraid of hurting you, Hilda," he said seriously. "Tell me, are you really well and strong?"

"Of course I am," I asserted. I didn't want him to think he was going to have an invalid for a wife. "I need lots of sleep and plenty of fresh air, but you will notice that I am never sick."

"I'm awfully glad to hear that," he laughed, and he pulled me roughly toward him.

No, he didn't talk of plans that night, but after he had gone I crept into Mother's room.

"Mother, I can't marry Victor," I sobbed, brokenly, throwing myself on the bed beside her. She raised herself up on her elbow.

"HILDA! Have you two quarreled?" she asked sharply.

"No; but I can't stand it to have him kiss me," I said wildly. "When he held me and wouldn't let me go, I just froze up and endured it. He laughed and said he was glad I wasn't a spooner, but—he didn't guess how I was feeling inside me. Truly, Mother—"

"What a foolish little thing you are, Hilda," she exclaimed, with great relief in her voice. "You are just a bit behind your generation, dear; lots of girls used to feel that way. I believe many really nice girls still do so. It's no tragedy; you'll get used to his caresses in time. You are super-sensitive, that's all."

"But I thought love made everything beautiful and easy," I protested. "Tonight, why, I could hardly keep from shrieking—yet I hated to hurt his feelings."

"I must tell you something, Hilda." My mother was her most assured, dominant self now. "As soon as you are married, I have planned to sell this house and have an apartment in town with Harry. It is what I have dreamed of for years. We have seen your future splendidly assured—no girl in your circumstances could ask for more—and I may remind you that you are not especially gifted in any way. You must have someone to take care of you. Do you think Harry will willingly do that, if you throw Victor over?"



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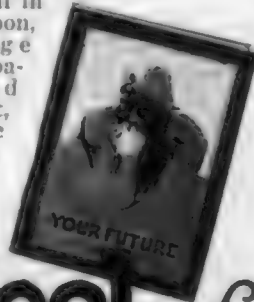
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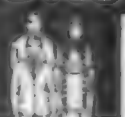
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Of course she was right; for weeks everyone had been telling me how lucky I was. None of my girl friends had married men of acknowledged financial standing, and they seemed envious of my prospects. Mother had lived all her life with a poor man; she didn't want me to have the same experience. Before I left her room that night, I was convinced that I had acted like a little fool. But I shut my eyes tight and went to sleep as soon as possible after I got in bed.

Everything was all right, of course. I was the one to blame; I always had had foolish notions. If only—

Then, one fateful morning I decided to clean my room. It was a front bedroom upstairs, and I gathered all the small rag rugs off the floor and laid them out on the roof of the porch, directly below one of the windows. After I had swept the painted floor I went to the window and shook the rugs, one by one, then laid them back in their places. It was while I was dusting that my ring caught in a bit of drapery.

I took in my breath sharply and my arms and hands prickled queerly as I stood gazing, with frozen horror, down at my left hand. The big, beautiful stone was gone from the setting.

It was just a sample of my foolishness that I should be wearing the ring while I was working; the diamond had dropped out, of course, while I was shaking the rugs. I was simply sick with fright as I stood looking wildly about, but I finally pulled myself together and began the hunt that lasted for hours—days.

MOTHER and Harry were severe in their condemnation.

"If it isn't just like you, Hilda, to have a valuable stone—the only really valuable thing that has ever come into this house—and then to lose it," my mother scolded.

"Worth fifteen hundred, if it's worth a cent," Harry seconded gloomily. "I'd hate to be the one to tell Vic. He isn't careless himself, you know."

That was just it! Such a thing could never conceivably happen to the man I was to marry. I know I was a coward to be so afraid to tell him, but I fibbed a bit to keep him away! In my desperation, I displayed unexpected strength of purpose, for I literally forced my mother to call him up and tell him that I was sick and that he wasn't to come to see me for at least ten days. I wanted to have something startling, like small-pox or diphtheria, but Mother made it tonsillitis. I couldn't help a grim smile as I remembered assuring him that I was never ill.

When five days had passed and the diamond was still missing, I had grown into such a worried state that I could neither eat nor sleep. Victor's beautiful notes in copper-plate handwriting didn't comfort me much; neither did Mother's visit to a clairvoyant, who assured her that it had been stolen by a dark woman.

My days were one long nightmare of hunting. If I had only possessed enough money, I'd gladly have bought another stone and stopped hunting, but I hadn't even a hundred dollars that I could call my own.

Then came the day of the neighborhood picnic. It was an old institution on our street. Years ago several congenial families had chartered a street car and gone into the country for a day, having races and a barbecue, and everything. Year after year they had kept up the custom, and while they all went now-a-days in automobiles, they had just as good a time. Of course I wouldn't go this year; I had to stay home and hunt for that beastly diamond. Mother went with some friends in the morning. Harry was to get off at noon and go out there for the rest of the day.

As soon as they had all gone, I started my miserable, hopeless hunt again. I wonder if there is any employment in all this world more exasperating than hunting for something you can't find! And to be scared at the same time—and to spend days at it! How I wished I dared tell Vic, but he was so careful, himself, and he loved money so.

It wasn't that I was so afraid of his breaking our engagement, but I was afraid to be convicted of losing so much money for him.

"There's a call for you on the phone," a shrill little voice piped up from the kitchen door. "A gentleman wanted to know were you able to come to the phone, and Mom told him she guess you was, for from where we live she could see you raking the grass in the front yard all day long."

We didn't have the telephone in, you see, and Victor had called at the grocery across the street and down about half a block.

"There's something queer about this sore throat of yours," he said crossly. I could just imagine how annoyed he was! "Why didn't you send for me if you are able to be out again?"

"I shouldn't think you'd want to come and get anything that was catching," I retorted. "You are so particular about keeping up your physical efficiency, I certainly didn't want to be the cause of impairing it."

"Well, I'm coming out tonight," he insisted.

"Oh, yes, certainly—by all means," I said, with the calmness born of desperation.

So—the reckoning could no longer be avoided! It was to come that very evening. I fixed some sort of a luncheon for myself, but my mouth felt dry and I couldn't eat it. Afterward, I went up in my room and stood looking despairingly out of one of the windows. Suddenly, something on the very edge of the roof caught my eye; the sun was just right to catch a gleam between the old, mossy shingles clear at the edge of the roof. Dear Lord, it *must* be the diamond! Just casually like that, did I see it shining there?

My heart began to beat so violently that I could hardly breathe, but I wrenched the old screen from the other window and crept out upon the porch roof. Now that I was on the roof I couldn't see the object that had caught the sun's rays, but I knew just where it was; something certainly had glistened there in the crack. At last I should be able to face Victor tonight and to make a joke of it all! A small matter of resetting the stone—

THERE was a horrid crackling, scrunching sound under me. I clutched desperately at the damp, mossy roof. Suddenly the whole world seemed toppling and crashing; I felt myself falling—"Now I'll never find it," I muttered—then oblivion.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness, I was being lifted out of an automobile and carried up a flight of stone steps into a big, brick building. I looked up into a thin, dark face—a strange face, the face of a merry-eyed young man.

"You've had a narrow escape, sister," he remarked. "They'll fix you up here, though. Lie still, or I can't carry you."

I cried with pain when I was laid on a small, white, hospital bed. Considerably later, after I had had an anæsthetic, I learned that I had escaped with only a broken rib. Miraculous, they said, and as I gazed at the young man who had brought me—he was still there—I agreed with them.

"I happened to be driving slowly, be-

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ACTUAL SIZE

cause I was looking for a house number on your street," he said. "I heard the tracking noise as your porch roof gave way, and when I saw a girl up there, I ran. Couldn't stir a soul in the house; neighborhood seemed deserted—"

"I'd be sure to take a day when everybody was away to get myself in an accident," I told him. "I'm just naturally made that way."

"When I couldn't stir a soul anywhere around, I thought the best thing to do was to get you to a hospital as soon as I could. And that's what I did," he concluded, smiling at me comfortably.

Somehow, in spite of a broken rib, I was feeling better every minute he sat there. I think the shock had driven all the worry and scare out of me. The diamond was probably somewhere among the ruins. If they found it, well and good; if they didn't, well—someone else could do the worrying about it for awhile. I was through making myself sick thinking about it.

The anæsthetic may have made me light-headed, for I found myself telling the stranger all about the loss of the stone—everything.

"You must think I'm a fool to say so much," I said, catching myself up at last. "Perhaps, though, one is inclined to tell all they know to a rescuer."

I was babbling a bit hysterically, but he interrupted gravely.

"You were out there hunting for your diamond, you say? But, my dear girl, the setting must have been insured. I don't know much about such things, but the jeweler who sold your—er—intended husband such a valuable stone would surely have to guarantee the setting."

"I don't know about such things, either; I only know that I wish I had never seen the ring," I told him.

"We'll see about finding it tomorrow, and don't you worry any more. It's a damn shame—begging your pardon—for a little—little girl to be worrying herself sick and endangering her life just because she happened to lose a stone."

HOW utterly blessed to have someone—anyone—tell me that! Tears came to my eyes, but I smiled, too.

"You are so good; how am I ever to thank you?" I said.

"My name's Crosby—Tom Crosby—and I can't tell you how glad I am that I could be of service to you."

He took my two hands and patted them, and I liked it—really I did—but just then the nurse came in.

"Now, if you will give me your name and address, we will notify your family that you are a patient here," she said briskly.

I gasped. I had forgotten all about the need to notify anyone! What a commotion there would be when Mother and Harry arrived home and found the porch roof caved in and me gone. Uncomfortable as I was, I couldn't help a sudden giggle at the thought. Senseless as ever, you see.

"I'll drive around that way and see her mother," the nice, dark young man said quickly. Then, turning to me, he added, "Do you want me to notify MacBride, too?"

"Oh, let someone from the hospital call him," I quivered. "I can't see him tonight. Really, I don't feel able to. The diamond isn't found yet."

He stood looking down at me for an instant, then he whistled. It was just a little soft note under his breath. I didn't exactly know what it meant—but there was a perfectly outrageous hope stirring in my heart.

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me when the rest come, mine? I I don't disturb her, honestly."

She looked at him distrustfully at first, then smiled as she consented. His merry eyes had evidently won her confidence, as they had mine.

Then Mother and Harry came and seeing them so upset made me forget for a while that Tom Crosby hadn't come back. Just imagine, my brother Harry, and over me!

"Hilda, I'll pay for that damn diamond," Harry said. "My little sister isn't going to kill herself for a thing like that."

I was furious because I had worried them, but Harry's words made me feel all warm inside me, too.

"We hadn't realized that you were taking the loss especially so heart until that office young man, Mr. Crosby, told us," Mother said gently. "How did you happen to confide in an utter stranger?"

"Never mind that," Harry cried. "I'll father her now. You always laugh at everything, though. Mother and I felt that we had to make you realize the seriousness of matters occasionally."

AND because I always laughed to hide the fact that things hurt me so deeply, they thought I didn't care! Dad had been that way, too.

They just as we were having a real good, loving family reunion, didn't Tom Crosby come in bringing Victor! My heart turned right over and almost stopped. So he didn't care after all! I had been a fool again. I felt let down and ill, but I took a long breath and looked Victor MacBride straight in the eye.

"I've lost the stone out of my ring," I said with stiff lips. "That was why I wouldn't let you come out to the house, and I haven't had tonsillitis at all. I just had to have a chance to find it before I saw you again."

"For Heaven's sake, are you as afraid of me as all that?" he burst out. "Hilda, forget the ring, we'll find it or get another."

He sat down by the bed and took my two hands, but he didn't pat them. I looked for Tom Crosby, but he wasn't there. Oh, well, he had brought Victor to me—so that was that.

They didn't stay long, but they all kissed me as they left. I shut my eyes tight and tried not to think after they had gone, but I put in a dreadful night, what with that cracked rib and unsettled state of mind.

The first day that I could see anyone again, Tom Crosby came. I took a good look at him then. He was awfully thin and there were deep creases on each side of his mouth when he smiled, his hands were long, slender, and brown. His gentle understanding smile reminded me of my Dad.

HE DIDN'T say a word when I thanked him for the flowers he had sent.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Hilda?" he asked—so solemnly that I laughed right out.

"Do you?" I countered.

"I surely do, and I believe a Fate that manages such things sent me along just as you fell. I've been thinking about you steadily for these three days. I had to bring that chap you're engaged to up here, it seemed the only square thing to do, but I'm crazy about you. What am I going to do?"

For answer I held out my arms and he came into them. It was all so different from my experience with Victor: I was so happy that mere words could never tell my joy! I didn't know what his "prospects" were and I didn't care. I only knew that he was gentle, and consid-

erate, and kind, and that there was something about him that made me sure beyond any doubt that I would gladly follow him to the ends of the earth. I didn't even care whether he gave me a diamond ring or not, just so he gave me the other one—the plain gold one. I guess it was love, all right.

"I'm not a rich man, honey," he told me. "Just now I'm selling out mobiles; it was a demonstration car I was driving when I brought you here. I want to go out West and buy a lot of land. Would you care for that?"

"I'd love it," I said breathlessly. "I could be just as plain and unpretentious as I wanted to be; I'd never have to serve on committees, and I could tag around you out-of-doors all day long. Let's be real farmers and grow up with the land."

When Mother and Harry heard the news, though, they didn't take to the idea at all.

"It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of," Mother said indignantly. "I won't allow you to do it, Hilda. You aren't strong enough for one thing."

"Maybe it's what I need to make me strong. I love little growing things and I am always happy out of doors. I'm going to try it anyhow, and I don't care where I am, just so I'm with Tom."

Harry said nothing, but he looked at me queerly.

"You tell her how dreadful such a hasty marriage would be, Harry," Mother begged with an unusual quiver in her voice. Harry kept so still that I began to be frightened. Had they discovered something dreadful to Tom's discredit?

"Hilda," my brother said solemnly. "I found the diamond yesterday. It was under the debris of the patch."

"Oh, I'm so glad," I exclaimed with sudden relief. "Now you won't have to buy another. I've been so worried about it."

"But that isn't all!"

"WHY, Harry, what do you mean?" my mother broke in. "This is no way to talk. I urged you to have a sensible talk with Hilda."

"I intend to. I don't know much about stones, but I took this one to a jeweler and he said that it had a flaw in it. It is worth about five hundred dollars instead of fifteen hundred. Victor was going to let me pay him the full amount."

"Oh, never!"

"I'm going to tell you something else," he continued slowly. "Vic bought that ring for another girl in the first place—her family lived down in the city and they had a lot of money. He had to buy her a showy ring when they got engaged. After awhile though, she broke off the engagement and gave him back the ring. He said she was dreadfully extravagant and he was going to pick a poor girl next time."

"And that's why he wanted me," I murmured, "and that's why he didn't bring the ring in a box. She probably never sent it back to him. I've always wondered about that."

"And you knew all this and never told us?" my mother said severely. "I'm a bit surprised in you, my son."

"Didn't the fact that I was willing to replace Hilda's diamond show that I'd had a sudden change of heart?" Harry grimaced, trying to laugh. "How was I to know that I was going to realize what a lot Sis meant to me when she got hurt? I must confess I was thinking mostly of MacBride's possibilities as a brother-in-law. Besides, he made me promise not to tell."

Mother shrugged sadly.

"It seems to be a case of two against

[Turn to page 108]

Wise Kid

[Continued from page 61]

everything we had in it. I must help him!

That 'we' melted me. But one hundred dollars! And he needed it that afternoon.

"Listen, honey," he said. "We'll make big money and we'll make it quick if the thing goes over. Otherwise well, it's all off with us. I'll be so deep in debt that we couldn't get married till God knows when. We've got to have that money—and have it now!"

"But, Pinky, how can I get it now?" I cried desperately. "If Abe were here maybe I could get him to lend us the money. But he's out of town. He won't be in until tomorrow."

Pinky's eyes gleamed.

"He'd lend it to you, wouldn't he?"

"I—I think so." But I wasn't so positive as I sounded.

"If I get that hundred now, it's a sure thing I'll have it back this evening when I come round to see you. Could you—" Pinky paused for a moment, long enough to take me in his arms—"couldn't you borrow it from Abe just for tonight, and give it back in the morning?"

"What do you mean?"

Pinky stooped to kiss me and to push away a little curl of hair that had fallen over my forehead out of my eyes.

"You know where he keeps his money—oh, the wheedling tones of that voice I loved so! "You could give me the hundred. I'll give it back tonight, and Abe will never even know he lent it to us."

"Oh, I couldn't. Why, Pinky—"

"It means so much to us." He was looking straight into my eyes. "And it's such a sure thing—there's nothing dishonest about it—if Abe were here we'd ask him—" These arguments and many others in the little back room alone together. But mostly the argument of his lips against mine, and the tingling sensation of his very presence, and magic promise of being Mrs. Pinky Mitchell before the week was up. So I yielded, like any other little fool of a girl!

I WATCHED him go out of the store, my heart beating fast, my cheeks flushed from his kisses.

I waited at home until nearly midnight for him to call for me and bring me the money. Then I got worried. Was he hurt? Was he sick? What was keeping him?

Finally I hurried out into the streets and found the dingy little hotel he had pointed out to me one day. The men in the lobby stared at me, but I walked boldly past them to the bare wooden desk.

"Mitchell?" said the clerk in answer to my question. "He checked out about eight."

"Checked out?"

"Sure! Gone—vamoosed—left!" he answered as he chewed a ragged cigar and looked bored. "Said he was leaving town. Wouldn't give no forwarding address. In my opinion, there's a little gambling matter that the police is after him for."

I guess I was about as nearly crazy when I got out on the street as any woman ever has been. Pinky was gone—gone without even saying good-by to me—gone with the police after him. Gone with Abe's hundred dollars!

The dire necessity of getting that money before morning kept me from going completely to pieces. Every time a spasm of grief came over me, I'd remember the hundred dollars—and then I'd think up a hundred futile plans of raising it.

Tears were streaming down my face. I was bare-headed. I was talking to myself. A crazy picture I must have made. And

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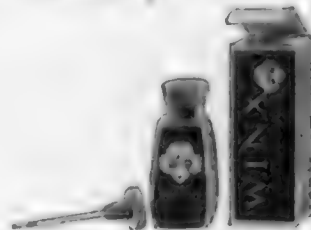
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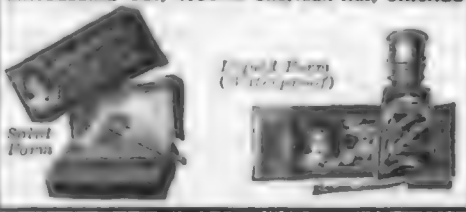
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I was going through one of the toughest parts of San Francisco, alone, and at midnight. It was here I ran into Tom Baily. He was often down that way late at night. Anything is likely to happen on the waterfront between the hours of midnight and dawn.

I literally ran into him. And when I looked up in wild fear to see who the man was whose arms were holding me fast, and saw Tom's familiar, puzzled face, I broke into tears. The relief was so great!

When Tom had calmed me and taken me into a little all-night restaurant where he knew the proprietor, I told him the story of Pinky and the money—pausing every now and then in the narrative to swallow the sobs that rose to choke me.

"The rotter!" Tom kept saying through clenched teeth. "The rotter! If you'd only listened to me, Maggie! He was no good—no good!"

"No men are!" I was forgetting that at the moment I was talking to one. All my old distrust came back. I despised every one of them—only the more bitterly, the more completely now that Pinky had brought misery upon me. "I hate them all!"

Tom got me the hundred dollars that night, and I paid him back dollar by dollar. Abe never knew it was gone. No one knew of the incident except Tom and me. The secret was a bond between us.

But Tom helped me in more ways than getting me the money. Those days after Pinky had gone he'd come around and cheer me up, bring me books to read—sometimes take me to a picture show. He got me to enroll in a class in store management and roused me to take a greater interest in my work. Otherwise, I don't know how I'd have pulled through those terrible days with Pinky gone. As it was, I grew sick for the feel of his arms around me, for his kisses and the hours together.

"FOOL," I'd say fiercely to myself. "No man's worth it. None of them. They're all liars and cheats."

And I didn't exclude Tom. I accepted his help and his companionship. I came to lean upon him. I think as months went by and the memory of Pinky was fading, I even came to love him in a grudging, bitter way. But I never trusted him! I was always expecting him to turn around and trick me. I thought he was trying to buy me with his money. He sensed it and it hurt him.

"Maggie," said Lily one day. That must have been about six months after Pinky's departure. "Are you and Tom going to get married?"

"Married! Are you crazy, Lily?"

"Well, you're together so much," she insisted. "And you can tell the way he looks at you that—he likes you a lot."

"Maybe he does," I said emphatically. "Maybe he even loves me! But that doesn't mean he's going to marry me. People from over his side of town that wear white collars and dress for dinner may play around with girls like us—but they marry their own kind!"

I said this as much for Lily's benefit as for my own. There was a fellow with a big Marmon car who used to come for Lily after work each day. His name was Fred Carstairs—his father was a prominent lawyer in town—and I was getting worried. I didn't want Lily getting her poor, silly, little heart broken over some rich man's son who'd play with her awhile and then leave her. Lily knew how I felt about Fred. She didn't talk about him so much any more. I hoped she had stopped seeing him.

"No, they don't marry us," I repeated.

You see, I was the "wise kid" again. No man was going to fool me a second time. No man was ever going to make me love him and then hurt me.

"But Tom's different," cried Lily. "Why, Tom's wonderful!"

"They're all alike," I stated flatly. And that ended it.

But a few days later I remembered what she had said.

I saw them standing on the street corner—Tom and Lily. They might have met by accident, and then again they might have met by appointment. I stopped short. Neither of them saw me, they were so engrossed in what they were saying.

"Tom's different! Tom's wonderful!" Lily's words came back.

THE next night Tom took me to the movies. A silver moon made even our part of town beautiful. Tom took my hand—for a moment I was going to let it stay there. It was sweet to feel him close to me. Then I remembered the little street corner tableau I had witnessed. Tom and Lily! I snatched my hand away.

"What's the matter, Maggie?" The hurt in Tom's voice made me wince—then I steeled my heart. I knew the way men got around women. "Don't you like me—just a little bit?"

"Sure I do," I said, swinging along independently. "Just a little bit!"

But I cried after I got to bed that night. And every time I saw Tom and Lily together after that—and it happened quite often—I felt a little catch in my throat.

Then came the night when Tom took me to the Cliff House to dance.

I'd paid back the money I owed him and saved enough to buy an evening dress—an adorable little dress, just the color of a buttercup. When I was dressed I danced into the kitchen to show it to Mother. To my dismay, Dad was there. Now that I was earning my own money I was no longer afraid of him, but I tried to keep out of his way as much as possible, especially when he had been drinking—as he had tonight.

Now as I stood in the door he grumbled something about wasting money on fool-dolls. I had a quick temper; it flared up.

"It's my own money," I reminded him. I should have known better! That started Dad.

"Where are you going?" he growled, and there was a look in his eye that frightened me. But I told him.

"No place for any decent girl," he roared, though he knew nothing whatever about it. "I'm not going to have any girl of mine cutting up any shinnanigans. You stay home where you belong."

"I'll go where I please," I answered defiantly.

"Well, the front door to my house gets locked at twelve o'clock," he blustered. "and anyone not in by then sleeps in the gutter."

I KNEW he meant it. Often when I was little I had to sneak to the front door to let Dora in when she threw pebbles on our window.

I told Tom about it on the way out to the big café on the beach.

"Sure I'll get you home by twelve," he said regretfully. "But it's a darn shame. Things don't begin to liven up till then."

But my disappointment vanished when we got there. I was dancing with excitement. It was my first taste of life in a place like this. And when the waiter led us to a little table by the window where we could look out and see the ocean breaking on the rocks below us, I felt dreamy. And as the evening passed I thought I saw a new light in Tom's eyes when he looked at me.

But this sort of happiness is short-lived. Mine was all too brief. It ended suddenly when I looked up—and saw Lily standing by our table. We looked at her as though she'd been a ghost, and she looked like one with her white face and tear-filled eyes. She turned to me.

"Your mother told me where you and Tom were. I've got to see him." Then she forgot about me. "Tom, you've got to help me," she wailed. "You've got to."

Tom's one idea was to get her out quickly—she was attracting enough attention as it was. He led her from the room and left me staring after them, tumult in my heart. In a few minutes a waiter came to me with a note.

Maggie dear: I'll be back as soon as I can. Please wait.

TOM.

I waited an hour. But I'll skip over that time. For never can I describe the furious thoughts that seethed through me as I sat there, and the misery that tore me, or the mighty effort I made to keep back the tears as I sat there alone. But in the end, fury triumphed over the misery, and when Tom came back, there was murder in my heart.

"MAGGIE dear," he begged, when he dropped into his chair, looking wildly harassed. "Can you ever forgive me? Lily needed me. I had to go."

"That was quite plain," I said in an icy voice.

He grew anxious, his brown eyes widened. "You don't believe—oh, no, you can't believe—that there's anything between Lily and me." He leaned over the table. "You trust me, don't you?"

What a question to be asking me! After what I'd seen—after what I'd been suspecting the last few weeks. I didn't even bother to answer; just looked out at the dark waves that were breaking into foam on the rocks below.

"Maggie," he pleaded, "answer me."

But just then the party at the table next to us rose to go. I caught a few words. . . "due at Dell's—twelve-thirty." I suddenly became aware of the time—it was midnight! I remembered Dad's threat and sprang from the table, forgetting Lily, almost forgetting my anger at Tom in my distress.

We were a silent pair as the taxi raced through the streets, our eyes glued on Tom's watch. No words broke the miserable ten-cents.

BUT we were a half an hour too late. The door was locked. All my banging and ringing was answered by silence.

"Well," I said stonily, when we were out on the sidewalk again, "now what am I going to do?"

"It was all my fault," said Tom in a stricken voice. "I'm so darn sorry. You've got to let me fix it up. I'll take you over to spend the night with a friend of mine on Jackson Street."

He started to hail a taxi.

"Wait!" I said. I almost wanted to laugh at the idea. "Do you actually think I'd go with you—to a friend's house on Jackson Street?" My last words mocked his.

It was the "wise kid" talking. The girl who knew everything there was to know about men, and who didn't trust any of them.

"Why?" Tom's voice was bewildered. "What are you going to do?"

"I've got money," I said, pulling a dime out of my pocket and showing it to him. "You needn't worry about me. Good by."

I started to walk away. Tom seized me by the arm.



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In very easy ways

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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"Maggie, you're crazy!" But a look at me convinced him that I meant what I said. Then the strangest expression I have ever seen on a man's face came over his as he let me go.

"Do you mean to say that you'd rather be alone in the city at midnight, with ten cents in your pocket, than trust yourself with me?"

For a moment I weakened. Tom was so dear! Then thoughts of Pinky flashed through my head. He had been dear, too. And last the picture of Lily's white, pleading face rose before me. That was enough.

"You're darn right I would," I blazed at him. "I'm going now. And if you dare follow me, I'll call a policeman!"

I walked to the corner and boarded a street car that came by just then. A glance back showed Tom still standing where I'd left him, staring after me.

I spent the night in the ferry building. Huddled in the corner of a wooden bench, I passed the miserable hours going over and over the events of the night—until at last I fell into a deep exhausted sleep.

Mother was waiting at Abe's for me the next morning, with some clothes and some money; a few dollars she'd scraped together by pitiful effort. She said I mustn't dare come home yet, because of Father—but she'd let me know as soon as it was safe. There were tears in her eyes, and there were tears in mine too when I kissed her good-by, for somehow I knew that I would never go home again—that the squalid Mission flat with my drunken father making it dreadful was a past chapter.

Where was I going? I didn't know. I didn't care. A heartbreaking sense of loss had me in its grip—but I wouldn't admit it was the loss of Tom. I wouldn't even allow myself to think of him.

I TOLD Abe I was leaving. No, I didn't know where—I had no plans. I was just going to get away from that part of town. He became thoughtful, then excited. There was a little store over on the west side of town he was thinking of buying out. Would I take charge of it? I consented. Then with my big bundle of clothes I took a cross-town car and found a room in this new district—a cleaner, cooler part of town.

That was the beginning of a new life for me.

I got a little hall bedroom near Abe's store. A tiny room, but a clean one, and the narrow window yielded a cramped view of the bay. Sometimes I could see a ship pass through the narrow channel. Other times, the white fog would blot them all from view.

But there was something about that stretch of water that was like a glimpse into another world of free, large spaces.

The McGovern's, too, the family I boarded with, opened new doors of life to me. Never before had I had the opportunity of seeing normal contented family life. Gradually, but surely, some of my warped notions straightened out under the genial influence of these new friends. There was nothing wrong with Daddy McGovern, the big, jolly, improvident father of the family. Nor with George, the oldest boy, who worked in a big, down-town market by day, and studied law at night. Nor with the boys Nita and Josephine brought home with them.

I worked hard these first months trying to strangle the ache in my heart; trying to blot out the pictures of Tom that would rise before me. After dinner I'd hurry to my room to lose myself in a book. Or George might stop at my door and tell me what to read next. Sometimes we'd go together to a show or a concert. George was a good pal these days.



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"Margaret,"—I'd dropped the Maggie—
"what's the matter? Something wrong,
isn't there?" he said one day.

"How can you tell?"

"You can see that in people's eyes. In
the way they talk. In the way they live."

I told him then about Tom. Telling
George, I knew I couldn't bluff myself any
longer. I knew I loved Tom—and loving
him. I trusted him. I felt somehow he
could have explained the incidents of that
night. But I realized this too late. Tom
was gone. I had found out from Abe
and Mother that he'd only come to ask
for me once, and, hearing I was safe, had
stopped coming.

I had lost Tom—forever.

George was comforting. "I wouldn't
give up hope yet, kid," he said, patting my
knee clumsily. "You never can tell when
these vanished loves will turn up."

But though I shook my head hopelessly,
I knew that deep in my heart I hadn't
given up hoping for him, wishing for him,
looking for his face among the crowds on
the streets, scanning each new customer
that came into the shop in hopes that it
might be Tom.

BUT no familiar face ever entered the
doorway. Until one day I looked up to
see—Lily!

How we rushed into each other's arms!
How we chattered and exclaimed! And
everything we said was incoherent. Some-
how I managed to gather that Lily had
been away—had come to Abe to find me,
and he'd sent her here. My heart was
beating madly. Perhaps she could give me
news of Tom.

"But where have you been, Lily?" I
asked. "What have you done?"

She smiled happily and contentedly.

"This has been the most important event
in my life." She opened her purse and
drew out a tiny snap-shot of a baby's
darling, funny little face.

"He's mine," she said proudly. "That's
my little Tommy."

I must have grown deathly pale. Lily's
frightened face swam before me. I gripped
the edge of the counter.

Tom and Lily—married! It had all been
true, then, everything I had believed of
them!

Finally I pulled myself together. I
mustn't let Lily see how I felt.

"I'm awfully glad, Lily," I managed to
force out. "I hope you'll be awfully happy
—you and Tom."

"**TOM!**" she gave me an impatient little
shake. "What are you talking about?
It's not Tom, I'm married to; it's Fred.
You remember him?"

I nodded, my head whirling.

Then the story came out. Fred and Lily
had been secretly married for months be-
fore she went away. She'd never told me,
because she knew I disapproved. Tom was
the only one who knew of it. And that
awful night at the Cliff House was the
night Fred's parents had found out about
the marriage and were going to send him
away to Colorado the next day. Then Lily
had come for Tom.

"I just had to have his help, Maggie,"
she told me. "And he was wonderful. He
went right to Mr. Carstairs and talked to
him—oh, like a hero! He said he'd known
me for years, and Fred couldn't find a
finer, truer wife. He got him to promise
I could go with Fred in the morning. Then
he dashed back to you. But Mr. Carstairs
asked him to keep the marriage a secret
until we'd been gone some time."

Lily stopped and looked at me. I guess
I was pretty white again.

"What's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing's the matter. Except that I
thought I was—so—so darn wise. And
I've just been a fool—a plain little fool."



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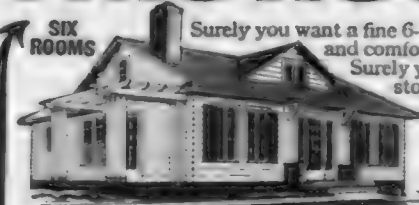
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And I put my head down on the counter and cried. Cried like any plain little idiot who's made a mistake. Maggie, the "wise kid," was gone forever.

I felt as if a part of me had died—that little hard, cynical part of me that I'd never been entirely rid of until this afternoon.

But even now I felt I'd never be rid of it; never have it buried deep enough until I saw Tom, and told him I was sorry for that night—sorry for everything.

I battled with the idea. I didn't want to see him, and stir up old, hurting memories. I didn't want to think I was seeking him out. The whole idea outraged me. But I couldn't be rid of it. It gave me no rest.

"I won't go, I won't go," I'd say fiercely, to myself. But always I knew I would—that some day I'd close up the store and go over to the newspaper office to see Tom.

I would have, I am sure, but it wasn't necessary—for Tom came to me. About a week after Lily's appearance, I was roused again by the ringing of the little bell on the door. And there was Tom, as broad and dear as I'd always remembered him.

Somehow, the words I'd planned to say to him were never spoken. They didn't need to be—for Tom knew everything I had to say to him just as I knew the unspoken words that were in his mind. He'd come to tell me that the past was all gone and forgotten; that he didn't blame me for loving and trusting "Pinky". And the other thing he'd come to say, I could read in his eyes.

"I love you, Maggie," was the message written there so plainly there was no mistaking it.

And my answer must have been just as plain, for Tom hurried to me, lifted me over the counter, and I was in his arms.

That was the end of the "wise kid".

My Odd Hunch

(Continued from page 45)

When I was close enough to hear, she was speaking.

"Oh, we are different girls since your time. Isn't it better for us to be free to experience?"

"How far?" I started and seized a tree—that voice!

"Oh, far as far. No matter."

"Far for me, Lorry?"

I put both arms around the tree and shoved my open mouth against the bark. Else I should have fallen; else I should have screamed.

For it was Father! My beautiful, dignified, famous father!

Starting out to tell this story word for word as it was—I flunk right here. I cannot tell all the foolishness I heard. I clung there until I was able to stand alone and then went noiselessly back to the house and lay down on my bed without undressing.

Father!—the judge whose decisions were distinguished; the scholar who addressed colleges; the big, handsome man whom my mother adored. Mother! I gasped. My slim, small mother, who was dainty, sweet, happy—"Dear God! Dear God!" I whispered. "Show me something to do! Show me anything and I will do it! Show me some lie to tell!"

I tried to figure out when it had commenced. Father had known Lorry a long time. She had visited me before. He had taken us about but never—never once had I seen a look or a gesture that could show any understanding between them. That was the devilishness of Lorry. The devilish cleverness of her.

NOW what was I to do? Was I to pounce upon her; pounce upon him; raise general clamor? Throw them at each other to protect themselves? And what to do about Mother, whom he seemed to love so much? He *did* love her. I had observed them all my life. This new thing back in the pergola was the influence of the times. It was the wide berth of decorum that moved girls to thrust their fresh bloom before men—to make men drunk with the newness of conditions and possibilities.

I had never been supposed to have much sense. Not brilliant like Father; nor beautiful like Mother. But now the futures of all of us were up to me.

I thought this about Mother; thoroughbred as she was, she would not compromise. Not after so many years of loyalty. I had heard her speak once about

a man who had "wandered from his own fireside," as the flippant put it. Mother had not been flippant. She said, "If it had happened when they were first married, each could have built up a new life—but after so many years, it is all wreck." It would be all wreck for Mother—little Mother, smiling out of a frame on my table.

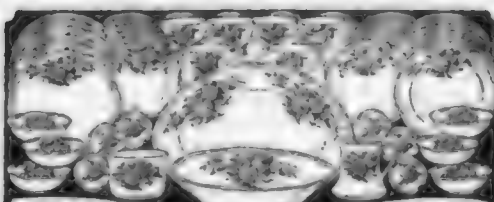
AND I thought this about Lorry—that she would go, as she had said to Father, "far as far!" The times gave her authority. No one looked upon a girl who went "far as far" as anything unusual. Girls were brazen on principle. And when a lax principle is supplemented by a man like my father—then there was but one answer. It would be some achievement for her to capture so distinguished a man. She would not hold back.

And too, I thought this about Father; he would never be one of Lorry's light o' loves—to put it that way—for she was the one who made advances. It would be a big thing to him; nothing to be shoved aside as of nights and stars and over-powering emotions. He was not the man to welcome Mother home, proceed along his old life and meet Lorry on the sly, in shady places, at sneaky hours. He would not do that. It would be like him to take it desperately. I could even understand that he might tell Mother. He would not keep them both. Not Father. He'd choose between Mother and the whiffet in the pergola. It might be but a temporary intoxication. Dare I chance it to be that? What was I to do? Raise a row at once? Or wait?

Before morning came, I had a plan. The baldness of it did not strike me at first. I dressed and made ready for it, unafraid. But facing Father at breakfast with my plan ready to spring, I couldn't do it. I waited a day. Two days. I did not follow Lorry again when she went out. But I watched, hoping she might miss one night. If she should, then I could hope that it was dying out; that I might escape putting my plan into execution. Just one night without their meeting and I would be hopeful.

But there was no such night. And I thought I saw a difference in their manner toward each other—a new freedom.

I got down on my knees in the dark. I did not say anything while I was on them. I didn't shape a prayer. I just let the Lord understand all by Himself, how I felt. I



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didn't ask Him a thing. Nothing at all. But it was a comfort and a strength just to stay on my knees! When I got up, I knew I would not wait any longer.

It was Sunday. Fortune favored me. Friends stopped and took Lorry away in their motor for the day. Father was in his room.

I went to him.

"Father," I said, and hesitated. "Father—I'm afraid I'm in awful trouble."

"Trouble?" He answered me perfunctorily, his gaze out of the window. "What is it, Pudgie?" He called me "Pudgie" because I used to be sort of fat.

I did not answer. My silence took his attention.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

I began to cry. It was not hard at all to cry. I was trying to handle a situation too big for me. I cried big tears without effort. He was so still, that I looked at him, my face contorted.

He was white. As white as the curtains back of him. His face—was like that of a stranger's.

"Winifred!"

I cried on.

"Good God Almighty!" Very low. Very strange sounding.

"Yes," I said through my tears. "Yes, Father! I had to tell someone!"

He took hold of me; turned me to the window; pulled my hands down from my face.

"Who is it? I'll deal with him."

I shook my head, clung to him and cried on.

He sat down and took me on his lap. His arms were about me, under my knees as one holds a baby. "Don't, Pudgie. Don't." For then I could not help crying had I wanted to.

"Now," he said, after he had held me awhile. "Now, tell me about this. How did this come about? When? Where?"

I TOLD him I had gone to a road-house to a party; that we had things to drink that went to my head; that I was not myself—and so on.

"Where was this place?"

I didn't know just where.

"Did you ever go again?"

No, I never had.

"Who took you?" I had been afraid he would not ask that.

"Lorry."

"Lorry!"

"Yes."

"She took you?"

"Yes, she took me! She goes all the time."

Now, really, you know, this was not so much of a lie as appears on the face of it. For Lorry had taken me with a crowd to a less than half-respectable place where men and girls discussed any subject that was indelicate enough; smoke, drank, and entwined arms. There were more girls than men that night, and another girl and I were left to ourselves.

"She goes to such places?"

"Oh, all the time, Father. She doesn't think anything of what they do."

"Does she know—what you have told me?"

"No, but she wouldn't think anything of it."

There is just one thing: if ever I must earn my living, I can do it on the stage. Or else Father is slow. And I cannot think that of Father.

I had not been rocked in his arms for a long time. I liked it. But when he put me on my feet, he did it sternly.

"Now," he said. "What is to be done about this?"

Done? I was done. I had spiked certain guns.

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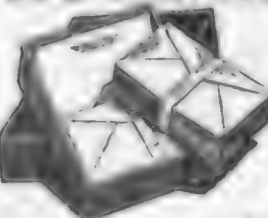
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But I hadn't considered that he might think it necessary to go further.

With a start, I saw that I was rather in for it.

"Your mother must come home at once!"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"She must know at once!"

"Oh, no, no, Father! Please, please!"

"Not Mother?"

"Why not?" He had lost all gentleness. His color had come back and his jaw was set as I had seen it but ten times. His eyes were narrowed but, worst of all, he did not look at me. He talked to me and looked away. I had lost his respect. He was ashamed. He accepted me as the thing I said I was. It dried my tears. Emergencies do that. I think.

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keep it from your mother. There is no way to keep it from her."

"Oh, Father—wait—wait! Maybe—maybe—"

"Was ever a girl in such a situation? I didn't know what to say. He turned and looked at me. Was there suspicion? No, for the glance was too cold and slanting. But he didn't understand. He didn't know how such a girl would act."

I went close to him.

"Father! Please don't tell yet."

He turned straight to me. Judicially. As a culprit at his own bench, I dropped my eyes.

"Winifred, there is something very strange about all this."

Now, you see, my father is very clever. I could not tell what was in his mind then. I cannot tell now. But we have never spoken of it since. He went away that day and when he came back, after Lorry had gone, he brought me a handsomer necklace than I could ever have expected.

I have tried to think it all out—both sides of it; how he felt about my story to him and how he felt about Lorry. He had been fascinated because Lorry knew. But it did not fascinate him if I knew. I shall never forget how he looked away from me.

There seems to be one code for a man's daughter and another code for the girl he runs after.

When mother came home, I watched him and he watched me. I'm not quite out of the woods yet—he may tell her. But if he does, then it is up to me to give her a reason for my lie that is not the true one. For to tell the truth to her would be to lay the whole scheme flat.

But one slippery place at a time is enough for me to cross, and, I'll wait and not worry. For Father's eyes have an odd expression sometimes when he looks at me.

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An Evening in June

[Continued from page 100]

one. Perhaps—I believe—in fact I'm quite certain that I wouldn't want to live with Victor MacBride myself, estimable young man though he may be. Those budgets of his wearied me unspeakably."

I could afford to be generous now.

"Oh, he'll make some girl a perfectly wonderful husband," I said happily. "It's three times and out, you know. He'll have good luck with the third one, but oh—"

I looked at Harry and laughed and he laughed back as he chanted with me, "but I'm mighty glad I'm not number three."

Just then Tom came in and I noticed that they smiled as they went out and left us alone. I had known him only a few days, but my heart said that we had always belonged to each other—and had found each other just in time. I didn't feel sorry for Victor; he wasn't the kind that would care, for his heart was in his pocket-book and not in my keeping.

Mother and Harry hated me to go so far away from them, but I went, and I've been happy. Some day I'm going back and show them just how happy.

Prize Winners in the

November Letters of Criticism Contest

First Prize

John H. Tyree, Richmond, Va.

Second Prize

Gordon Forrest, Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

Third Prize

H. C. Firanze, San Jose, Calif.

Have you seen the new letter contest on page 82?

The Case of Ira MacDonald

[Continued from page 77]

Ishii carried the two bottles of saki.

At first I could make nothing out of the obscurity and was conscious only of a hot smell. It was compounded of opium smoke, the fumes of the lamps and unwashed human bodies, preponderantly the last, and was disgusting to a degree! The flames of lamps broke the darkness in three places, and gradually my eyes began to see. Ishii put out a hand to steady me, and we picked our way through piles of rugs and mattresses, over wooden pillows and lamps, and at least two human forms, sprawled on the floor in sodden stupor.

At the far end of the room was the woman we were looking for. Su-Su lay on a mattress, supporting herself on one elbow, with a lighted lamp and a bowl of opium on the floor beside her. At right angles to her body lay a Lascar sailor, his head pillowed against her side; he was breathing heavily with his mouth open, and a great mop of damp black hair fell across his forehead. I dropped down on my knees beside Su-Su and Ishii squatted on his heels just beyond. Her eyes, out of the darkness, shone with an uncanny glassiness and she looked from one to the other of us with a sullen stare.

The first move was Ishii and was better warranted to make a good impression with Su-Su than any number of words. Picking up the dipper from the floor, he set about roasting a ball of opium for her, turning the tiny drop over the flame with admirable dexterity. Su-Su, watching it, began to fumble in her disordered clothes for her pipe. She presently brought it forth and put it in her mouth. A moment later the ball was ready. Ishii bent forward and deposited it over the little hole in the bowl of her pipe—and we waited. Three, four incredibly long inhalations and the little ball shrivelled and was gone. Su-Su, with her head dropped back over a wooden pillow, lay in complete relaxation and the hand with the pipe slid down to the floor.

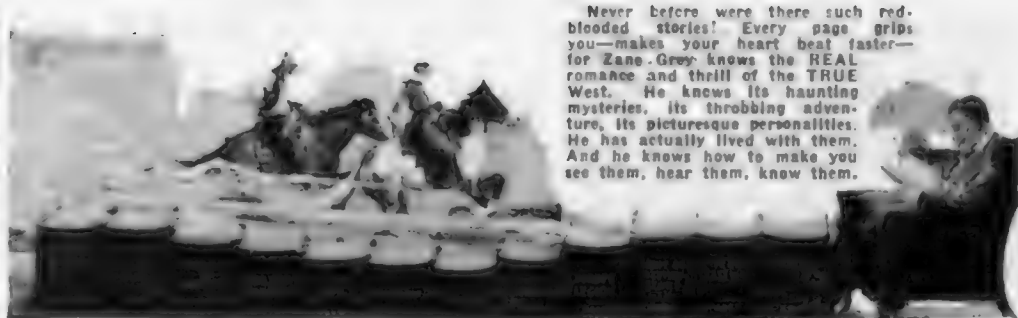
My eyes had grown quite used to the darkness now and I could see her plainly, see both the revolting and unkempt object that she now was, with her uncombed, black hair hanging around her face, and her scrawny neck and unhealthy skin—and at the same time, get a hint of the beauty which must once have been hers, in the fine bones of her face, and the full lips. Now she was filthy dirty, and because of her drug-soaked system, was lean and gaunt. Her obie had become untied and her kimono fell open exposing her yellow and shrunken body.

ALL this I saw and pondered on while we waited. When at last Su-Su raised her head she looked at us as from a great distance, but no longer in enmity. I caught Ishii's eye and he nodded.

"Su-Su," I began, my voice sounding strangely loud in that place of sleep and evil dreams, "in Kobe they tell that you are wise, that once a great injustice was put upon you but that you knew how to avenge yourself, and how to secure your rights. Su-Su, I too have an enemy but I am not strong like you: I am timid and need help. If you will tell me what to do I will pay you—all the money I have!"

If she heard, or if what I said penetrated, I could have no idea. She didn't stir. I began again:

"Su-Su, in Kobe you are a great woman. They tell how you outwitted a foreigner, an American. Su-Su, I am being watched, I am like a prisoner, but I have drugged the woman whose business it is to see that I don't go out, and I have come to you to



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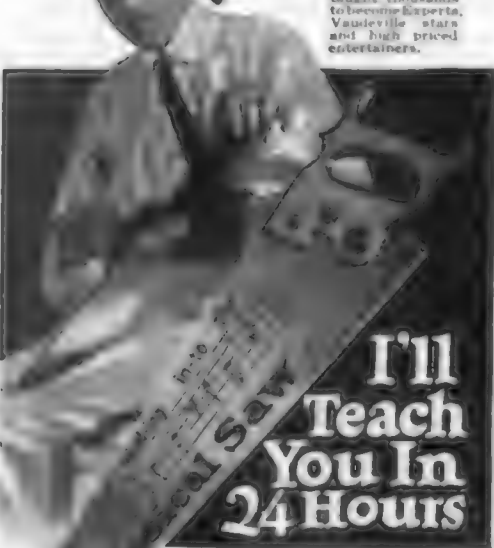
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But the conversation did not get back into its swing, and tea, coming in a moment later, was a welcome interruption. At Mr. Ramsay's request, I officiated, an added grievance in Mrs. MacDonald's eyes! But she could not be put off indefinitely, and once in possession of her cup, she launched out.

"It is an outrage, Mr. Ramsay! Fancy paying over all that money to an ignorant native woman, without first taking precautions to discover whether or not the document was authentic! And then I am amazed that your office here let the investigation drop merely because no trace of Mr. MacDonald could be found in Japan! Why was he not traced to the States? Though, of course the damage was done by that time," she added.

"You mean the money paid over?" Mr. Ramsay said. "I think, at the time, the office here concluded the greater damage of sudden death had overtaken your husband! Mr. MacDonald is to be congratulated that he is still with us!"

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald were plainly uncomfortable under his persiflage, but the Consul General went right on. "I have no idea why the investigation was dropped, but for the matter of that, why did you not notify this office when you and Mr. MacDonald became reconciled, when he re-appeared at home? For all you knew, we might still be hunting for him to this day!"

"Our reconciliation—did not take place for some time afterwards!" Mrs. MacDonald retorted sulkily. And then after a moment's silence—"We have been up to Kobe to investigate a little for ourselves before taking legal action!" she announced.

"Yes?" And seeing old friends, I presume? Mr. Ramsay turned to her husband, who, as yet, had said nothing.

"Didn't see a soul I'd ever seen before!" the little man blurted out.

"You know how it is in the East," his wife hastened to explain. "Every one changes, goes home after a while!"

At a hint from my Chief, I had decoyed the husband over to the open window. There, standing side by side, sipping our tea, we faced the door opening from Mr. Ramsay's private apartment, and "the scullery" where tea was prepared. Anyone coming from that direction to the tea table must pass close in front of us. Mrs. MacDonald sat with her back to that door, while our host had pushed back his chair to command both it and all of his guests. He went back a step in the conversation.

"As to the bank, they probably thought themselves justified in paying over the money. This Su-Su..." he turned to MacDonald, "Ah—just what kind of a person was she? She was your housekeeper for some time, I understand."

MACDONALD looked at his wife, "A very common sort of woman," she answered for him. "But she was a good worker and so he kept her on. Obviously she was a wholly vicious person!"

"Obviously. Was she—ah—attractive to look at?" Ramsay pursued.

Again MacDonald looked at the woman in the chair facing him, and I did too. The color had flooded up over her high cheek bones, the red angry flush of a jealous woman. And yet it was not with Ramsay that she was angry. He had touched an old sore spot, but the hurt went deeper than that. I turned and looked out of the window, certain that her anger and jealousy were wholly dissociated with anyone in the room.

"I really couldn't say," the little man at my side was murmuring ineffectually, in answer to Ramsay's question. "I don't remember!"

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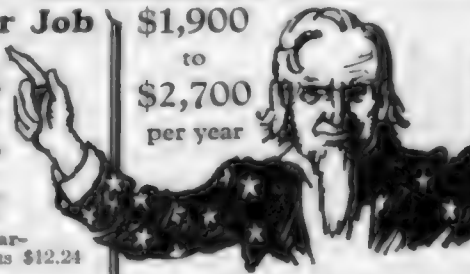
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"I love it," he exclaimed. "I'm fascinated by it. Did you say the name is Kissproof?"

"Yes," she answered dreamily. "KISS-PROOF."

"I wonder if it really is," he said—and as the music of the next waltz floated to them he drew a diamond from his finger and placed it reverently upon her own. "It was my mother's," he told her, "to be given to the one girl in the world. I've found her at last."

They danced again and other girls watched enviously as they observed the devotion of this handsome young man to his dainty companion. "She is beautiful," one woman declared. "She is beautiful," said another. "How do you suppose she manages to keep her skin so fresh and her lips so appealing?"

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the little tufts of fresh green trees, the harbor lay blue and smooth in the late sunlight. Even at this hour it was a busy sheet of water, dotted with tiny craft, and criss crossed with the ruffled wakes of larger vessels. I reflected that many a man and woman have disappeared out of knowledge of the world, and sometimes reappeared again, with no more disturbance than Ira MacDonald had created, but my own notions of this case were getting clearer and clearer.

"Mr. Ramsay," I demanded, without ceremony, "what's the penalty for false impersonation in this country?"

"That depends on the case, I suppose, my dear. I couldn't say off-hand. Why?"

While I was thinking of a pertinent, or possibly impertinent reply, there was a silence in the room in which the dropping of the proverbial pin would have sounded like a cannon shot. And in the end I never did answer that question. Mrs. MacDonald spoke again, and in a strangely altered tone.

"This Su-Su," she began. At that moment the scullery door opened and a Japanese woman came into the room, carrying a fresh pot of water. She hesitated and then moved forward, apparently propelled from behind: the door shut to on her back.

The woman was Su-Su, like and yet unlike the Su-Su I had seen a week before in the den in the Chinese quarter. She was clean now, combed, and dressed in a cheap cotton kimono, and free from the effect of opium, which fact accounted for the terrible laxness with which her body moved. She came slowly toward the tea-table, her head bent and her eyes on the ground. I turned to look at MacDonald.

At first he hadn't even noticed her: he was otherwise concerned. But as she passed close in front of him he looked up, and his expression was as blank as his mind. He had never seen her before—she was merely a Japanese woman with a teapot! I caught Ramsay's eye with a glance of triumph.

SU-SU put down the kettle, stopping to fit it into its bracket. Mrs. MacDonald was watching her idly, obviously preoccupied.

"This Su-Su must be found!" she announced in her high-pitched, dictatorial tones.

The effect on Su-Su was like an electric shock. She straightened up and for the first time looked at the people in the room, a swift glance that swept Mr. Ramsay and Mrs. MacDonald, who meant nothing to her, and then around to the short little man at my side by the window. At sight of him she gave a terrified shriek and went dead white, and her pale eyes widened unbelievably. And then, because he stood still and looked at her, plainly bewildered, she took a step toward him and the pantomime I had seen began all over again—the yellow, claw-like hands coming up around a throat, closing in on it, squeezing out the life! She was shaking like a leaf and MacDonald still watched her, amazed and shocked, but with no notion that it was his own neck between her hands!

Suddenly she went to pieces, collapsed on the floor, shrieking wildly. It was horrible, and prepared as I had been for just such a denouement ever since I saw her come into the room, I turned sick at the sound. There was a white froth about her mouth.

Ramsay and Mrs. MacDonald jumped to their feet, the latter drawing back her skirts as if from contamination. Ramsay touched a bell on his desk and a second later the room was in confusion, servants rushing in, and two secret service operators, men with whom I had worked, materializing out of nowhere. Su-Su, gibbering incomprehensibly now, limp, and purple in the face, was picked up and carried out. Some-

one else quickly took away the tea tray.

"I am very sorry for this unhappy occurrence," Mr. Ramsay began in his smoothest tones, when things had quieted down a little. "Please sit down. A most unaccountable seizure—the poor woman has not been well, but I am at a loss to explain..."

Mrs. MacDonald was white and her composure shaken. "No," she said, "no, I think we must go now." She gathered up her gloves. "Very distressing! I sincerely hope the unfortunate creature will recover!" But still she waited, as if searching for the solution of this thing that had transpired. She was very nervous, but in she suspected she was not letting herself believe.

"Ira!" she said sharply, and Ira came out of the trance in which he too was puzzling. But he was less clever than she and even the suspicion of the truth eluded him so far.

We watched them go, her skirts sweeping forward with the habit of years, but herself strangely lacking in her accustomed assurance. Ira stepped aside at the door to let her pass, a subjugated and pathetic little figure in his ridiculous Prince Albert. As he followed her he turned and gave us a last look over his shoulder, the baffled look of a man who has missed his cue.

AGAIN Ramsay touched the bell, and at a nod from him one of the secret service men who answered it, went out behind these two.

I waited for my Chief to say the first word, and I did not wait in vain. He looked at me and smiled. "Good girl!"

Mr. Ramsay's words of commendation always pleased me in inverse ratio to their number, but I took professional pride in hiding what I considered to be a merely feminine weakness!

"Can we have some fresh tea?" I asked. "That scene was rather horrible!"

"This matter of resemblance is a queer business, isn't it?" I began, when we were once more seated in peace and quiet with the tea tray between us. "I wonder where she picked him up! Think of having a double who looks so much like you that he can fool the woman who has lived with you ten years!"

Ramsay looked at me reflectively. "Is this the first case of a double that you have had? They occur every once in a while—more often than you would think!" He laughed. "In this case I'll warrant the resemblance doesn't go more than skin-deep—at least the real Ira lit out and left Mrs. MacDonald, something this one will never have the nerve to do! That divorce actually took place; I got confirmation of it by cable the day after you turned in your report. She got it in San Francisco twenty years ago, on grounds of desertion!"

"I see you took Su-Su into custody," I reminded him, slyly.

HIS reply was disarming. "I always meant to, on your recommendation, my dear! 'It's funny,' he went on. "That afternoon, after you were in here, a man came into my office who used to live in Kobe. I asked him if he remembered Ira MacDonald. He searched around in his mind a while and finally resurrected two facts. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'he was the chap who always wore a Prince Albert! No one knew much about him, but it was rumored he was a great hand with the ladies!'"

"Twenty years!" I mused. "It's a long time to wait for balm for your wounded feelings!"

"Particularly if, in the end, you lose out!" Ramsay answered. "Ten years is a long time to serve in prison! The precedent, my dear, for false impersonation here varies from ten to twenty years!"

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Her Bachelor Husband

[Continued from page 49]

think Jerry addressed a remark to her for the rest of the evening, but she didn't seem to mind. It was so comfortable there that the clock struck midnight before we ducked out. Even then she was bright-eyed and cordial.

"Don't feel that you have to stay away because Jerry is married. I promise to be very unobtrusive." As she spoke she laid a hand on his arm. And if the big boob didn't brush it off!

Bing was buoyant as we walked down the street. "Say, I never knew they came that way."

"They don't," I replied in my most confident, I-know-women manner. "Mark my words, she's just smoothing Jerry down before she slips on the halter."

Dave sauntered along with his head down and contributed nothing.

A few mornings later, Dick Reynolds, a former classmate who had set up his household gods in Oregon, dropped in at the office where I had undertaken to run the bond business for Uncle Jeffrey.

"How about rounding up the old crowd for dinner at the Club tonight?" he suggested.

I was game, of course, and called up Bing and Dave. Then I tried the law office where Jerry was looked upon as the coming man. He was at court, the clerk said, and not expected back that day.

"No use trying his house," Dick grumbled; "wives have a habit of forgetting little messages like that."

Suddenly I had a malicious desire to call Eve's bluff.

"I think I will phone there."

If you'll believe me, she sounded almost enthusiastic.

"How nice! Jerry will be delighted." I repeated her words to Dick.

"Shouldn't you say that boy had played in luck?"

Still Dick was dubious.

"We'll see if he shows up."

But Jerry was there at the Club ahead of us, the same old companionable Jerry. We loafed over dinner a couple of hours and then someone moved that we go up to Bing's for a poker game. Jerry was one of the first to hurrah the suggestion. I tapped him on the shoulder.

SAY, have you forgotten you possess a wife?"

I wish you could have seen the expression on his face. Complete bewilderment. I believe he had forgotten that Eve existed.

The casual way that boy treated her would have been funny if she hadn't proved such a winner.

A week or so after Dick Reynolds returned West I was strolling down Beacon Hill about six-thirty one night when someone clapped me on the back. It was old Jerry.

"Come on around to the apartment for dinner," he urged.

I hesitated. Probably Eve had looked forward all day to a cosy little meal alone with him.

"Some other time," I returned.

"I know what you're thinking. Don't be inane. Eve enjoys having my friends as much as I do."

She heard the latch-key and came into the living-room, sweet and provocative in some kind of soft rose thing. I didn't see how Jerry could keep his hands off her. But he walked right by, remarking blithely as he laid his brief case on the couch, "In luck to meet old Bob, wasn't I?"

She gave me a charming smile as she

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extended her hand, with "Such a treat!"
When we were helping ourselves largely
to Roquefort, she turned to Jerry.

"Shan't I ask Grace to skip over? Then
we could have some bridge."

He frowned. "I'd like a game, all right,
but that girl rattles on so it's no pleasure
to play with her." Then brightening,
"I'll call up Bing."

"Just as you wish."
If her words were submissive her ex-
pression wasn't. The little quirk at the
corner of her mouth gave me cause to
wonder.

But Jerry didn't notice it. He hustled
over to the telephone and soon Bing was
in our midst. Eve and I played together
and she was no slouch at the game. We
trimmed them completely.

"Your wife is a topnotcher," I confided
to Jerry when she'd gone out to make some
punch.

"Yes, I tell her she's as good as having a
man around."

I wanted to howl, but he looked so
serious I didn't have the heart.

AND Bing didn't see anything funny
about it, either.

"I hope you realize that you did Eve
a rank injustice," the latter remarked when
we were strolling home.

"The game is young yet," I replied.
"When you've had as much experience with
women as I have, you'll know they're much
like tennis balls: the looks do not reveal
how high they'll bounce."

He grunted.
Nevertheless, after three or four months
had passed I began to feel that where
women were concerned maybe I hadn't
taken my Ph.D. Eve's passivity put a
kink in my neat theories.

We had the usual number of gatherings
in Bing's apartment, and Jerry never came
across with the customary excuses of the
married man. "Ahem—an anniversary to-
night. Sorry, but I'll have to skip along."
Or, "Am afraid I can't make it; we're
running over to dinner with some of my
wife's folks." And no petulant feminine
voice rasped over the wire about nine.
"Will you be kind enough to call Mr.
Fulton to the telephone?"

"Don't you have to play around with
other married couples?" I asked Jerry.
"One reason why I sidestep matrimony
is because I can't see myself palavering
over an old thickhead because my wife
happens to like his."

"Eve has too much sense to spring a
thing like that," he snapped. "She knows
I wouldn't stand for it."

"What does she do evenings when you're
out?" I pursued.

He made no effort to conceal his disgust.
"The trouble with you, Bob, is that you
cling to worn-out premises. The modern
girl is resourceful."

No one had ever suggested before that
there was any element of the old foggy
about me and I wasn't ready to admit it.
Was Eve more resourceful than Jerry sus-
pected? Certainly any number of men
would have leapt forward if she had given
the signal. That girl with her soft hair,
curved lips, and smooth white hands, was
made to be loved.

I wondered. And then I was sure I
knew. It all came about through Bing's
restlessness, as usual. He approached me
in early May.

"How about starting off on a fortnight's
cruise?"

That boy was hipped about his sailboat
and the four of us had had some corking
good times in it.

"Nothing doing. Uncle Jeff doesn't make
allowances for the call of spring. Ask
Dave."

But poor Dave! He'd just misquoted
one of the high moguls at City Hall and

his position on the paper was precarious.

"Think I'll hunt up Jerry," Bing sug-
gested one night when we were taking a
constitutional in the Gardens. "He's been
working like a dog lately—deserves a lay-
off. We might drop around now."

"We might," I agreed.

As we were ambling along apparently
unmolested Beacon Street, I had a hunch
we were in for a rather messy exhibition.
Wouldn't the average bride resent rather
blatantly the proposal that her husband go
off on a two weeks' cruise without her?
This might easily be the added straw that
is responsible for so many fireworks. Auto-
matically I slackened my pace.

Still there was nothing intimidating
about the aspect of the apartment. Jerry
was there alone. His belated dinner—a
clam chowder—was on the living-room
table that served in lieu of a dining-room,
and a copy of "Typee" lay along beside it.
"The bachelor incarnate!" I exclaimed.

"Sit down and have some chow." He
drew up chairs and then headed for the
kitchenette. "I felt just like some tonight,
so I told Eve to run along and I'd get my
own dinner."

"Where is she?" I prodded, always on
the alert where these two were the pro-
tagonists.

He returned with some plates and set
them around in an orderly fashion. "An
aunt and uncle are at the Copley Plaza
for a few days, so she went up to eat
with them."

"Don't you stand strong with your in-
laws?" I jibed.

"I haven't any use for this old duck.
He's reeking with money and won't let
you forget it for a minute. I decided to
have a quiet evening to myself."

Bing dipped into the succulent dish.
"Glad you haven't lost your cunning, old
man. We'll need it next week."

"Next week? What are you getting at?"

"You're going on a little run up to
Portland with me."

Jerry pranced about. "Say, I'd like noth-
ing better. They've been nagging me at
the office to take time off after the Giles-
Endicott case. Eve suggested that we run
down South, but those resorts are a bit
too effeminate for my taste. Say, old top,
that's one grand good idea."

"What's all the excitement?" Eve stood
poised on the threshold with that wide
charming smile of hers in action. Jerry
faced her all aglow.

"Bing and I are off on the boat for a
couple of weeks."

I watched her intently. She remained
standing in the same easy position with
her smile, albeit a little anemic, still in
evidence. But the white hand tightened its
hold on her fur piece, and into those big
gray eyes that had always held such a
tender light, came an expression that was
actually ruthless.

JERRY wasn't looking at her—he had
turned to complete plans with Bing.

She walked over to the bedroom door
with all her customary grace and remained
absent for some time. When she returned,
although she hadn't altered her costume
in the least, in some intangible way, she
was changed.

That night, Eve did not slip into her
habitual seat in the corner and busy herself
with pink, blue, or green yarn. And for
the first time I was most consciously aware
of Jerry's wife. Scarcely realizing what
I was doing, I joined her on the Chester-
field and began arranging pillows solici-
tously at her back.

Contrary to her general rule, she guided
the conversation between us. It was not
long before we were discussing the ever-
fascinating subject of women.

"You're so tall I bet you just adore the
tiny, cuddly kind, with fluffy hair and big

blue eyes, don't you?" she challenged. "I'm afraid I do," I confessed.

And soon I opened up and told her about all the girls I'd loved and lost.

When the four of us were hovering around the hall door at the end of the evening I said to her, "If you get lonely this week, call me up. I'll break any engagement."

"A very good suggestion," she glowed.

She followed it, too, a couple of evenings after Bing and Jerry left for Gloucester.

"I have a college friend from New York visiting me, so won't you bring Dave and make it a foursome?" Her voice over the telephone was alluring.

So I'd been right from the very first; she was going to employ world old tactics and play Dave against Jerry. The friend was the little ball for me to chase. Well, I didn't blame her.

When I informed Dave of the engagement he almost blubbered from joy. "Gosh, Bob, I believe there is a God, after all."

Eve's cheeks were as flaming as her gown that night, and she had an air of unnatural excitement—as if something terrific were at stake.

"Boys get off at a good start?" I said, slipping out of my overcoat.

"I hope so."

"Oh, Jerry hasn't—" Somehow I'd always imagined wives demanded daily epistles from absent husbands. She laughed.

"Don't look so shocked, Bob. You know how Jerry loathes writing letters."

"Yes, but I had an idea—"

"I'd make him over? You ought to have observed by this time that reforming is not my major subject."

Before I could make a proper reply the door of the bedroom opened and revealed the cutest thing I'd seen in my life. Eve jumped up.

"Fluff, I want you to know Jerry's friends."

Fluff! The girl of my dreams!—a soft cuddly body, curly gold hair, and big blue eyes. My one desire was to pick her up in my arms and run off with her.

"You were right; there is a God—and fairies—and a Santa Claus," I assured Dave as soon as we'd reached the street that night. "Isn't she perfect?"

He sighed. "You know I'm not normal on that subject, Bob."

"I was talking about that bit of fluff."

"Oh!"

"You don't doubt for a minute that she's Cupid's masterpiece?"

"I'm right here beside you," soothingly; "not in Singapore. And those clinging vines are not my strong point. They are apt to choke out every other growth."

"I don't agree with you at all," I raged. "A girl like that—"

"WELL, we won't discuss it," he interrupted; "the disease will have to run its course with you. I see."

But it was the real thing this time. Fluff and I were together every evening, either attending some show or at the apartment. As far as I was concerned, Bing and Jerry could have stayed away a century.

Here's the funny thing, though. I was so off my head at the time that I didn't give much thought to it, but I realized afterwards that Eve didn't follow up her advantage with Dave. She seemed to lose interest in the chase just as soon as Fluff and I got going strong.

But we saw it through. A month after the boys came back I beat it over to New York, and Fluff and I did a turn at the Little-Church-Around-The-Corner.

Jerry didn't seem much impressed when I confided the news to him. "Oh, yes," he replied absently; "well, we'll see you at the Club Thursday night."

I did mean to keep in with the bunch, but

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it proved kind of hard. Fluff's mother was boarding down at Cohasset that summer and insisted that we take room at the same hotel. In the fall we had to spend Saturday afternoons and Sundays looking around for a permanent abode. I thought it would be a good stunt to take an apartment near Jerry, but Fluff couldn't see it.

"I want a home, not a smoking-room," she affirmed.

"Eve seems to enjoy having the crowd around." You see, I had decided, since there had been no flare-up, that I was wrong about her ruthless expression the night Bing proposed the cruise.

"Is that so?" caustically

"She's mighty gracious."

There was a wicked look in Fluff's eyes as she scrutinized me with "And I thought you were the boy who knew women."

After getting chummy with all the real estate agents within a twenty mile radius of Boston, Fluff and I decided on a house at Chestnut Hill. I thought it was pretty far from the crowd, but Fluff insisted that we couldn't get too far away to suit her. It took weeks to select the furnishings. But when we finally got the place fixed up it looked great.

"How about a party?" I hazarded.

"Just what I was thinking," Fluff replied.

"MAKE it soon. Long while since I've seen the bunch."

She raised her eyebrows rebukingly. Then, glancing about the dining-room, "We could seat six couples all right, don't you think?"

"Sure thing. Who are you going to get for Bing and Dave, though?"

Fluff ruminated. "We really ought to invite that pretty Mrs. Lane; she's been so nice to us. It's always well to conciliate one's neighbors, too. And the Douglasses are good people to get in with. They might make it quite pleasant for us out here. Then, there are the Nasons—"

"I haven't much use for Lane; he's a four-flusher. Anyway, you have six couples already," I reminded her.

"Oh, we won't invite Bing and Dave this time," she flipped back; "I can't stand Bing, he's such an elephant. And Dave is so mad about Eve he'd never appreciate my delectable menu."

"But they'll hear about it and—"

"What if they do? I think I'm making quite a concession in having that boor of a Jerry."

I happened to lunch with Jerry about a week later.

"Don't forget you're coming to Fluff's jamboree the fifteenth," was my parting salute.

"The fifteenth? Why, that's the night of the Big Fight that Dave is managing! You've got to be in on it, too. We can have the pick of the seats."

"But Fluff has all the arrangements made. She wouldn't change now," I protested weakly.

The glance he gave me was a staggering mixture of disgust and compassion.

Fluff always became so wrought up if the least little rupture in her plans occurred that I hated like the devil to tell her about Jerry. Furthermore, I wasn't keen about hearing the boy maligned, and she relished setting her teeth into his good name. Naturally then, I hoped she'd keep off the subject of the party that evening.

But no such luck. As we were attacking the soup, she gloated: "My dinner is going to be the last word in art. This morning Eve took me to someone on the Hill who makes the most enchanting place-cards."

I cleared my throat. "By the way—er—I saw Jerry today. It seems—he has a previous engagement."

No response. She turned her head and calmly hitched up the lacy shoulder-strap of her gown.

"If—if—you want to play bridge afterwards—you'd better invite another couple."

"Oh, I guess they'll come, all right."

"Take my advice and invite another couple. Jerry—Jerry isn't what you'd call vacillating."

"You're right. I'd never call him anything half so polite. But I bet they'll come. What will you put up?"

"Anything you-say." For once I was sure of my ground.

"All right. Your mustache."

"What do you mean?"

"If you lose you'll have to shave it off."

She'd been at me ever since we were married to part with my heart's treasure—but I had stood firm. Now I was cornered.

"Very well. It's safe, though."

The evening of that party was the first time in my life when the sight of Jerry was not a delight to me. He and Eve were among the earliest arrivals. And there wasn't a trace of sullenness to indicate that he'd been either beaten or bribed. In fact, he was in a jovial mood.

"I'm dying to see how you look smooth-faced," was all the explanation I got from Fluff when everybody had gone. It did seem as if I deserved some consolation for losing the beloved decoration on my upper lip.

"Eve tells me," I said, "that she and Jerry have taken a house at Gloucester for the summer. What do you say to following suit? Bing has his boat there, you know."

She laughed. "That would spoil everything."

"What's the joke?"

"Oh, nothing. Anyway, I've decided that we'll go to Wenham. Mrs. Lane knows just the place for us. Remember, I shan't want much excitement this summer."

I remembered. We went to Wenham. The advantage, to my mind, was its proximity to Gloucester. I might be able to get in a few sails with the boys.

But the Lanes and their bunch were strong for bridge, and as Fluff didn't yearn for strenuous exercise, we stuck pretty close to that colony. She did suggest one Sunday in late August that we motor over to see the Fultons. "I want to know if Jerry is getting any tamer," she said.

We found him on the beach with Eve. They really were grouped in a cozier fashion than I had ever seen them; she was reading aloud while he lay stretched out at her feet. Eve rose hospitably.

"Come on in and I'll make something to drink."

We had almost finished consuming the sandwiches and liquids when Bing and a strapping dark-haired girl bounded onto the porch in their bathing suits.

Old Bing! Gee, it was good to see him. He looked most frightfully fit, too.

"Peg!" Lo and behold, if Fluff and the girl weren't hugging and kissing one another.

"HURRY up and get into your clothes." Eve shoved the two bathers toward the door.

"Everything going all right?" There was a cryptic note in Fluff's inquiry. Eve's answer seemed evasive.

Doesn't Peg look well? As active as ever, too. We have to get Bing to play with her, for Jerry and I are weary after six sets of tennis and a half-mile swim.

Bing swaggered out shortly. I edged over for a word with him, but almost at once the girl appeared and he left me cold. They sat down in the hammock together on the other end of the porch and seemed to forget that the rest of us existed. He was doing most of the talking, too, and must have been eloquent, for her face was beaming. It was the first time I'd ever seen Bing fit in with a lady. Phrases floated

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over to me: "—she clipped along at a great pace: . . . we tacked and then—" I turned to Jerry.

"Suppose you and Bing have given the old boat hard service this summer."

He shook his head. "Not a cruise. He and Peg are keen about racing and they've been out in catboats most of the time."

Fluff was all excitement going home.

"Peg's the same old horse that she was in college. Well, you've got to hand it to Eve."

"Anything extraordinarily clever about her having a guest?"

She rested her head against my shoulder. "I love you, Bobbie, but you're like all men—dumb."

After that day I didn't get a glimpse of any of the crowd until one morning in October when I bumped into Bing on Court Street. He almost ripped the lapel off my coat.

"Say, Bob, I was just about to call you up."

"Why all the rumpus?"

"Taking the plunge next week. You must come over to New York. Just Peg's most intimate friends and mine."

I was staggered. Old Bing a benedict! "To see you perform would be worth the trip—but I'm afraid I can't make the grade."

Oh, come. A fellow isn't married but once. I want you to be there."

I laughed. Isn't it always the oxen-like Bing who enjoy an audience when they jump off? But I temporized. "The baby's only a week old. I don't feel like deserting Fluff."

Jerry told me about the kid. Great stuff. Meant to phone you, but I've been so darned busy catching the one o'clock these last few weeks."

"I understand," I said, patting his husky shoulders. "Bring Peg over as soon as you're settled."

I started to move on. This father game has made me a bit more conscientious about respecting office hours. But he held me.

"Show up at Trinity next Thursday—at noon."

I HURRIED home that night to give Fluff a knock-out, but she took the news as tranquilly as if I'd announced it looked like rain.

"Of course, you're going over for the show?" she said.

"Why, I—I—don't you mind being left alone?"

"Silly, naturally I do. But I hate to miss anything. I'll tell you what to look for."

I did my best to remember instructions and note—"what Peg had on"—"if Eve showed up in the same old green outfit"—"what sort of clown stunt Bing pulled off." But the only thing that really fascinated me during the ceremony was the expression on Eve's face. As she stood there beside Jerry, all I could think of was the light in the eyes of a fisherman who, after hours of patient waiting, feels a husky tug at his line. Jerry, on the other hand, was despondency personified.

He approached me afterwards.

"How about dinner at our old haunt, the Belmont?"

"Suits me. But don't make it an all night session, for I have to catch the twelve o'clock."

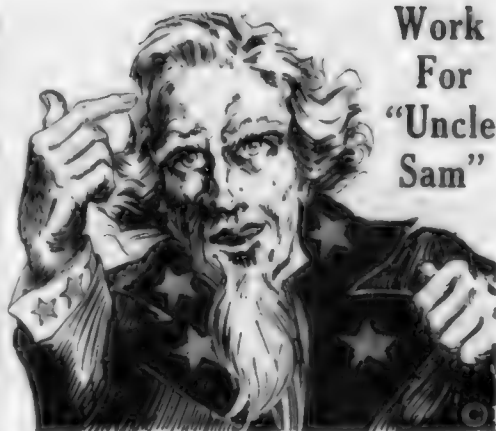
"No danger. Seven-thirty. Dave is touring the newspaper offices and won't be back until then."

But that dinner wasn't very reminiscent of old days. Bing's absence made everything seem out of focus at first. Then Dave dawdled in late, and his face wasn't the most cheerful in the world.

Eve alone had an air of suppressed exuberance. She looked up at Dave.

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editorial writer—a real one, I mean?"

"No, worse luck. And I'm sick of those fool Clifton assignments. Run over and have a talk with this preacher who says couples ought to be remarried every anniversary, or get a consensus of opinion as to whether bobbed or long-haired girls make the better wife. Did you ever hear such rot? I want to be a commenter, not a magpie."

"You'll get what you want in time," she encouraged him.

"What time? When I'm too old to plunk a typewriter?"

Her expression was one of astonishment. "You don't really give up so easily as all that? Why, I've been married to Jerry almost as long as you've been in the newspaper business, yet I'm not discouraged because he isn't whipped into the meek-and-mild American husband shape."

Of course, we all laughed.

"But I have hopes. Look at Bob, here. Should you ever have guessed that the wayward nephew of Jeffrey Higginson would be on a hat in New York and yet worry about a wife and son left behind?"

"You are a mind reader"—my cheeks burned; "I did wonder how Fluff was making out."

Dave bestirred himself then with "How is the heir, Bob?"

BUT Jerry interrupted absently. "Where do you suppose Bing is now?"

Dave and I howled. But Eve leaned toward him, "Cheer up; maybe Peg will be too busy running a house next summer to pine after racing, then you and Bing can have a nice cruise."

"No, it will be different then," he sighed; "all wives are selfish, all except you, Eve."

Apparently he was merely stating a fact, wholly unaware that he had paid her a compliment. But she blushed and dropped her eyes in a queer guilty fashion.

In spite of Jerry's gloomy prophecy, we had some mighty good times the following winter. Fluff got a good nurse for the baby, so we were free to go out evenings. Bing and Peg bought a peach of an estate not far from us and we saw a lot of them. I'll say that Peg's proficiency in athletics didn't interfere with her being a whole of a good hostess. Bing was most awfully pleased with himself for having drawn such a prize. Even Fluff had a decent word for him now.

"He's a nice, docile husband. It hasn't taken long, either. But poor Eve—" I was moved to Jerry's defense.

"You must admit he's been devoted lately."

"Yes, with Dave off on that murder case."

Which reminded me of the fact that I hadn't caught sight of the lone bachelor of our bunch for some time. One March day, however, he came blowing into our office as brisk as the gales that howled about.

"Just to say good-by, Bob. I'm off tomorrow."

"Your turn at The Little-Church-Around-the-Corner? Why didn't you prepare us?"

He shrugged. "I'm through with that sort of thing for life. All the good ones are taken."

I was about to attempt a jejune retort when he threw out his chest. "Behold the chief editorial writer on the St. Paul Republic."

"Good work," I said, grabbing his arm; "I knew you'd have them eating out of your hand yet."

He flushed in replying.

"I wish I could say that was only one of a dozen offers, earned through my trenchant articles."

"Oh, you're morbid on the subject. I'd be flattered to death to get one. Nobody is trying to edge out Uncle Jeff where I'm concerned." But Dave insisted upon

distributing the honors fairly—evenly.

"It happened this way. That rich old uncle of Eve's bought the paper recently and she persuaded him I was the only man for the job."

"Good scout, Eve."

He colored again, hesitated, and spoke.

"Best in the world. And if I don't give that publication full value, I'll go to the electric chair voluntarily."

A month or so later Fluff announced that Eve had invited Jerry and herself out to spend Sunday. It was raw that afternoon, so the four of us sprawled about the fire in the good-sized hall, while Robin rattled the beads on his crib nearby.

Jerry's eyes wandered around the place meditatively, from the baby intent on his play, to the library full of cheery books and the living-room decked with flowers—Fluff had sort of spread herself that week end. "Pretty homelike, all this. Know of any houses to rent about here?"

Eve didn't raise her head, but I could see the corners of her mouth twitch. I jeered at him.

"No one could pry you loose from that apartment."

"I'm not so sure. How about you, Eve? Would you enjoy stretching out a mite?"

Still she didn't look up.

"I'm afraid you'd miss our little place. It's so convenient."

Jerry sighed, "Yes, but all the boys are married now or gone away. Since Dave left, the city has seemed—well, kind of ghostly."

Fluff gave me a malicious wink. I scowled at her for fear Eve would see and know all too well why she was gloating. But I needn't have worried. Eve had eyes for no one but Jerry at that moment. Since the night at their apartment, the first time I met her, when he shook her hand off his arm I hadn't seen her indulge in the slightest demonstration toward him. But she looked at him now in the same tender, protective way Fluff gazes at Robin and then drew his head to her shoulder, murmuring, "I'll try and make it up to you, sweetheart."

The strange thing is that Jerry capitulated entirely. Like a tired child who has struggled hard but realizes at last that his adversary is too strong for him, he snuggled up to Eve and rested his cheek against hers.

After they'd gone Fluff waxed epigrammatic: "When you've drawn a mule for a husband, the only thing to do is to remove temptation; ordinary methods of reform are futile. But it takes the courage of an Eve to see it through."

"You mean, getting the job for Dave? That was only decent when she knew her uncle was looking for a bright chap."

My wife smiled upon me in her most beguiling manner.

"Not only that. She—she did rather hope that you and I would like one another, dear. Of course, Fate would have had us meet, anyway."

LIGHT broke at last. "And she invited athletic Peg to meet—"

"That elephant Bing. You're getting warm, dear. She even got Dave to postpone the fight which interfered with my dinner party. Eve knew the night Jerry went off on that fool cruise that her campaign would be long and arduous, but she refused to be stumped. Well, she deserves to gather in the spoils with both arms now."

I wonder if any of you blame me for being just the least bit evasive when the young fry at the Club asked me if marriage necessarily curtailed a man's freedom? You see, slim, straight, cocksure Larry reminded me so much of Jerry.

Sergeant Mac

[Continued from page 35]

and soul. The country people used to look at us queerly as we slid past them on the road. Once Mac laughed harshly and said it reminded him of the days down on the Border. When they walked along the village street, the women would fling open the doors, and call in all the children and dogs. A soldier was coming! I never knew how true it was, but it was a standing joke with Mac and the boys at the barracks.

Needless to tell, my father stormed and raged when he learned the truth. He was furious. He forbade me to meet Sergeant Mac again; forbade me to allow him to call at the house. Of course I thought I was broken-hearted. I managed to scribble a little note and get it mailed, explaining why I could not be at the usual place at the usual time.

Then one evening, less than a week later, my father came home a little worse than usual, if such a thing could be possible. Wuf tried to sneak away, but the furious man caught him, with only one idea uppermost in his mind. He lashed the frightened dog with his whip until I screamed. He thrust me aside when I attempted to interfere. Wuf, watching his chance, sprang and bit him. My father turned, uttered an oath, and staggered into the library. Mother cried softly. I dropped down and stroked the frightened dog. Before I could possibly realize what he meant to do, my father came back with his automatic. With no warning whatever, he fired two or three times. Wuf lay in a heap, with just one last little cry. I ran out blindly, my eyes wet with tears, and one shoulder stinging and paining in a dull sort of way.

"And now I'm going after that damn soldier of yours!" I didn't wait to hear any more. I got the car and drove madly through the night. My shoulder was getting stiff by then, and paining so that I almost slumped off the seat several times. I went straight for Sergeant Mac. The boards of the little bridge rumbled as I rattled across regardless of speed. I managed to make the sharp bend on the other side, and drove into the yard of the little frame barracks. In the darkness I smashed into the tall, slim flag-pole, and pulled up under an apple tree almost at the front door. I sounded the horn for Sergeant Mac, then fell across the wheel in a dead faint.

WHEN I opened my eyes again, the doctor in that little cross-roads town was bandaging up my shoulder, and Sergeant Mac was looking down at me with those laughing eyes of his. I'll never forget how gently he gathered me in his arms and carried me over to the barracks and put me in the car. For the first time I opened my heart and talked, as we sat there in the darkness. He held me in his arms and kissed away the tears that would come, in spite of all my efforts to keep them back.

"Mac, what shall I do? Would it be very wrong to—to leave?"

He didn't answer me right away. Instead, he struck a match and looked a long time into my eyes. Even before he spoke, I felt ashamed.

"Little girl, you couldn't do that! Think of your mother. She needs you. Stick to the ship!"

I lay still in his arms. He stroked my hair softly and kissed my trembling lips. I forgot the pain in my shoulder.

"You're wonderful!" he went on. "I've admired you because you have been so plucky. Don't think I haven't known—and

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understood. "You've been a real girl." He held me close and kissed me again and again.

"My heart aches for you, sweetheart! It won't be long, and when I come back—tell me you will wait?"

I promised, with my lips on his. Then he took me home. If it hadn't been for Sergeant Mac that night I might have "deserted" the sweetest little woman in the world. He was the one bright spot in my life. I'll never forget him for that! He stands out as one of the mile-stones in my life.

In September the little barracks closed its doors. The boys were called away as suddenly as they had been sent; were mustered into the regular army and entrained for camp in the South. But Sergeant Mac was among those chosen for Officers Training. Instead of being sent to camp in the South, he was sent to Officers Training. That winter he sailed for France. But he obtained a leave of absence to come home for a few days. He called me from town and I arranged to meet him at the "Corners," just a short distance from our farm.

IT WAS bitter cold that night, but I dressed warmly, and scarcely noticed the cold as I walked so light-heartedly to the Corners. I was sure I had got away safely and would not be missed, nor suspected, because no one but myself knew that Sergeant Mac was in town. I heard sleigh-bells, then the screech of snow, and Mac pulled in beside me on the road. Mac, with his happy, laughing eyes and care-free laugh! He kissed me as he tucked in the robe and picked up the lines.

"No engine trouble this trip!" he laughed. We drove back into the country twelve or fourteen miles, perhaps more, to a place where they served chicken and waffle suppers in the winter evenings. The drive over was glorious. It seemed like the good old days to have the soldier again, so close beside me.

But on the way back it was so dark we lost our way. The snow-storm had turned into a regular blizzard. We ran into one drift after another. We drove into one too many, turned over head-long into the ditch, and the frightened horse ran off, leaving us stranded in the snow and storm. It was dark as pitch. I wasn't at all sure that we were even on the right road. The drifts piled higher and higher.

We walked on and on and never seemed to come to a house or see a light. It wasn't late, but there was not a sign of any living soul on the road. I was freezing. My hands and feet were so numb I had no feeling in them any more. I staggered and fell. When I opened my eyes I lay stretched out on a rough floor. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. I felt someone bending over me, whispering my name. It was Sergeant Mac. He was rubbing my stiff fingers. Finally I could make out that he was kneeling, very close to me.

"DO YOU know where you are?" he asked huskily.

"No," I managed to answer, trying to collect my thoughts.

"I'm sure I've not the least idea myself. We're in an old house, or shed of some kind. It's the first honest-to-goodness thing I could find in all this wilderness of ice and snow. You fainted, Little Girl."

"Oh!" I couldn't think of another thing to say. I peered into the darkness and wished I could see his face. There was something so different about his manner. For some strange reason I began to feel afraid. At first it was such a relief to be in out of the cold and storm. The feeling of warmth creeping over me seemed

so good. I shivered a little more from fright.

"You're cold!"

"No," I tried to keep my teeth from chattering.

"You're freezing, girl! You must try to arouse yourself!" He dropped down beside me and I felt his arms tighten around me. He held me close to him, in a vice-like embrace, and felt for my lips in the darkness. I tried to arouse myself then.

"No, oh no! Not that!" I cried, the tears springing to my eyes.

"Sweetheart! I love you!" he whispered close to my ear. I fought desperately to gain control of myself. All reason was slipping from me fast. I felt as though I was dropping off into space somewhere.

The following day we were married secretly in town. Ten days later Sergeant Mac sailed for France.

Troubles at home came thick and fast. We lost almost everything. From the wreck, I saved the little roadster and a grand piano. Both I sold later, myself, because I couldn't afford to keep them. Relics of a life that had gone! A life that might have been paradise.

We went back to the city and took a small apartment. So small, after those acres and acres of ground and the big house with its wonderful rooms! I spent the next eight or nine months in a business training school. It was during this time that my letters from Sergeant Mac stopped suddenly. I never knew why, until afterwards—long afterwards. On his way to the front he wrote me the last letter I ever received from him—a happy letter, all sunshine, and love, and hope.

MY EARLIER education had never included any business training. I danced well, could swim like a boy, ride or drive. I liked tennis, could play a little golf. None of which qualified me for any particular position in an office. So I learned what I could in the months that followed, and was then turned out by the school a "finished product," to apply for a position. The firm was one of good standing in the business world. I walked in and found myself looking straight into Sergeant Mac's laughing blue-gray eyes. Only they belonged to an older man, slightly gray above the temples, and especially distinguished-looking. I had completely forgotten Sergeant Mac's brother. The resemblance was so great—I knew I couldn't have mistaken him. My very own brother-in-law! If it hadn't been so serious, I might have laughed. My little start of surprise did not escape his keen notice. He watched me closely during the interview. I tried my best to meet those steady gray eyes frankly. Something about him attracted me strangely. He gave me the position at once.

From the very first I fell in love with him—madly, hopelessly in love! It was hopeless, I knew, because there was his brother, my husband, somewhere. Hubert McVey was perhaps forty-three then. He had been very successful in business. He had gained the reputation of being honest as well as successful. He stood high in the social world. But as a man—just a man—he was wonderful! It was only natural after all, that I should fall in love with him. I missed Sergeant Mac's long, cheery letters. I missed Wuf's friendly bark. I missed the country skies at night; those long rides back over the hills. A thousand things I missed. The little apartment was like four prison walls. I had loved Sergeant Mac, those days in the country—but in such a different way. My heart had never beat one trifle faster when he held me in his arms and kissed me tenderly. I had loved him for the dear boy that he was—for his big heart—his kind and gentle ways. But that last night, when we had been lost in

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the storm and were alone together, something within me told me that I did not love him in the way I thought I did. I married him impulsively—it seemed then the only right thing to do.

But when I met Hubert McVey, somehow, something within me awakened again. I began to live just for the real joy of living, and I was happy. It was nice just to be with him all day long. I forgot my own little heart-aches, watching his laughing eyes, his happy smile. I'll never forget my first day of "work." It was hard for me, especially hard. By five o'clock I had the "blues" so badly I would have cried if anyone had been kind to me. I had gone in to leave some letters on Mr. McVey's desk—and discovered Sergeant Mac's picture in a silver frame, on the desk. Sergeant Mac in uniform—the same bright smile! The picture brought back all the past, the happy days in the country—the sad ones as well. I dropped down with my head on the desk and had a good cry. After that I felt better. After that I always used to find time during the day to slip in and look at the soldier boy who had meant so much in my life; who had given me the courage to "stick to the ship." I wanted so much to ask his brother about him, but I dared not trust myself to speak. And he never asked me any questions. Sometimes I felt that he was trying to puzzle me out. He studied me when he thought I did not know—and watched me. I had never told him anything about my life or my home. He took me on faith. I came to his office day after day and tried to forget the past. I looked forward to a bright smile and laughing eyes—and forgot myself during those hours; forgot all the sadness, and lived only for the gladness. I loved him—and worshipped him silently.

BUT "Somewhere in France" there was Sergeant Mac. Fighting for me! I had married him. I had given him all. I had promised to be true. Perhaps he had not deserted me after all. Perhaps he had written and the letters were lost. It was unjust to lose faith in him. Perhaps he lay wounded and unable to write. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind—a thousand reasons why I should give him the benefit of the doubt. And I made a solemn little vow that I would play the game, and play fair.

And sometimes the spirit is willing—but the flesh weak! One morning I went into the office as usual. Mr. McVey was bending over his desk, deep in thought, his back to the door. I slipped in softly and stood close beside him for a moment without speaking. Suddenly he reached back, caught my wrists, and pulling me down beside him, kissed me with a sudden warmth of feeling that went to my head like wine. He awakened a feeling that no man had ever awakened—a desire. I jerked free and stared a moment with frightened eyes. I stood leaning against his desk, searching his face—trying to read his meaning. But that soft, warm light I saw in his eyes! I saw what he did not try to conceal—and knew that he cared! Knew that he was not merely trifling. And I was afraid! I covered my face with my hands and dropped down, my head on his lap. For just a moment he let me stay, stroking my hair gently. Then he got up and lifted me to my feet. Catching me close, he held me, until every inch of me ached with longing—with desire—to forget! To forget my obligations—my vows!

"Sweetheart, are you afraid?" he asked. I shook my head. He almost crushed me in his arms.

"You're mine! All mine!"
 "No! No!" I cried breathlessly. "It

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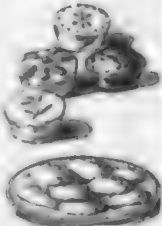
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can't be! It—it just can't be!"

I saw the hurt look that flashed to his eyes. "I'm sorry—please forgive me—but it can't ever be!"

"Is there someone else?" His arms tightened round me. I loved the glorious nearness of him, and dreaded to answer as I knew I must. My lips trembled. I shut my eyes tight and whispered desperately: "Yes." I felt his lips on mine, and in utter abandon I clasped my arms tightly round his neck and gave my whole heart and soul in that kiss.

"Now tell me that you don't love me!" he cried softly, his face close to mine. "Tell me!"

"I—oh, I have no right! I am not free!" I was afraid to look up.

"Forgive me, child! I am so much older; I shouldn't expect you to ever care for me! But sometimes your sad little smile makes my heart ache. I love to bring the happy look to your eyes. I've watched you all these weeks, and learned to care. Oh—to care so much! You do care a little?"

"Desperately!" I cried impulsively. "More than heaven and earth! But I must be true. I trust you so. You—you will help me?"

After that it was hard. There were times when I longed to go to him and beg him to take me in his arms again. But I knew in my heart that I could not. I fought hard to resist the greatest temptation I had ever known.

Perhaps a month later I stood one morning with the picture of Sergeant Mac in my hands, and looked long into those eyes, so like his brother's. I had the blues—the bluest kind of blues that morning. Things had not been going smoothly at home. My mind was miles and miles away—back among the hills, at the little yellow barracks, on a dark night. I could see the flagpole I had crashed into on that wild drive! Unconsciously, I put my hand up to the shoulder that had given me so much trouble ever since that accident. In my mind, I was telling Sergeant Mac all over again about Wuf. I didn't hear Mr. McVey coming in. My eyes were wet with tears when I turned quickly and met his puzzled glance. He sat down on the edge of the desk, very near.

"My brother," he said, never taking his

quizzical eyes from my face. "He died in France."

"Mac!" I gave a little cry and sank down at the desk.

"Months ago!" He spoke softly, but there was a vague sort of surprise in his tone. And I had never known! And blamed him for not writing! Very nearly lost faith!

"I never knew—I can't believe—oh, he was such a boy!" My voice broke piteously. I did not see the sudden light of understanding that came to Hubert McVey's eyes.

"You knew him? You loved him?" he asked. I looked up and met his eyes frankly.

"Better than any man I have ever known!" There was a little ring of defiance in my tones. "He was wonderful to me!"

"Then you were his wife?"

With a little gasp of surprise I looked up quickly.

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"Mac wrote me, about you, before he went to the front. Told me everything—sang your praises to the sky. And asked me, in case he should not come back, to help you, should it ever be within my power. The minute you stepped in my door I fell in love with you then and there, even as Mac had done. But I didn't guess you were—you!"

HE DREW me up until I stood facing him—half afraid—half glad. He caught me in his arms. His face was very close. His searching eyes seemed to read my very soul.

"Better than any man you ever knew, you said. Are you sure, Child?"

I closed my eyes.

"For Mac, then!" he whispered, and kissed me long and passionately. I yielded with a warmth of feeling that surprised him.

"No, no! Please—for yourself!"

"Please, don't misunderstand!" I said when he gave me a chance to speak. "I loved Sergeant Mac, in such a different way. But I love you with all that I am!" I hid my face. "He was the one bright spot in my life. I'm glad he didn't forget. He was a hero! And my husband for a day!"

It Wouldn't Have Mattered

[Continued from page 39]

lost his money, why, I'd still be a college queen, instead of a dusty, broken down slave!" Anne sniffled.

The girls trooped in, adorable and dainty, their bobs modelled to perfection, and their eyes like small mischievous headlights. They all wanted to be helped at once, and Anne and I took stray stitches, held powder-boxes and made up cupid's bow lips. The room soon smelled like a garden, for every girl had her own pet brand of perfume.

AFTER the house was quiet, Anne and I walked home arm in arm, a good mile across town. But Anne hadn't forgotten her grievance.

"Listen, Ruth, I've got a plan to save our lives! Now don't pull away, and get moral. The case is desperate! We'll partition off that alcove in our bedroom and fill it full of college pillows and pennants, and serve a series of Sunday evening suppers. We can snare them on the way hither and thither from Sunday evening vespers. They'll come at the first mention of food, like cattle when you throw a handful of salt.

"Did you ever see a college man when

he wasn't hungry? Of course not! 'They ain't no sich animile!' Before long we'll have even the rushees envying us our popularity! At the end of the year we'll announce our joint engagements and go to Paris on our honeymoon!"

Anne pinched my arm in her enthusiasm.

"Ouch! Stop! To whom will we announce our engagements?" I mildly inquired.

"To honest-to-goodness princes—with bank accounts, this year's roadsters, and affectionate dispositions!" she triumphed.

"It can't be done, honey," I sighed, for I hated to wet-blanket her hopes. "College men nearly all go back to the girl they left behind. And the nice local men are married or else don't want to be. I haven't had the suspicion of a proposal since my senior college year."

"Why, you poor lorn thing! From now on, we're going to have to use the city directory to keep track! We'll test out the old crack that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. It may not be poetic, but it sounds sensible. I will not be an old maid school-marm, not even if I have to sue somebody for breach of

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promise to get him! Do you get that?"

Of course we giggled all the way home over Anne's heretic desperation, but once there, and settled at the big study-table with its theme papers and math quizzes stacked under the green-shaded drop-light, our gaiety fell from us; we settled down to several hours of grinding work. Our goggles made us look old and unalluring, and, worst of all, we knew it.

Seven years before, I had fallen in love as romantically as the daughter of the famed house of Capulet. I had known what it was to be "rushed", madly adored, and threatened with suicides and murders, if I withheld the boon of my love. It was to "Buck" Forham alone, that I yielded my timid adoration. Buck was so different from me. I was demure and timid, noted only for my position as captain of the basketball team. Buck, who was the biggest man in college athletics, seemed to me a heroic figure. I read every scrap of news about him in the college bulletins, and when at last I met him and he singled me out for his attentions, I was unutterably proud and happy.

Then, at our greatest football game of the season, played on our own field, Buck lost his temper, and fought with a member of the opposing team. Our standards were high. Buck was suspended because he would not back down. He apologized, of course, but he would not admit that he was wrong about the mooted point. So he left, notwithstanding a petition signed by everybody who could get hold of the paper long enough to scribble a name. My heart fairly broke over the whole beastly business!

THE memory of our last evening together is still exquisitely vivid, in spite of the drab years. I had come downstairs to bid him good-bye, my heart beating madly under my white sweater.

"Better come back next year, Buck. That's the biggest, finest thing you could do. The college—the team—needs you, Buck."

I had been desperately afraid he would see how much I cared for him.

Buck was stubborn. He spoke stormily, "No—I was in the right. That shrimp cheated. He needed a beating up. If Prexy wants to throw me out just for that, let him!"

I could understand what this meant to him. He had lived and breathed and dreamed for that team's success. And now to have his efforts cast aside, for a mere slip was too much! He was bitter.

There was nothing to say. I was afraid I would cry and throw my arms about his broad shoulders and beg him to remain! So I just sat there with my heart freezing inside me, to think of losing him forever—this sunny, funny Buck, with his insouciance and his charm, standing there overwhelming me with the dearness of his smile.

Suddenly he came close and leaned over me. His brown fingers fumbled with the catch of his fraternity pin. He quickly snatched it off and pressed it into my hand.

"Keep it, Ruth. Some day, I'll be back, but not before I'm rich enough to buy up their old college and give it to them!"

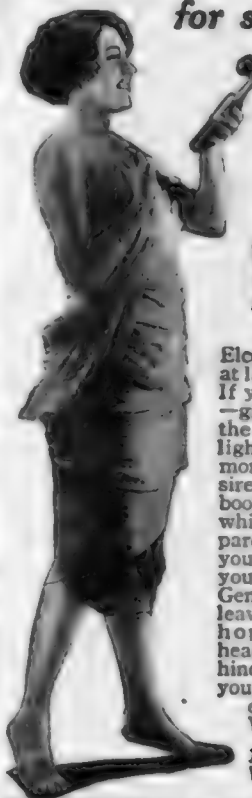
Then he shot out and down the steps before I could stop him. That was the last time I saw Buck Forham.

For four years I wore his pin on my blouse, and then one day I laid it away in pink tissue paper in one corner of my dressing-table. That morning, I had overheard some of the High School girls in the cloakroom, giggling over my pin, and surmising that I must have bought or found it, as there didn't seem to be a

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man attached, or as much as concerned Youth is thoughtlessly cruel; I am sure the girls would have regretted had they known how much their ridicule hurt. And, too, it seemed that to take off my pin was to give up hope of Buck's coming back to me. Yet, I didn't even know where he was! No one seemed to know. He never wrote, nor appeared at college reunions. Of course he might be married—so I put away my pin, but I did not, could not, forget. Often my heart yearned back to that parting scene and I felt Buck's brown fingers pressing the token into mine. He had set his sign and seal upon the very core of my being at that parting hour.

Anne filled the empty place in my heart. I was glad to fall in with this new plan of hers. The landlady did not object when she learned that we had bought a chafing-dish, and a neat little ice-box of our own.

AS THE result of Anne's skillful maneuvering, the Sunday suppers were a success, from the point of numbers. But, it was the young college boys who missed their mothers, that liked to sprawl on our couch, talk about themselves, and eat. I suppose it cut down expenses for them, too, to feel that they needn't give anything in return, such as chocolates, roses and theaters, as the reigning stars demanded. Their presence kept away the very men Anne had hoped to attract—eligible assistant-professors, and recently graduated architects and lawyers.

"We can't marry these babies!" Anne stormed furiously, after one of our unprofitable eating orgies. She cast impatient glances at the disarranged study; a chafing-dish smeared with the remains of creamed chicken, coffee cups that had served as ashtrays, and saucers adorned with olive-pits. "All they do is talk, whine for more eats, and brag! I loathe them!"

I felt sorry for her, and still I couldn't help laughing. I tried to be consoling.

"Well, personally, I wouldn't want to marry one of those walking appetites! Why do their mothers let them go away till they've got their growth? But they are companionable."

"So are Newfoundland dogs!" Anne put in crossly.

"Who knows, dear! Your Prince Charming may turn up any day!" I told her, with more optimism than I secretly felt.

Anne displayed no interest, however, until she met Henry Sterling at the sorority house on a matter of business. According to the snobbish verdict of the other girls, Henry was too crude for words. He wasn't a college man; he wore the wrong sort of clothes, and he did not talk the college patter. It wasn't long before Anne made it plain that she considered him a matrimonial prize—she had found out how much the contracting business was netting Henry per year! But, also, as self-effacing as I tried to be—going for long, lonely strolls the evenings he called—it soon became embarrassingly evident that it was my company Henry preferred. I think perhaps because I was kind to him.

Anne resented this turn of affairs. She took revenge by a cruel flippancy at Henry's expense, mimicking what she called his "social blunders" before the other girls at the sorority house. She always said, "No, I thank you, mam, I wouldn't wish for any butter just now, thank you, mam!" in exaggerated mockery of Henry's timid politeness.

One evening as we sat together, tacking fresh white collars and cuffs on our dark,

one-piece school costumes, I remonstrated with her.

"Oh, he so hopelessly rote, dear! I don't see how a girl of our standards could possibly afford to take him seriously!" Anne said scornfully.

I paused, though I couldn't keep resentment and loyalty from my voice.

"Henry Sterling is a good man. He deserves a great deal of credit, poor boy! He hasn't had an easy time, only a grammar school education, and yet, at thirty-five, he is on his way to being a wealthy man. He's been shrewd in buying up real estate. Really, I shouldn't be surprised if he were already worth half a million! But that's nothing compared to Henry's true worth. Why, he's just like his name—sterling—all the way through!"

I bent over my sewing to hide my blushed face, and subdue the confusion in my heart.

"Ah, ha!" Anne said. "When a woman begins to call a great, hulking brute of a man, 'poor boy', and to estimate how much he is worth, look out!"

There was something ill-natured and cutting in Anne's tone. I didn't want to feel this, but I had to! Was it possible she was secretly angry over Henry's failure to fall in love with her? Oh, I was miserable at the thought of anything coming between us. Why, Anne had become like a little sister! I couldn't bear to have her throwing cold, sarcastic looks at me. And yet, what could I do? I lay awake until far into the night trying to puzzle out her attitude.

From that time on, Anne seemed to take a spiteful delight in showing up Henry's lack of social ease. She made him the butt of her ludicrous caricatures when any of the college crowd were present. They called him, "Old Bricks and Mortar".

I redoubled my efforts to keep him from catching on to their cruel jokes, and tried to make him happy and comfortable when he called. Sometimes, I almost despised the noisy, rude crowd, and thought seriously of moving into a separate apartment. Then, dread of loneliness would hold me to endurance.

Henry began calling regularly Sunday afternoons, and taking me in his roadster, on long, swift, wind-blown rides, which furnished our first chance for uninterrupted companionship. I found myself beginning to feel young, to laugh over nothing, and even singing over math papers. It was nice to be sought out by a big, strong man like Henry. He made the college boys look cheap and trifling. There grew within me a longing to bestow upon Henry a little of the appreciation and affection he so richly deserved. I admitted to myself that I would say "yes" to the question that fairly trembled upon the man's lips.

ONE evening when Anne was out, Henry called, and the silences between us had been fraught with sentiment. I divined that he looked up to me as to an angel—one who could do no wrong. After he had gone, I opened a certain drawer, brushed aside a neat pile of handkerchiefs, and peeped at the sparkling, jeweled fraternity-pin that nestled there like a tiny, red heart. I sighed as I covered it over. It would not be long now until I would have to bury it forever. I shrank from this, as if it had been something alive. . .

I was completely unprepared for a complete dropping off of Henry's attentions. For two weeks I neither saw nor heard anything of him. I thought he might have been called out of town, but learned that he was in his office as usual. I worried myself sick before I confided in Anne.



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"Oh, don't ask me what he has in his thick head!" she contemptuously answered. "Unless—! Oh, I suppose I might as well tell you, Ruth! It was unfortunate! Cupid and Nell and Bat were here the Sunday evening you were over with the little sick Peters girl. The stupid landlady sent your Henry up to wait for you, and he took a chair in the hall when he heard the noise in our room. Our door was partly open. And—oh, don't you get the rest of the scenario? Bat had to take that, of all times, to do his famous imitation of Henry eating potato chips with his knife and fork! It was a scream! And I suppose old Bricks and Mortar took himself off in a pout. But what can he expect? He's a rank outsider, and always will be!"

I was white with shock and indignation. "Henry Sterling has more true breeding than that whole silly bunch put together!" I said tensely, and walked into the bedroom and closed the door.

I flung myself upon the bed and wept bitterly. I had been afraid this would happen! I knew how sensitive he was. He idealized us all, as only a self-made person idealizes those he fancies above himself. Oh, I knew he must have been cut to the very quick! Perhaps he had thought I was there, countenancing his betrayal.

A WEEK or two passed and I could not bring myself back to the old friendly footing with Anne. We scarcely spoke. I lost my appetite and slept poorly. I was startled at the dark rings beneath my eyes, and I noticed a thickening of the slight gray streak in my dark hair.

One night I had gone to bed early. Anne was out to a party, but I was still sleepless when she came in at midnight. She crossed to my bed and threw her arms about me.

"Forgive me—dear, old Ruthie! I'll do anything I can to make it up to you. I'm sorry as I can be that I should have caused you unhappiness." She stroked my hair and kissed my cheek, and "petted" me in the endearing way she had. I was lonely and discouraged, so I cuddled her head on my shoulder and we talked the whole thing out.

"I see how you feel, Ruthie, honey, and this is what I'm going to do. I'll go to Henry and square the whole thing. I'll eat humble pie—tell him it was a joke and meant absolutely nothing—and I'll assure him and make him believe that you had absolutely nothing to do with it! That you're the truest, most loyal old dear in the world!"

"Oh, Anne, would you? Do you suppose you could fix it all up?" I whispered happily.

"Sure. Leave it to me. I'll be Little Miss Fix-it, herself! Just leave it to Anne, and your little Henry's feelings shall be soothed and wrapped up in cotton wool, all rosy and cosy!" Anne pinched my cheek and kissed me and we went to sleep, happier than we had been for many days.

The next day the long green roadster stood waiting out in front, but it was Anne who seized sport coat and tam and ran downstairs to join Henry. I watched from the window, and as she turned her saucy face toward him, framed in its flaxen aureole of curls, I had a sudden, curious foreboding, which I instantly put aside as unworthy. Anne would play fair.

Two weeks later Anne announced her engagement to Henry Sterling. Oh, the days that followed were not easy for me! I knew everyone was talking, the girls at the sorority house and the other teachers. There was nothing to do but see it through with all the dignity that pride could bring to bear. Anne avoided me guiltily at first,



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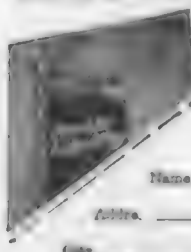
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but when she found there were to be no quarrels nor hard feelings, she delightedly confided her good fortune to me.

Henry had bought a wonderful house on exclusive Evercrest Knoll. Wasn't her solitaire perfectly gorgeous? I must be her maid of honor at the fashionable wedding her Aunt Sarah Deming was giving her in June. Anne had sent in her resignation at once. No more dull old books for her, she triumphantly affirmed. And her dear old Ruthie must spend a lot of time with them, when they were married. They were both fond of her!

I chuckled a bit ironically at this. Well, all's fair in love.

I wondered just how Anne had pulled the trick. Once I looked out of the window and saw her meet Henry in the street—watched her coquettish attack upon his masculine armor—saw the man's face flush, and subtly coarsen, as Anne locked her arm in his. The oldest methods in the world, and poor Henry was too simple to recognize them!

A swift impulse made me cross to my dressing-table and seek the ruby pin with trembling fingers. Perhaps the trinket was only an empty symbol of a love that might have been, but after I pinned it in its old place over my heart, I felt happier than I had for months. Sometimes, I would wear it, and dream again of my first romance. To others I might seem only an old maid school-marm, but to myself I was not without my sacred memories.

Mrs. Deming was a widow with money and a longing to shine with the college set, so she welcomed the chance to play benefactress to Anne, and between them they inveigled me into being maid of honor in the elaborate bridal party. I would have given anything to be spared this public humiliation. It did seem too much to ask of me, and yet—not for the world would I have played coward, especially as Mrs. Deming, with her usual extravagant generosity, was furnishing my costume, in exquisite shades from pansy to mauve.

WHEN I crossed Mrs. Deming's thickly carpeted runway, the wedding night, my heart was beating fast with the pleasurable, half-sad excitement a wedding always brings. It was early. Upstairs it was very gay, when I crowded into the perfumed, swarming hive of young things who buzzed about from one bed-chamber to another.

I threw off my old coat and got to work, although the girls all crowded round me and insisted that I looked wonderful in the short gown, with its flower-petal skirt of mauve. I pushed them away and, pinning on a towel, did Anne's hair in the sleek, satiny cap she liked. She was a lovely bride. I could not blame Henry for having chosen as he did, though the lonely years ahead of me made my heart feel like a lump in my breast—a lump of lead.

But I wouldn't let myself stop working and smiling. I dressed tiny Agnes Deming in her abbreviated Cupid costume and instructed her again how to scatter her rose petals from the gilded basket she carried on one fat arm.

I straightened Master Deming's Windsor tie and made sure he knew where to stand, and how to hold his pillow, with its important ring.

They had been rehearsed often and were the coolest members of the party. At last the time came. I supported Anne, who began to tremble a bit when we heard the solemn strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, and then we were slowly going down the stairs and into the drawing-room, to the green fern-fringed aisle prepared for us.

After the ceremony the crowd sat down

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to an elaborate supper, and I decided to slip away to my quiet room. It had been a strain. I had felt dozens of curious eyes probing me to see how I was "taking it." I wanted to get away—now that Anne no longer needed me—would *never really need me again*. I had reached the front stairs when someone stopped me, blocking my path. I raised my indifferent, tired eyes and looked straight into the eyes of—yes, it was—Buck Forham.

"Don't go away before I've had a chance to see you, Ruth," he said softly, still holding my hand in his and looking at me with a terrible longing in the dark eyes I remembered so well. He was weather-beaten, and thinner, and the dark hair receded a bit from his high forehead.

"Oh, it's Buck," I said coolly. "Where-ever did you drop from?"

He leaned one elbow against the stair banisters and looked at me searchingly, appraisingly, inscrutably. Against this silent probing I again tried to erect the barrier of the commonplace.

"If I remember correctly, you were to return from parts unknown, covered with glory, and staggering beneath the weight of money-bags and medals, to be met by the local populace and acclaimed the conquering hero by the usual number of municipal brass bands," I laughed up at him.

BUCK laid his hand upon my bare arm, and I shivered uncontrollably.

"You're married, of course! Or have you a whole retinue of nut-brown wives at your command?" I asked.

Still he held me with eyes and hands. I felt stifled, hysterical with my desire to escape, to hide like a wounded animal. At last he said, and it sounded like a prayer: "Ruth, you're just the same! But don't hit a fellow when he's down. I never got farther than a little, prairie dog settlement in Texas, Ruth. I've never had the price nor the heart to come back. I wasn't proud of the way I'd turned out—running a little railway eating-house—making ham sandwiches, and swapping stories with cheap drummers!"

"Oh!" I whispered, and involuntarily my hand slipped into his. "But why are you here now, Buck?" I lingered on the old name.

"Mrs. Deming takes pride in keeping in touch with the old fellows in our bunch. It was to please her I came back. She was determined I should be here tonight, and made me come. I've got to beat it right back to my lunch counter, but I've got something precious to take back with me, Ruth . . . the picture of you standing there in that pretty dress, laughing and talking to old Buck—the most colossal fizzle in the history of this old college!"

He drew me gently into the deserted library. "Many's the time, Ruth, I've had to fight down the longing to see you—to come back. But I couldn't do it. I couldn't let you know how I'd turned out, a down-and-outer."

I suddenly turned away, my eyes full of tears, and when I faced him the little ruby-jeweled talisman of our troth nestled upon my wildly beating heart.

"Ruth! My pin!"

And then he drew me into his arms and gave me the kiss that turned the whole world into heaven, then and there.

"Ruth, you mean it? You do love me, shabby old Buck, the failure?"

"You silly Buck, I make wonderful ham sandwiches!" I replied.

Mrs. Deming let out the news. Buck was on his way back to New York on business connected with oil. It was just like the scamp to have fooled me into thinking him penniless—and I enjoyed introducing him to Anne and Henry.

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One day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I glanced up, annoyed. There stood Bob.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, "where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob stepped back and swept off his hat. I couldn't believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost bare, was covered with a brand new growth of real, honest to goodness hair!

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That night I went to Bob's house to try his new hair-growing treatment. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes. At the end of the treatment I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On my way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened them to new activity. Bob was proud. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after



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The Back Door to Love

[Continued from page 57]

it surely would make a difference. I was so silly, I didn't know his liking me would set them against me more and more!

In the first intermission I was alone, and I stepped back of some shrubbery by the porch so I wouldn't be so conspicuous until my partner came up. And while I stood there I heard Paul's cousin Marge saying to some girls on the other side of the shrubbery:

"If you could have seen Aunt Mabel's face when Paul brought her in! She never dreamed he had sent her one of the invitations. And Dick owned up to me that Paul had bribed the boys to dance with her..."

I DIDN'T hear any more. My next partner was coming that way, looking around anxiously for me. I stepped farther back, so that no one could see me. The music began and they all drifted away. I slipped across the lawn, through the wicker gate, across the bit of plank. I gathered my dress up, and sat down on the warm, clean sand under the oleander. Its branches swayed and touched me gently as if they were sorry for me. I began to cry.

I sat there a long, long time, while the music drifted out, and the gay, laughing voices. I wouldn't go in the house and have my family know that my wonderful evening had been a failure. At first I was just heart-broken. Then I began to get angry. I asked myself what right he had to put me in such a position? Why did he invite me there to be flouted and insulted? For the first time in my life I was angry with Paul.

The little gate opened and Paul came through! I could see his face in the moonlight, puzzled and anxious and sorry. Somehow, it just made me angrier. He crossed the brook with a leap and was beside me. He knelt down, and slipped his arm around me for the first time in his life.

"Little Hallie, little sweetheart," he began, "what happened? What's the matter?"

And I pushed him away! "I'm not your little sweetheart!" I flamed. "Where did you get such nonsense as that? I'm just a girl you've played with—a back-door girl. You brought me to your party so your family and their fine friends could have something to jeer at. Something to amuse them! I hate you! Don't you ever speak to me again as long as you live!"

"Hallie!" his shocked voice rang after me, as I pushed him away and ran across the sandy yard, into the house. It rang in my dreams that night, and the next, and the next, and for many weeks. But I had plenty of pride and will power, once it was roused. I went to school and held my head high. I made friends, for the first time in my life, with boys who lived on our street—boys in the crowd I "belonged" in. I chattered with them at recesses and went to parties with them. I wouldn't even look at Paul. He wrote me notes and I tore them up without reading them. He tried to stop me and speak to me and I looked right through him. But, oh, how my heart ached all the time. No one can ever tell me that young love isn't real. It's the realest thing, the most persistent, aching, clamoring thing in all the world.

But the worst thing was that every night, at dusk, Paul would come out by our brook, under our trees and whistle the old mocking bird song. And I would hear him and just steel my heart and hold myself by main force in my room. It hurt me so! But I had made up my mind that it was the thing to do. I wasn't angry at Paul any more, but I felt that there was no use of our trying to be friends. I couldn't put myself in a position to be so hurt again.

If I couldn't have a lover openly as other girls did I wouldn't have a clandestine one.

Vacation came, and one night I heard Paul's whistle for the first time in many weeks. He had seemed to give up, and now almost I yielded and went out to him, but not quite. Next night there was silence, and the following day I heard that all the Sutherland family had gone north for the summer.

Autumn came. The Sutherlands came back—all but Paul. He had entered a prep school in Maryland. He didn't come home for Christmas, and the following summer I went away, to visit some of Mother's people. I came back and went into my senior year at high.

That Christmas Paul came home. I didn't know it, didn't dream that he was anywhere near me. I was alone that evening. Mother and Father had gone to the community Christmas tree in the square. Sister was married now. I felt restless, and lonely and unhappy that night, for no particular reason that I knew. I had convinced myself long ago that Paul meant nothing to me. And now, as I sat in my open window, with the scent of the orange blossoms coming in, a mocking bird began to warble that lovely lilting note that makes your heart stand still when it comes through the stillness of a starry night.

Just as the bird stopped I heard something else, and my heart seemed to stop, and then began to pound. It was the old call—the mocking bird song, down by the brook. The chorus whistled, repeated, and then, in a clear, full baritone:

*I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
Dear Hallie! Sweet Hallie!*

I felt the tears running down my face. Something that was stronger than myself was leading me. I got to my feet and went out, into the moonlight. The sand shone white as I ran across it, straight into Paul's arms. I felt his kisses on my hair, on my brow—on my lips!

It was midnight when I went into the house, and I belonged to Paul! Forever now, we told each other. No more doubts, no more sorrows. Paul was mine, and I sat by my window until the stars went out and dawn crept up the sky. Just rejoicing, and thanking God for my lover.

I WAS the one who insisted that we keep our secret for awhile. Paul would have told everyone, but I wanted to wait. I dreaded the gossip it would cause at school. "Wait until you come home for vacation. I'll be through school then," I begged. He yielded, unwillingly. Our time together was short—stolen hours snatched between the festivities that his family had planned. He was, as always, called away at the best moments. But I was so happy that I feared my world would notice my shining joy and question me.

A last, breathlessly happy hour, and Paul was gone. But only for a few months. I comforted myself. His letters came every day, general delivery, so Mother would not know. Such marvelous letters I thought they were! No one ever had such letters!

They stopped, suddenly. No tapering off. A letter on the five o'clock every day, then no letters at all. I was dazed, bewildered, terrified. I continued to write for a whole week—seven letters, and no reply. Then, at school, I heard the news. Paul was very ill. They had just telegraphed for his mother. She had left that morning.

Somehow I dragged through the day. I went home, helped with the supper, the dishes, sat in my room until I could bear it no longer, slipped down to our old play place, under the trees. There I tried to

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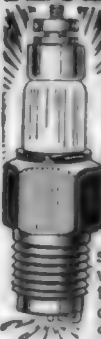
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think what to do. I tried to pray. I wept and whispered Paul's name over and over.

Suddenly I heard a sound, and through the starlight I saw someone standing in the little wicker gate. "Miss Hallie," came a low voice, "that you, honey?"

I knew the voice. It was old Nora, Paul's nurse, kept on in the family all these years. I ran to her, sobbing. She folded motherly arms about me, and patted my head as it lay on her bosom.

"There, there, chile. Old Nora knows. I jes knowed how it was with you young-ones, always. Now listen, honey-lamb. Mis Sutherland she done got a yeller telegram to go to Master Paul as fast as she could. You know that, I guess."

"Yes," I sobbed. "I heard at school." "Yes. But what you ain't heard is that in that telegram it said he calls all time for somebody named Hallie. They say for her to bring Hallie if it's possible. Yes'm, that's what it say in the telegram. My niece what waits on her can read and she read it and she just told me 'bout it."

"OH, AND she didn't tell me! She wouldn't take me, if it would save his life!" I gasped.

"Mighty proud, stubborn woman. I reckon she figgered she could save him, wunst she got there. But now, honey, you got just time to ketch the Dixie Express. Put a few duds in a bag and hurry along. Take you till noon tomorrow to git there on this flyer."

"My mother won't let me. I haven't any money," I sobbed.

"I got money. I'll tell yo' mamma after you're gone. Can't risk no delays," declared Nora.

I don't know how I dared—I, who had never been more than twenty miles from home in my life. I suppose my fear and my love gave me courage and strength. Nora put me aboard the train and charged the porter to take care of me. All night I lay awake, praying God to let me get there in time. I thought of everything. If Paul should die, and his mother should refuse to be friendly, then I would be disgraced forever. What would my mother say, and my father? Maybe they wouldn't let me come back home. Well, if Paul died, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered if Paul died.

I had the telegram with the address of the hospital. Mrs. Sutherland had tossed it in the waste basket after she copied the address in her little book. If she hadn't been so distracted, she would have torn it up or burned it, and then I never would have known.

The porter was very kind. He got off the train and showed me how to get a taxi. We drove to a big, yellow brick building. My heart was pounding so I could hardly speak when I went in. I told the young lady at the desk that I had come to see Paul Sutherland. She looked at me doubtfully. I must have made a wild appearance, all excited and tired and tear-streaked.

"Are you a relative?" she asked.

"I—I'm Hallie," I told her.

She looked more doubtful than ever. I could seem to feel Paul slipping away from me while she hesitated. "Oh, please let me see his doctor, or nurse," I begged. "Look here," I showed her the telegram.

"Oh!" she said, and touched a button. A boy sprang out of the floor, it seemed. "Take this young lady to Room 18," she said, "and make it snappy. Get the nurse out, or Doctor Oldfield."

He set off down the hall in a hurry and I trotted after him. He tapped on a door and a nurse opened it.

"Are you Paul's nurse?" I asked her. I was shaking so I could hardly speak. She came out and closed the door. "Who



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The Cup

[Continued from page 28]

carols that the Christmas presents were given out; an orange for every one, a carton of candy, a handkerchief for every little girl, a tie for every little boy, a Morris chair for the minister from the Ladies Aid.

It was in the very midst of things, that a little boy came up the aisle and handed the minister a package. He read the note that was in it, then raised his hand for silence.

"In gratitude to our friend, from the River Bank Women," he read, and opening the box he held, he poured out upon the table, what seemed to me a million silver dollars. It was, Father said afterward, probably two hundred dollars, maybe more.

There was an uneasy stir, then that same insidious wave of something, swept over us all, and this time, I felt it was going to drown us.

Alan MacRae stood there, one fine hand resting lightly on the table, his eyes questioning.

"I suggest," Elder Blake rose from his seat with assurance. "I suggest that the money be returned at once, to the—the donors."

"I think it would be a good idea," some one else spoke more hesitatingly from the middle of the church.

The minister's chin seemed to become more square. "The gift is to me, not to my church," he answered quietly. "A personal gift. We need a new communion service. I shall have these very dollars sent East and melted and cast into a communion service. It will be a cup of beauty and of service from which we may all receive comfort from Him who said, when speaking of such a woman as Miss Benton, 'Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone.'"

His eyes were blue flames as he glanced down into the face of Major Blake, the Elder's son, who had risen to speak. The Major glared back, but only for a moment. He sat back heavily.

I HARDLY breathed. I stared up at Alan MacRae, who seemed at that moment to glow with a radiance like that of the angel that hung to the tipmost top of the great Christmas tree behind him.

"But the money—it's tainted!" Elder Blake shouted, as if every one were deaf. His jaws worked angrily, making his fluff of whisker jerk. "It's more than tainted. It's defiled! A communion cup? It would be an insult to my Lord!"

At that, Alan MacRae seemed to grow taller. His long arm shot out to point at the man below. "Your Lord said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.' This money—"

My father rose and faced the church. In his hard, dry voice he began curtly, "I think this has gone far enough. I move that Rev. MacRae be asked to withdraw his suggestion as to the disposal of the—the silver, and that this money, if accepted, be put into the fund for Foreign Missions."

Some one seconded the motion, a chorus of "ayes" arose, a few scattering "noes." My father sat down. I had a horrid guilty feeling of wishing that he was not my father, or that no one knew that he was. Mother, sitting beside him, had her head bowed on her hand.

Our minister shook back his mane of silver hair. On his face was the light of battle. His nostrils quivered, his eyes blazed.

"You would send money you consider

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tainted—defiled—to our brothers in foreign lands?

My father muttered something about drafts, money orders.

Alan MacRae's voice rose, burred with his Scotch accent. "I shall not withdraw my proposal. The money is mine!"

A man far back in the church suggested that this matter be deferred to a more suitable time, said something about it not being for children's ears. We children were sitting frozen with horror and interest at this dramatic end to our Christmas party.

"No." Alan MacRae shook his head. "No. This is the time. I want those members who agree with me as to the disposal of this—this precious gift," his hand touched the silver, "to raise their hands."

I WATCHED to see. There were a few hands raised quickly, dropped more quickly. My mother's was one. There followed a heavy silence, fraught with possibilities. My heart seemed to tick fast like a runaway clock. I should not have been in the least surprised if in that moment, the world had come to an end. Indeed, I was surprised to see that it did not come to an end. The room was still, so still that I jumped, as a horse in the shed behind the church neighed shrilly. Into that stillness, heavy, disheartening, Alan MacRae spoke.

"My friends," he began, and his face looked old, sad. "My friends, I offer you my resignation. It is not the conventional time nor place, nor form, but it will suffice. I have served this church for forty years. It is a long time. Perhaps it is too long, for it seems that my teaching has been quite—in vain. My resignation will take effect January first."

His eyes searched the faces below him. I think he was looking to see a rush of sympathy, a standing by of old friends, a rallying of loyal supporters.

But there was nothing more than an ejaculation here and there, a murmur of dissension, and in a moment, he bowed his head, turned and left the church.

A week later I came home from school to find my mother, her color high, furiously baking angel cake, frying chicken, cutting out cookies.

"I am putting up a big lunch for Alan MacRae," she explained. "He is going at seven and will be on the train four days before he reaches his sister in California. Your father was called to the city this morning," she added, as I appropriated the frosting bowl.

We went to the train to see him off. There was a crowd there, and in its midst, Alan MacRae stood, smiling, gracious, his hat off, his white hair shining in the sunshine. I wedged my way through the crowd, and held his hand tight till the train roared in, hugged him quickly, but I could not speak. Nor could he.

He kissed me and straightened up to bid the others good-bye; then stood on the platform waving, as the engine puffed its slow way around the bend and was gone.

For a day the town seemed dreary, empty, but in the immediate interests of childhood, life became more livable of course. There was school; there was the wonder of Adelaide's baby sister; and there was my approaching birthday party, with pink candles promised.

And finally, there were music lessons. I pleaded—I begged Mother in a spasm of unaccustomed tears, not to make me take any more music lessons after Rev. MacRae left. I even prayed the sterner of the Gods to soften my Mother's heart and not make me. I could not bear my music. Something inside throbbed and ached at

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even the sight of my old music roll. But Mother very firmly, but with a frightened look behind the gentleness in her eyes, told me that just because we had closed one chapter with tears that it was wicked of us not to be willing to read the rest of the book, and that Alan MacRae would want us to read it bravely.

That was just a grown up way of saying something that I did not understand. With Alan MacRae, I always had little pieces from the very beginning, little airs that he himself had adapted into simplicity from Beethoven, Mozart, Bach. Now, with Miss Lorita Smith, I had a metronome and scales and exercises. I need not have been so rebellious about going on with my music for this wasn't "music" at all. This was "practicing".

It was early in the spring that the public drinking-fountain was installed in one corner of the Park, where Main Street crossed Maple.

No one knew who was putting it up, though for a time Elder Blake was suspected. He had done many philanthropic things for the town.

The fountain was beautiful. It faced the sidewalk, and was made of gray granite. The draped figure of a woman stood in half relief and in her hands she held a cup from which, half-tilted, poured a stream of water into a shell beneath, which did not hold the water, but passed it on to another bowl below, furnishing a drinking place for thirsty dogs, and a bird bath for venturesome, strutting blackbirds, modest robins and doves, and even a quarrelsome blue jay now and then.

There was much speculation as to who was giving the fountain and why. The *Weekly Advocate* said that though the benefactor evidently wished to conceal his identity, the fountain was along the lines of other generous gifts of L. C. Blake, head of the Blake & Blake Lumber Company, Plainview's most prominent citizen.

ON THE completion of the work, a stonemason arrived from the city and amid breathless interest carved, little by little above the gracious figure of the woman, the words, "A Cup of Cold Water in My Name."

With a gasp of unbelief, the town understood. It knew the donor now. Many said they had known it all along. Some there were who would have had the fountain pulled down, had they dared, many who would have died of thirst before they would have slaked it there.

But to the children, at least, it was a never-ending joy. Little girls sipped sedately, little boys came to gulp a drink, remained to spray a shower of water at and on other little boys. Grateful dogs put their paws on the edge of the lower bowl and lapped greedily, perhaps scaring off a bathing pigeon.

The first day the fountain was finished, as I drank, I complained. "But he said the cup would be silver, Mother."

My mother smiled, an unaccustomed fire lighting her eyes. "This is far lovelier than the silver one could have been—and comforts more people."

I think it must have been that very night that as I said my prayers to the twin God on the left, I began unconsciously visualizing this God as having wonderful white hair, a straight long nose, a gentle mouth, and the warmest blue eyes in the world. Years later I realized that the God to whom I prayed was really Alan MacRae, seated beside a stern twin God on a sunset cloud high in the west above the bluffs of the town. But somehow, though, when I did realize it, I was shocked and a little ashamed. I doubt if God cared. Indeed, I wonder if He were not altogether pleased.

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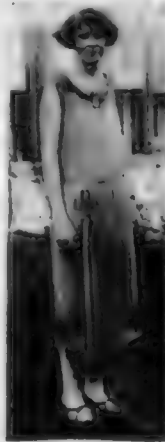
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Some Men Tell

(Continued from page 71)

"It's a load I'm carrying," Duke went on. "You all saw Doc Fay here tonight; all know something about him; all have been touched by me for different sums toward his great work. Well, I'm one of his boys—just one of the many I've told you about."

A sort of a sigh went up. There was a straightening of heads; the slightest scrapping of chairs; a loud sort of breathing, and Duke laughed.

"Gentlemen, you haven't heard the half of it. Doc Fay put me right. Duke Fitzgerald has served three terms. The records will show that to any man who cares to look. But when I came to Doc Fay, why, I came too late. I was already a wanted man—am still, for that matter. So much for my resignation. In the vernacular of the underworld, of which I am a product, I crashed out of jail. The State of Pennsylvania wants me as an escaped convict with three more years to serve. You see, I was sentenced there under another name—it doesn't matter. Gentlemen, you couldn't spare a vice-president for that long. Even our friend in the back, with the loud voice, didn't know what I told you and Doc Fay never suspected it!"

DUKE waited and looked around the room. Not a sound—not a voice raised in denunciation. Just a silence—an expectant silence. Duke's self-assurance seemed to leave him. He tried to read what was in the faces about him, tried to pierce the darkness in the back of the hall, for Captain Landis. Again that gasp close to me. Was someone else listening behind the curtain? Did I feel the presence of a body close to mine—and—? But Duke was talking again.

"That is all. Why don't you say something? Why don't you—?" A pause, then, "Why do I tell you? Three reasons—four perhaps—more—I don't know. You men—the organization—Doc Fay—a girl—myself, that is—"

And Duke quit. Just stood there, looking blankly at the faces around him.

All new to me? Of course. What of that? One of my boys was making his peace with God. I just stepped out from behind the curtains. I didn't need to worry about a speech then. I knew just what to say. And I said it.

"That's a man, Duke."

My voice rang with admiration. Something to face those men, to give up a position like that.

"If you must go back, Duke, I'll be waiting for you when you come out. And there'll be an organization as big or bigger than the Consolidated wanting a man who's got the stuff that you've shown tonight."

Rallston had come to his feet, and there was a catch in his usually suave, cultured voice.

"But, Doc Fay," he bowed toward me, "you misunderstand; the Consolidated has the resignation of Mr. Fitzgerald only under consideration. We have not accepted it. Gentlemen, I ask your indulgence, and request that we hold the position open for—say, three years. What is your purpose?"

It was Edgars, the man who coveted the position, who came to his feet. It was this man who shouted the loudest in praise of Duke, and then—for nine dignified men they sure made an awful racket.

Duke stood there half swaying back and forth. Was he going to speak; going to say something? They paused. The hum of voices ceased. Strong men blew their noses, though even I knew that wasn't just the proper thing to do. And Duke spoke.

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He just flopped into his chair and buried his head in his hands. The next moment I had a woman clinging to my arms—a lithe slip of a figure who had dashed from behind the curtains. I knew her before she spoke.

"I'll be waiting too, Duke."

Duke had hidden her there.

"He wanted me to hear him honored," she told me through her sobs. "And there was a sarcasm in his voice that I didn't understand—but now—now—oh—I didn't think I would hear him so honored!"

AND the next moment I was petting a little head; brushing back soft, boyish hair; talking rot, like she was a child. Through it all I saw the curtains part and Blazer Johnson sneak out like the thirty-cent villain that he was. You can't threaten a man much who has three years behind great bleak walls coming to him.

Duke was down the room now. He had taken the girl in his arms, held her so a moment, and then turned to Landis who had lighted a cigar and stood blowing rings toward the ceiling.

"Do your stuff, Landis."

He held out his hands and his attempted smile was pitiful to see.

"Me?"

Landis stepped behind us and toward the door.

"Where do you think I fit? This is my night off, and, oh—what the hell has New York got to do with Pennsylvania?"

With that he was gone—broad shoulders passing from view in the room beyond. As I said before, Landis was a man.

Somehow, I slipped out. I wanted time to think things over, to straighten out my racing brain. Things were going a little too fast. I searched for the elevator, took the wrong turn, started back again, and felt a hand upon my shoulder. I swung about. It was Edgars, of the Consolidated.

"It's this way, Doc Fay." And his excited words bounced from me like a rubber ball against the wall. But I got enough . . . he knew the governor of Pennsylvania; we'd go and see him in a body.

Rallston joined in. The others came around; the conversation grew excited and confused, there in the shadows at the end of the corridor. There was telephoning—the sending of telegrams—the anxious fingering of time tables. No villain in this piece . . . all willing, even anxious to do their part. Married men, too—slipping out like that in the night, with only a moment at the phone. Strong men, these, and no mistake.

AT THE station we picked up Landis. No coaxing there; he wanted to put in his word.

Full pardon—yes—we received that. Three days later I brought it to Duke.

I'm stumped now. You see, I can't figure rightly if this is Duke's story, or Archibald's, or the great men of the Company, or after all, Blazer's—then again, perhaps mine. Drama! That is life, certainly, and the punishment of evil is as much a part of life as the reward of virtue. Did not the Maker, himself, hurl the devil—a swearing, clutching, cursing thing—into space? And Blazer's hate for me was still a living thing; now I had nothing to hang over his head.

It was three days later that I returned to my mission house. I had been absent as long once before, and honor had kept heads up, eyes straight, and feet treading the right path. Now dissension, hatred, malice—all had broken loose. Two strang-

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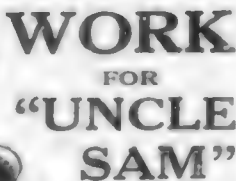
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136

Blazer Johnson had committed a murder—a murder that the law could not punish him for. There would be no proof; silence is the code of the underworld. But for the first time I understood the real danger of Blazer—the menace that lay beneath that thick hide of his. The evil that lurked in his shrewd, plotting brain. I was going to have a talk with him. Involuntarily, my hand slipped into my hip pocket and tightened for a minute about the cold butt of a forty-four, then came out again empty. I set my lips firmly. Blazer Johnson might not have his peace to make with the law, nor even yet with

his God, but he had to make it with me. New York was not big enough to hold the two of us—nor the country either, for that matter. One must go, and something told me that that one was Blazer Johnson. For the first time in my life I was going to wield the great power that the years had placed in my hands.

The Bowery slept as I made my way to Blazer's house, a three story, brick affair, over near Sixth Avenue. I knew that he lived there alone. His life was such that he couldn't even chance having an honest servant. His fear of death so great that he wouldn't even sleep in the house with one of his henchmen.

Would he know that I was coming? I half thought so. Happy's death had probably reached him. How? No way to tell that, because news travels fast in the underworld. I had done all I could to keep it from reaching him. And if he knew would he be expecting me? I more than thought that he would. The letter now would be no good. He knew that. Again, any man who had ever entered my house, who in anyway tried to drag down or frame my boys, received a visit from me.

I could picture the whole thing, perhaps, as he planned it. I would ring his bell, step in his front door, and perhaps be shot down as a burglar. Yes, Blazer would go to murder. You see, he couldn't be sure that I wouldn't. So, my plans.

I CAME on his house from behind and passed through an alley entrance to the house on the rear street, climbed the fence and, sticking close to the shadows, sought the back of Blazer's place.

Not a light, and not a sound as I listened by the cellar window. It was like old times, in a way. I smiled grimly as I settled myself beneath the overhanging portion of the kitchen and tackled a cellar window. A bit of fly paper and a diamond cutter did the trick. The neat round cut of glass stuck to my fly paper. My hand shot through the opening and the window catch clicked back, like a dropping pin. That was the only sound that broke the silence of the night.

Why did I come to him like a thief? Psychology, partly? Perhaps. But I'd never get another chance. Blazer would stay clear of me and I had to talk with him—talk at a time when he'd listen—listen, if it was necessary to plug a gun against his chest.

I took off my shoes, tied the laces together, and slung them over my shoulders. Then I slipped through the window and dropped softly to the cold, damp cellar floor.

That Blazer would be asleep seemed impossible. Somewhere above he was no doubt waiting—waiting with a gun in his hand. I nodded at that. The situation was not entirely new to me. There had been times—but I shrugged my shoulders, pulled my flash light out for a moment, and located the cellar steps. Pocketing the flash, I crept up them softly. The door at the top was locked of course. Nothing to that; I had expected it. A careful insertion in the keyhole of a long, thin, steel nippers; a grip on the barrel of the key in the lock; a twist; and the lock snapped back. A moment later I stood in the kitchen.

More cautious now—yes—the snap of that lock might have been heard. In by-gone days I would have oiled it a bit. So much for the cunning of the past, that I try to forget. But I was in the house. Blazer could not escape me now. I felt my way from the kitchen, through the swinging door to the dining-room, and stood there a moment, listening. Somewhere, far above me in the blackness, a door creaked softly. My host was expecting me then; or, had he heard my

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he was. If I had held the gun there another moment he would have been on his knees.

"I'm not going to kill you, Blazer—not going to hurt you even, now, physically."

It was almost funny to watch the reaction of his face, the returning color. He tried to smile, too, and I made no effort to wipe it off his coarse, evil face. Mine was just a deadly purpose, a message for him, and a warning that would save his life.

"If you don't want to pay the price of your crime, or your folly, call it what you will, you must leave the country, Blazer," I said slowly and without passion.

"There's a boat sailing at noon tomorrow for Bermuda. You'd better arrange to take that. It doesn't require any passport—then—well, make your plans from there. But North America's dead to you. You've got to get out. Twenty-four hours is the limit. After that—I spread my hands far apart—"I act!"

"You have nothing on me." And it was as if he thought aloud. "The letter—well, there isn't any letter now. And you said yourself that the pen is mightier than the sword. I've got friends, and I've got a pen to write with."

HE TRIED hard to make his voice ring with a confidence that he did not feel.

"The pen is mightier than the sword." I nodded as I repeated the words. "But that doesn't go for guns—Blazer—guns! Do you get my meaning?"

Then standing above him and putting my face close to his, "You have twenty-four hours, Blazer—no longer. After that I'll take my message to the underworld and deliver you into the hands of men—who—know only the law of the gun, and the vengeance of death. I've got to do it. That's my message to you."

I think he understood—hope that he did. But I didn't wait. Just backed out of the door, down the stairs, and, slipping the chain from the door, passed into the night. His white, frightened face—the haggard, searching, horror stricken eyes—as he got the truth of my message lingered with me for a bit. Then I threw back my head, straightened my shoulders, and went whistling down the street. I just let Blazer think that I threatened him, but in reality I had only warned him. Already those boys who held my house sacred, knew. Get the point? I just didn't want Blazer's blood upon my hands—one of the boys committing murder for me, and a hundred might do it.

The next day the afternoon's paper carried the name of Blazer Johnson as being among those sailing on the *America* for Bermuda. And that very night I came, knocking on the door of a little bungalow up in Westchester. Did you guess it? Of course. It was Archibald Trevor who let me in. So, after all, was the story his? I don't know. Next week I'm going to a wedding, and as a wedding ends most yarns, I guess the story is Duke Fitzgerald's. Take your choice.

THE END.

And now you'll find that "Soul of the Sea" will hold you even closer than the story you have just finished. It brings about that feeling of the bigness just beyond our grasp, and then something happens to—well, you'll be after all your friends to read it. It begins on page 20, this issue.

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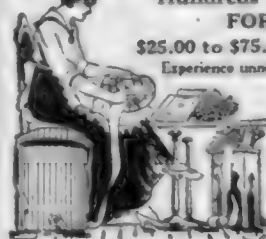
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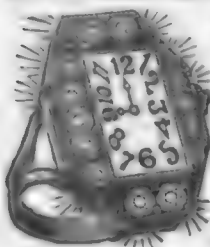
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Joan

[Continued from page 42]

for support. Her face blanched suddenly. I took a step toward her and she put up her hand to stop me, while her head bent forward just a fraction of an inch. Then she lifted her eyes to mine again and in them was all the suffering and all the tenderness of the world.

Her lips moved unsteadily, as though she couldn't control them.

"They've told you, haven't they, Danny boy?"

And even then it came like a thunderbolt to me, and I sank down into a chair with my head in my hands. It seemed to me that I spanned a hundred years in those first few minutes. Everything in life seemed to fade away and I cried into my hands like a baby.

THEN I felt Joan drop down beside me, take my head in her hands, put it down against her breast, and hold me close to her while she stroked my hand and kissed the horrible matted spot where they had struck.

After awhile I said, "I don't care, Joan. Nothing makes any difference to me but you. Just your love. If I can have all of it for all time nothing else will ever matter. If you'll just come with me now and face life with me—whatever it holds dearest! We'll look all the world in the face and tell them to go to hell. Oh, Joan—"

She put her hand over my mouth and whispered, "Sh!" Then she tilted up my head and looked deep into my eyes and said, "But it will make a difference sometime, my Danny boy. Your family—your friends. I love you too much, dear!"

At last she brushed my cheek with her lips and I burst out: "Damn my family! Damn my friends! We'll go away—a million miles—"

"But you can't run away from yourself, Danny boy," she said, and her eyes were all compassion. "My poor, dear Danny! Love, real love is too fine and delicate and wonderful to stand tampering, dear. And I love you too much to ever let you try to run away from your own thoughts. They would always be just behind you, Danny, and you would hate me for keeping them here. It's my fault, for I knew you didn't. But I will suffer the more."

Then she took my face between her hands and pressed so that I wanted to cry out in pain from the welt on my cheek. But in her eyes I could see pain that was almost more than she could bear and I knew that she would suffer more than I.

For a fleeting second her lips touched mine. A hand caressed my cheek and then before I could even cry out just the faint stirring of the curtain indicated that she had been there beside me.

In another moment I was on my feet, crying, "Joan!" Then louder, "Joan!" I waited, and when she didn't come back I ran out into the hallway. Just a maid moving silently over the thick rug.

For a moment I stood undecided, and in that moment my courage was gone and I dragged my feet out across the porch and into my car.

The sun must have been high in the heavens, for it was noon; but to my eyes the world was covered with a mantle of fog. Houses, trees, buildings all seemed a blur as I moved away from Joan's house. Every street that I knew so well looked strange and unrecognizable to my eyes. I couldn't seem to control my car and after half a dozen drivers had turned and shouted at me I swung off the road I was on, seeking a side-street that would have less traffic.

The hot sun beat down on my head and my lips were dry and numb in the heat.

My mind wouldn't function and my head seemed about to burst from pain.

I have no recollection of any part of that day after I left Joan, except that I remember a beach and lying in the blazing sun. And I recall a little restaurant where I drank a hundred glasses of water in quick choking gulps, and tried to force some food down my parched throat.

I found myself sitting on a bench at the railroad station, my head in my hands, with people going slowly by me looking at me curiously. I got up and tried to remember who, and where, and what I was, and as I saw people coming toward me, I slunk away into the night.

I was passing under an arc light when two men hailed me from the sidewalk. Not minding their call, I kept on down a side-street, quickening my footsteps as I heard them following me. On the next corner they came up, one on each side and fell in step with me. I stopped and tried to ask them what they wanted and my own voice sounded like a thick jumble of words.

One of them ran a hand over my pockets and I tried to push him away from me. He turned to the other man.

"He's got a gat on him watch him," he said, and then came toward me. I struck out with all the strength I had and hit him full in the face. He dropped back a step and then something came up along side my ear and struck me with such force that the ground seemed to leap up and strike me on the forehead.

When I opened my eyes I tried to sit up, but a pain racked me in every part of my body and I fell back with a cry. I tried to cry out and ask for some water, but my cracked lips would issue no sound—just a hoarse whisper.

Gradually the things in the room began to take shape and I saw that I was lying on a short couch; that grouped about the dark, dismal, barren room were a half-dozen men, sitting in straight-backed chairs leaned against the wall.

One of them got up and came over beside me and took my pulse in his hand and grunted, "He's comin' 'round." And they all let their feet drop forward on the floor, expectantly.

I raised my hand to show him that I was conscious, and he leaned down closer while I tried to say, "Water." He dropped my hand and went over to a bucket that had a tin dipper sticking out of the top and filled it with water. I gulped it and he drew it away, saying, "Take it easy, sonny."

After I had drained it I motioned that I wanted some more. He shook his head. Then they crowded about me while the first man, who seemed to be a doctor, lifted me to a sitting position.

I PUT my feet down on the floor and tried to get to my feet. He gently pushed me back and said again, "Take it easy, sonny."

After I had rested my head in my hands for another moment I asked in a whisper for more water and he gave me another half pitcher.

Then I asked them where I was. One of the men let out a hoarse laugh.

"Well, let's get to work."

I watched him as he came across the room and I saw that he had a cruel, firm set mouth and walked like a man who is proud of his physical strength. Then he put his face over close to mine.

"We got you cold, didn't we, young fellow?"

I just shook my head, too weak to answer him.

"C'mon now—come clean! Give us all of it."

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I noticed that one man had a notebook on a little box and was writing things on it. I looked back at the man bending over me.

"All of what?" I asked.

He spit out of the side of his mouth and laughed, short and nasty and hard.

"Sonny, we got you dead cold and you might as well come clean first as last."

My mind was working so slowly and my head was wracked with such terrible pains that I couldn't seem to make head or tail to what he was saying. I shook my head again and dropped it forward into my hands. And then something grasped my head and snapped it upward so quickly that it seemed it would fly away through the room.

"Take it easy, Dave!" one of the men said.

"Aw, he's stallin'," the man who stood before me snarled. "Now listen, kid, the quicker you open up the easier it's gonna be for you!"

"Open up about what?" I asked.

"Well, of all the guts!" he said, in apparent amazement. "I suppose you didn't do it, eh?"

"Do what?" I asked—if only they'd let me alone!

"Shoot Judson Caxton!" he thundered at me with his face down so close to mine that I got the stench of his breath and I pulled away from him before the meaning of his words filtered through my brain.

Then I was on my feet, staggering, stumbling, gazing about me, staring into eyes that looked back into mine, steady and hard and accusing, and not one among them with any compassion for me. Merciless eyes that seemed to dig down into my very soul, taking what they wanted for their own needs and throwing the rest aside.

"Killed Judson Caxton!" Murder? I wanted to scream and fight. But I stood there just gazing ahead, clenching my nails deep into the palms of my hands trying to control myself. If they would only leave me alone for awhile so that I could think. Murder! I felt my hands digging deep into a human throat. Was that Judson Caxton? . . . Just let me think!

HOW long I stood there, mutely begging with my eyes, trying to make one thought follow another, I don't know.

"Well?" boomed in my ear. I felt something leap up into my throat and everything went black—

The next time I opened my eyes they roved about the room just as they had before. And as the thought of where I was and why crashed into my mind, I lay perfectly still so that they were unaware that I was conscious. Someone sat beside me bathing my face with a damp cloth and the smell of ammonia came to my nostrils. But I kept my eyes closed until I could gather my thoughts and figure out what to do.

If I only knew! As my mind cleared I remembered that morning on the beach—what Leon Barnes had said—and I could feel my fingers sunk deep in his throat. Then that terrible torture and Joan—my Joan, for in her heart she could never belong to anyone else.

I remembered going out of Joan's house and driving down the shore and lying on the beach through the hot sun of the afternoon and the little restaurant where I ate some food in the evening. Then I remembered the bench at the station and the two men. And that was all—had I killed him? I prayed to God to help me and then I opened my eyes.

"Here he comes again," one of them grunted.

"Better give him a chance to get some strength or he'll go dead on you again," I heard.



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I asked the man nearest me if he couldn't give me something to stop my head buzzing and throbbing and he dug into a worn old satchel at his feet and gave me two white pills with a glass of water.

"That'll make you feel better, sonny," he said.

I thanked him and lay back on the couch pretending to be too weak to even open my eyes for any length of time. Finally I opened them again and saw that just the doctor and one other man remained in the room.

"When was Judson Caxton killed?" I asked.

"Last night about eight o'clock" he grinned.

"Where?" I asked.

"Listen, sonny. I ain't supposed to give you any information. Take my advice and get some sleep while you can, because when they go to work on you again you won't get any until they've got what they want."

I closed my eyes again. Sleep! Somehow I felt in my heart that I would never have any sleep again until I closed my eyes forever.

Little I knew, for an hour later they shook me until my head throbbed again to awaken me from the sleep of exhaustion in which I had fallen.

Standing over me was the man with the cruel, hard mouth, and grouped about him were the same faces I had seen before. He stood there looking down at me like a vulture swooping above his victim. Suddenly he flashed a pistol from behind his back, and put it down close to my eyes.

"That's your gat, ain't it, young fellow?" I looked at it for a moment and recognized my old target pistol; I nodded my head. He spat from the side of his mouth.

"Where'd you fire the one bullet?" I weighed my words for a moment before I answered.

"Shooting at a target."

"You're a liar!" he barked.

"And you're safe in calling me one here," I said grimly. My hour's sleep had given me strength and courage and I determined to fight them until the last ounce of fight was gone from my body. Not that it mattered much now. There wasn't much that I could see ahead of me in life right then. But as long as I breathed I wouldn't be brow-beaten.

"Where'd you learn to shoot?"

"In college."

"Could you hit a man driving along in an automobile?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, you did, didn't you?"

"Never!"

And so it went for hour after hour, around and around in circles and back where we started. One after another they questioned, threatened, pleaded until I could scarcely reply. Then they set me up in a chair and prodded me with their fingers to keep me awake while they threw question after question at me, refusing to let me even nod my head in reply, insisting on a spoken answer.

"WHAT'D you try to choke young Barnes to death for?"

"For an insulting remark."

"About whom?"

"A friend."

"Judson Caxton's daughter?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say?"

"I don't remember." A curse and they started over and over and over again until it seemed that I would lose my mind.

"Where were you all day yesterday after you left Caxton's house?"

"I don't remember."

Finally the man with the cruel mouth broke in with, "Let's give him a dose!"

"You'll never break me if you third-

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degree me until you ache all over," I told them.

"I'll break you or you'll break me, young fellow!"

Hour after hour, until every bit of me ached like a throbbing tooth, they kept on. "Oh, God," I prayed to myself, "take me out of this torture."

They brought in over twenty people who inspected me from all angles, trying to identify me. And I smiled into their faces, confident that they wouldn't.

All through the day and into the night they kept on and on, refusing to give me a minute to think while I continued to deny any guilt.

Certainly I loved Joan Caxton, I told them proudly.

"Well, didn't she refuse to marry you because her father objected?" they asked.

So they didn't know. I smiled to myself and said, "No."

"She says she did."

"I think you lie," I said steadily. And the little man with the cruel mouth slapped me across the mouth so that I fell from the chair.

"NO MARKS on him, Dave," one of them warned, and he stood glowering down upon me.

"Now listen, young fellow. I'm going to get you—see?"

I didn't answer him.

"Did you know that Miss Caxton is the person who put us on your trail and told us that probably you were the bird who shot her father?"

I had the courage to laugh at them then. Imagine! Joan who had leaned over close to my ear just the day before—or was it a year—and whispered, "My sweetheart, my Danny, I love you!" And her lips brushed my cheek like a cool, soothing breeze, and she had said that we belonged to each other for so long as we lived and that nothing could ever keep us apart.

Then she had had the courage to send me away when I told her that we could go away, a million miles, where no one would know us, that nothing mattered in all the world but our love. My Joan had had the courage to send me away when she knew that she would suffer more than I, for she would have to stay there and face life. And she had sent me away because she loved me as she had never loved anyone before!

And this little fool tried to tell me that Joan had told them I killed Judson Caxton! Joan! I looked down into his eyes and began to laugh, and I laughed until I tottered against the couch and they stood back and watched me, their eyes filled with amazement.

But my laugh mounted higher and higher until I forgot why I was laughing and it died away into a sob, leaving me weak and shaking, and scarcely able to hold up my head.

Then they began again. One man came in and told me that three witnesses of the shooting had identified me as the man they saw shoot Judson Caxton and that they had seen me running away and had recognized me by my clothes!

And I could only sit there and deny, deny, deny and say "I don't know—I don't know!"

When it seemed that I would collapse, they let me lie down again and the moment I closed my eyes the cruel little man came over and shook me. But one of the others shouldered him away and he went out of the room sneering. One of them gave me a drink of water and another helped me eat a sandwich that crackled in my mouth like hard pieces of sawdust.

After awhile the little man came back and pulled my feet down on the floor and made me sit upright. And in his eyes was



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an expression of gloating and triumph.

He turned to the rest of them and said, "It's a cold case now, boys!" In silence they waited for him to continue and I could sense that they all hated him nearly as much as I. He turned back to me.

"We got you now, kid! They took the bullet out of Caxton's brain and it lines up exactly with the .32 from your cute little target gun!"

"Is that straight, Dave?" one of them asked. I thought almost regretfully.

"Sure, it's straight! They got Harvey Stone, the expert from the Savant Arms Company to look it over and make tests and he says the bullet come from the gun we found on this kid—without a doubt!" And he scaled his hand flat through the air and turned to me and smacked his lips, gloating.

BUT I didn't care. I was too tired to care. What if I had killed him? I sank back on the couch... maybe now they would let me sleep. My eyes closed; their voices became faint.

And then that voice again, saying, "No you don't, kid! I told you I'd get you—you gotta come clean with me first!" He shook me and I sat up again with almost the last bit of strength I possessed.

"Will you talk?" he snarled.

I tried to look into his eyes but all the fight had oozed out of my body and I nodded my head, whimpering like a little puppy. If I ever did get out of this I'd—He swung around and almost shouted at the man with the notebook.

"C'mere, Charlie!" The man with the notebook leaned closer, intent, ready to catch every word.

"Did you shoot Judson Caxton?" he asked. They all seemed to hold their breath while they waited. My voice, a voice I scarcely recognized, broke the awful stillness and answered:

"Yes!" They all shuffled their feet and exhaled the breath they had been holding in their lungs while they waited.

"When?" I shook my head to say I didn't know, and he asked, "Was it night before last about 7:45?"

"Yes!" I answered. "Where's the shell you took out of your gun?"

Oh, my God! How did I know? Then I thought of the shells Rolly and I had thrown on the beach and I told them that I had taken it up above the Soundview Beach and had thrown it away just to hide it.

And I told them a hundred other things that I didn't know, and what I couldn't tell them they supplied until they were satisfied.

But what difference did it make? What difference did anything make except to get some rest? What difference did it make if they hanged me the next day, so long as I could close my eyes?

MAYBE Joan had said that I—no, she wouldn't! But perhaps they had questioned her as they had questioned me and she had told them from sheer agony.

Before they would let me sleep they whisked me down some streets in an automobile and asked me a million questions and made me point out just where and how I had shot him. They told me what to say, and I agreed and begged them for sleep.

Then they brought me back and put a typewritten page before me. The letters were unintelligible little dots to me, which blurred together, and before I collapsed I signed my name to it—signed away my life!

[To be concluded in the April issue]

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